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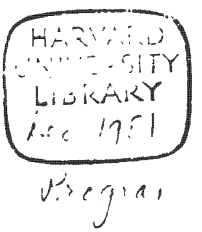

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Southern Historical Society Papers.

Vol. XVII. Richmond, Va., January–December. 1889.

"Progress of Medicine in the South."

Address of the President before the Southern Surgical and Gynæcological Association, at the Meeting held in Nashville, Tenn., November 13, 1889.

By Hunter McGuire, M. D., LL.D.,
Late Medical Director "Stonewall" Jackson (2d) Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, C. S. A.

Mr. President and Fellows of the Southern Surgical and Gynæcological Association, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with unassumed diffidence that I appear before you to-night as the presiding officer of this body, and I approach with great hesitation the task of delivering the annual address, in compliance with the established usage of all assemblies of this kind in America.

I feel confident that there are many present who would fill the office with more ability, and that it would have been better for our Society if another had been chosen in my stead. I desire, in the commencement of my remarks, to return my thanks to my fellow members for the honor they have conferred upon me by calling me to preside over the deliberations of this, our Southern Association.

It has been suggested that there was no need for the existence of this Society; that the State, national and international medical associations were sufficient for all that was required for the progress and development of medical science. This was a mistake, as I hope I may be able to show. There is need, throughout the whole South, for county and State associations, and a special need for the existence and perpetuation of this organization.

It goes without saying that union and co-operation have become as indispensable to scientific bodies as in the material walks of life. In all human enterprises, every advance accomplished is by co-operative work. In this way laws are perfected; agriculture improved; philosophical investigations consummated; political and philanthropic reforms attained; by it railroads and canals are built; just and equitable laws enacted; civilization extended; tyranny and oppression overthrown; the gospel preached, and civil and religious

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liberty secured. By union and co-operation alone can the science of medicine be advanced. Isolated, individual men who, in the pride of self-reliance and self-sufficiency, reject the aid and sympathy of their contemporaries, are failures. They may have great ability, they may be faithful and enthusiastic workers in the departments to which they have devoted themselves, but in the end they are disappointed, because they have over-estimated their individual strength, and have not sought the companionship and concurrence of others. No class of men appreciate the value of co-operation more than the medical men throughout the world. Germany, Austria, France, and England have for years shown how co-operation can bring about medical progress, through the deliberations of the respective assemblies that are annually held in these countries. The people of this country, also, in their State and general societies, have added much to the development of medical learning. So highly is co-operative work appreciated by the medical world, that the necessity for an international congress a few years since became imperative. I need not tell this audience what it has already accomplished. At its last meeting, held in Washington, the nature and extent of its labors can only be understood by the examination of the five volumes that contain the contributions of its members; the work is a medical library in itself. America, ever alert, energetic and industrious, always anxious to obtain and practically apply that which is best, has been no laggard in her endeavors to promote the advancement of medical science. Through the American Medical Association how much has been accomplished? In its grand meetings are brought together some of the ablest men of the land. Historic figures many of them have become, and the fruit of their labors will hand them down through ages as among the foremost of their day and generation. Her sister society, the American Surgical Association, although younger, has just cause to be proud of her work. Her field is necessarily restricted to one of the great divisions of medicine—a division of the highest importance. That the field has been well worked, that the harvest has been rich and abundant, and that it has been gathered into our store-houses, I take it for granted none will deny. So I might refer to other associations, and to the congress of these associations, did time permit.

It may be said with truth that, until of late, the South has not kept pace with the North in medical progress and development. This has arisen from a variety of causes. Prior to the late war slavery was antagonistic to the development of dense populations; fertile

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areas were monopolized by the large planter, and he generally occupied more space than his agricultural needs required. He believed in what he called "plenty of elbow room." He was opposed to outside intruders, and desired neither the development of towns nor the growth of cities in his vicinity. Criticise this policy as you may, condemn it if you will, I am not engaged in defending it, but am merely stating patent facts, in order to account for the manner in which it retarded the development of medicine. While this was true, yet this state of society produced splendid men and women, probably the grandest on this continent. Culture, grace, elegance, self-reliance, were its legitimate offshoots. Orators, poets, statesmen, soldiers, scientists, lawyers, ministers and physicians, the first and greatest in the whole land, came out of it. What orator have we like Henry or Yancey, what poet like Poe, what scientist like Matthew F. Maury, what statesman like Jefferson, what jurist like Benjamin, what divine like Hoge, what soldier like Stonewall Jackson, what surgeon like Sims? And the women—how can I describe them! They were as cultured as they were refined; they were as beautiful as they were queenly, the loveliest of sweethearts, the noblest of matrons.

Let us look for a moment and see from whence these people of the South came, and what they have done.

The colonial settlers of the southern portion of North America were kindred by ties of blood, by association, and by the laws of common inheritance. They came to this country deeply imbued with the idea of civil liberty. In many instances they were descended from a superior element of the English people. The blood of the cavalier coursed through their veins; they were prepared to organize a government, to undertake the herculean task of creating a country out of chaos. And they accomplished it.

To these settlers were soon afterwards added another stream of emigrants, who came into the South through Maryland and Virginia, and through the seaports of the Carolinas and Georgia. These were the God-loving, tyranny-hating Scotch-Irish, who have left their distinguishing characteristics, to this day, upon the people of every State in the South, from Maryland to the Rio Grande.

When the struggle came for the defense of their rights against the mother-country, how quickly her sons took up arms in defense of the common cause, and how nobly they performed their part it is useless to say, for is not the history of the time filled with accounts of their patriotism and achievements? At the council board, on the

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platform, and in the field, they stood pre-eminent. The enunciation of principle, the declaration of rights, sprung from the fertile brain of a Southerner, and to-day the readers of American history recognize in Jefferson the foremost thinker of his age. Well has a New Englander, in speaking of Washington and the Southern soldiers of 1776, recently said: "We must go back to Athens to find another instance of a society, so small in numbers, and yet capable of such an outburst of ability and force." Without the men of the South, the Revolution of 1776 would have gone down into history as the rebellion of that period.

How wonderful it is, that in the comparative seclusion and solitude of an agricultural country, the men should have been reared whose writings on Constitutional government embodied the wisdom and the experience of the patriots of all ages, and whose State papers actually formed the mould in which the constitution of the United Colonies was shaped; and that then, after Southern statemen had formed the most perfect government the world ever saw, that Southern soldiers should have made it *an accomplished fact* by their skill, valor and endurance.

Edmund Burke, in his speech before the British Parliament March 22, 1775, on the conciliation of the American Colonies, spoke thus of our people:

"There is, however, a circumstance attending these Southern Colonies which, in my opinion, * * * * makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those of the northward. It is that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. * * * * And these people of the South are much more strongly and with a higher and more stubborn spirit attached to liberty than those in the northward. Such were all the ancient Commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; and such, in our day, the Poles; and such will be all *masters* who are not slaves themselves. In such a people the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it and renders it invincible."

Men of Southern birth and Southern rearing were the successful generals in the war of 1812, and the central figures in 1846. The acquisition of territory was made during the administration of Southern men. Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and California were acquired during their terms of office. Upon the Supreme Court bench of the United States they are to be conspicuously found. The Chief Justiceship was held continuously for sixty-three years by Southern men. I need not speak of the orators and statesmen produced in every State in the South—they are household names.

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History but repeats itself—like occasions produce like results. The patriot of to-day is but the reflex of the patriot of the past. In our late civil contest—if it be proper to call it so—for was it not rather two sovereignties waging war, the one against the other?—the men of the South once more displayed the same great qualities that had characterized their ancestors in the American Revolution.

Modern Europe stood aghast at the daring of a people they had been taught to regard as effeminate. They had expected that an ephemeral struggle would be made near akin to those which had frequently taken place among the mixed Spanish population to the south of us. Climate, temperature, the pernicious effects of slavery, were all believed to have had their influence, and to have produced a weak and vacillating people. Had luxury enervated them, had they become effeminate, had the increase of wealth and the impress of slavery rendered them physically and intellectually inferior to the men of the North? If any so believe, let the deeds of arms that have passed into history speak. Examine the details of the well-contested battlefields and see if such a declaration is true. Jackson, Lee, Johnson, Claiborne, Stuart and Forrest! What tender thoughts, what hallowed associations gather around the names of these bright stars in the Southern constellation! Does all history, does even the field of romance furnish heroes superior or patriots more noble? They were the leaders of an equally brave and noble people, who, when all save honor was lost, submitted to the inevitable with a dignity born only of true greatness.

And now of the Confederate surgeon let me say a word. How can I express, in adequate terms, my admiration for him! He possessed virtues peculiarly his own. Coming from civil life, it was wonderful to see how rapidly he adapted himself to the discipline of the army and conformed to the requirements of military life. The hardships he endured and the privations to which he was subjected soon transformed him from a novice to a veteran, and I can say, with truth, that before the war ended some of the best military surgeons in the world could be found in the Confederate army. His scanty supply of medicines and hospital stores made him fertile in expedients of every kind. I have seen him search field and forest for plants and flowers, whose medicinal virtues he understood and could use. The pliant bark of a tree made for him a good tourniquet; the juice of the green persimmon, a styptic; a knitting-needle, with its point sharply bent, a tenaculum, and a pen-knife in his hand, a scalpel and bistoury. I have seen him break off one prong of a common

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table-fork, bend the point of the other prong, and with it elevate the bone in depressed fracture of the skull and save life. Long before he knew the use of the porcelain-tipped probe for finding bullets, I have seen him use a piece of soft pine wood and bring it out of the wound marked by the leaden ball. Years before we were formally told of Nélaton's method of inverting the body in chloroform narcosis, I have seen it practiced by the Confederate Surgeon. Many a time I have seen the foot of the operating-table raised to let the blood go, by gravitation, to the patient's head, when death from chloroform was imminent, and I will add that, in the corps to which I was attached, chloroform was given over 28,000 times, and no death was ever ascribed to its use. Many of the medical officers of this corps were wounded or killed on the field. One, I saw fall at Strasburg, amid the cheers of soldiers at the evidence he gave of devotion to duty. Another, at Sharpsburg, facing an assault before which even veterans quailed and fled, and a third I found upon the bloody field of Cold Harbor dying with a shell-wound through his side. As I knelt down beside him and told him his wound was mortal, he answered, "I am no more afraid to die than I was afraid to do my duty." They were splendid specimens of a noble race—a race whose achievements astonished the world and wrung from the foe himself a full measure of praise. During the terrible six days which followed the retreat of our army from Richmond, the medical men, by their unswerving devotion to duty and cheerful support, contributed no little to inspire the heroism which turned our defeat into honor, and made Appomattox one of the proudest memories of the war.

The social condition of the South, while it offered unusual and rare advantages to her sons generally, denied to the medical men, save in exceptional instances, the opportunities which were conducive to the progress and development of medicine. This peculiar Society gave to them, however, boldness of thought, independence in investigation, and they possessed the courage of their convictions; they thought well and they thought clearly; they fought their way into position at every leading medical centre in the country. Many of them started life in small towns or rural districts; and after testing their strength and gaining the confidence born of experience, they generally moved to the larger cities, North or South. Is it more than necessary to mention Frick, Goodman and Smith, of Maryland; Hartshorne, Chapman, Horner, Mitchell, Mutter, and J. L. Cabell, of Virginia; Jones, Chas. Caldwell and Dickson, of North

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Carolina; Geddings, Bellinger, Toland, and Sam. H. Dickson, of South Carolina; Meigs, Arnold, Bedford and Anthony, of Georgia; Eve, of Tennessee; Nott and Baldwin, of Alabama; Stone and Jones, of Louisiana; Dudley, McDowell and Yandell, of Kentucky, to recall to your minds the great instructors in medicine in this country?

How well they performed their part is prominently shown in the lasting impressions they have left behind them. Historic they are, and historic they will continue to be; untold generations will arise to bless them, and they will not fade into obscurity through the lapse of time.

How can I speak except in terms of reverence and praise of the practitioner who remained with his country clientele, and yet established national reputation; struggling under disadvantages which can only be appreciated by those similarly situated—with paucity of material, and the absence of professional association—with the requisite elements of success arrayed against him—he must be a man of genius who advances an idea, demonstrates a fact, constructs a principle, or invents an operation of sufficient importance to arrest the attention of the medical world; truly he must be a man of profound genius.

Of such men were Crawford Long, of Georgia; Mettauer, of Virginia; McDowell, of Kentucky; Sims, of Alabama—Sims, the greatest and grandest of all the men who have recently passed away. Satisfying the requirements of a continent, he traversed the ocean in order to give to Europe the benefit of his learning and experience. He claimed among his patients one or more members of the crowned heads of Europe. The relief that he afforded suffering humanity from diseases that before his day were classed as incurable, can only be estimated by those who have examined the subject in detail. He was the pioneer of gynæcological and abdominal surgery. The fundamental truths established by him will be remembered, their utility recognized, and their principles applied, so long as surgery is a science.

He passed away in the full zenith of his glory, renowned, beloved and respected. The bronze statue, that is to be erected by his professional friends over his mortal remains, will bear but feeble attestation to the reverence with which he is regarded by the civilized world.

Would that good taste and the proprieties of this occasion permitted me to mention the names of men in the profession, living now in the South, who have achieved for themselves great renown.

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Some of these gentlemen I see before me to night, and I congratulate them upon the fame fairly won by their genius. To the medical students here in such numbers this evening, these distinguished men will say, as they of all others know, that genius is only hard work well directed. Some future speaker, filling the place I occupy now, in fitter and more eloquent words, will tell another audience the names of these men, and they will go down into history as great and grand as those that I have just mentioned.

Organization must be our watchword. In a country, where all is progress, where material resources are being rapidly developed, the medical men of this section must not prove laggards.

Agriculture is in a state of progressive advancement. Our mineral wealth is at last appreciated and turned to valuable account; the hum of the loom, the ring of the anvil and the sound of the forge resound throughout the land. Our waste places are no longer desolate; the increased growth of agricultural products is amazing. The cotton crop of 1888 is more than double the crop of 1860—the time at which was believed the South had reached her hey-day of prosperity.

Last year (1888) the value of the crops in the South was the largest on record, and yet this year (1889) the value of her agricultural products alone, it is estimated, will be increased $125,000,000. Statistics show her rapid growth in other industries to be fully as great, if not greater. And this is the legitimate outcome of the courage, sagacity and industry of her own people—a people born and reared under the Southern sun. For there is no new South; the blood of her patriots of the past flow in the veins of her people to-day, unmixed by any other strain. Blessed with an unequalled climate; with fertile lands, whose products are most varied and abundant; with coal, minerals and precious stones in quantities exceeding the wildest imaginations; inhabited by a people who have shown to the world their patriotism, endurance and valor; with the surplus negro population relegated to Mexico, towards which country, in the providence of God, it is now drifting, the South is advancing and improving in every way.

Villages are springing up in every direction, towns and cities are being located at all important commercial points, and those already established are marked by annual increase both in wealth and population. All these things tend to the advancement of the object we have in view; already there is scarcely a community that is not sufficiently dense to furnish clinical material to those engaged in active

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practice. How much there is to be learned about diseases peculiar to this South land of ours—the manner in which malaria affects the population, where the miasma is generated ; the way it modifies and alters other diseases and surgical conditions existing in the same sections ; how acute attacks show themselves ; in what way chronic malaria exhibits itself and the pathological changes it brings about—all these should be studied. The effect of prolonged heat in summer and damp cold in winter are conditions worthy of your attention. The drainage of our wet alluvial regions, and the general improvement of our hygienic conditions, are grave problems to solve.

We cannot afford to become mere borrowers, we must be contributors to this our beloved science. Remember, the thought of to-day may be the dogma of to-morrow. He who elucidates an idea, establishes a fact, or creates a system, is an universal benefactor of mankind. How this should stimulate the good men to become workers in this direction.

Modern inventions have annihilated space as to time, and by so doing have brought into a common fold the scientific men of every country and clime. The thought of to-day, to-morrow is the property of mankind.

For all these reasons, gentlemen of the Association, it becomes a matter of paramount importance that you should stimulate your brethren to organize societies in every section of the South. Never leave off trying until county societies are established and actively at work in every county in each Southern State. Foster and encourage the State and district societies ; establish close relations with them, and when desirable, induce their members to become your members. If the plan proposed is even partially carried out, before many years this society will become one of the most important in this country.

One thing more is needful for the elevation of the moral as well as the scientific status of our profession, and that is harmony and goodwill for our fellow workers. Nothing contributes to this so much as these annual reunions ; by these meetings rivalries cease, distrusts are dispelled, and kindly relations established ; old friendships are confirmed, new friends made, and greater tolerance and charity prevail. We are made to see that in the sometimes meagre and uncertain scientific facts in our calling, there is reason for honest difference of opinion. To these meetings every patient and conscientious worker can bring his contribution and add it to the common stock of ascertained knowledge. Let us cultivate a broad

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and generous appreciation of each other's work; let us eliminate every particle of envy at the success of others; let us heartily commend all who have enlarged the boundaries of our science or who have improved its art. Let us remember that the man who can appreciate what is excellent in others, is the man most likely to accomplish what is excellent himself.

Gentlemen of the Southern Association, let our motto be, lofty aim and united action. As Southern men, let us show to the world that, under changed conditions, we have still the stamina of our forefathers. As members of our beloved profession, let us strive to be first in scientific attainment, first in integrity, first in high purpose for the good of mankind.

Confederate Surgeons.

An Address before the Association of the Survivors of the Confederate Surgeons of South Carolina, at the Annual Meeting held at Columbia, S. C., November, 1889.

By F. Peyre Porcher, A. B., M. D.,
Surgeon to the Holcombe Legion, to the Confederate Hospital, Fort Nelson, Norfolk Harbor, and the South Carolina Hospital, Petersburg, Virginia.

Fellow Survivors of the Medical Departments of the Army and Navy of South Carolina:

Mr. President,—It was a happy inspiration which prompted us to gather in this capital of South Carolina three years since to organize an association of the surviving surgeons of the separate departments of the army and navy. It partakes of the character of a Medical Cincinnati Society, which is right and proper, as it proposes to transmit to those of immediate descent, certain rights and privileges which have been dearly purchased.

If men were born free and equal, they did not long remain so—for distinctions very soon arose based on difference of conduct, of character, or talents. If your ancestors fought and bled, and gave their property or their lives freely for their country, whilst ours remained at home in inglorious ease, or were money-changers, and wholly devoid of patriotism, we must naturally expect that superior respect and position—other things being equal—should be accorded you, and, by virtue of a more honorable past, you should receive a

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fuller recognition from society and the world. As Pinckney and Rutledge, Moultrie and Marion, Pickens, Gadsden, Sumter, Richardson, and Bratton left to their descendants a record of good birth, character and capacity, there was presumptive evidence that such superior hereditary qualities would be maintained. Can there be any doubt, also, that Hampton, Butler, Anderson and Kershaw; Gregg, Hagood, Evans, Bratton and Jenkins; McGowan, Elliott, Conner, Manigault, Aiken and Capers; Barker and Gaillard, McMaster and Haskell; the Wallaces, and—

> "Hundred others whom we fear to name,
> More than from Argos or Mycenae came,"—

must justly transmit to their descendants some of the fame which they so dearly acquired, and that the halo which surrounded their brows will not entirely disappear in the lapse of time.

So we hope to transmit to the descendants of the survivors, testimonials to the conduct and behavior of their proavi.

It is becoming and necessary that a record should be kept of what was accomplished in those four years of a most bloody and disastrous war, when responsible acts, often requiring the greatest personal coolness and courage, were performed by men of our profession, who had been wholly untrained in the art and requirements of actual warfare. It must be noted, also, that they quietly fulfilled the most arduous, delicate and responsible duties unaccompanied by the ordinary expedients which are resorted to to incite and cheer the soldier; they were men who it was not deemed necessary to stimulate by adventitious aids, by mention in the gazettes, by brevet ranks conferred, by commendations read at the head of regiments, or reports sent up to headquarters—when the battle ended and the records of victory or defeat were recited.

They stood in need of no such aids, artificial or natural. These were the men who would only be referred to—if fate so willed it—in the list of casualties; and even in grave official histories of the campaigns, it is seldom that the presence, acts or the self-sacrifices of the medical staff would be recorded. In proof of which, since the war, we have seen no statement regarding the position, the conduct or the services of the medical department of the army in the great contest in which they played a most essential, if not the most conspicuous part.

Nor did they ask or expect fame, either present or posthumous. For conscious that, as members of a noble profession, the special

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duties they were called upon to execute were of a high and exalted order, the approval of their immediate commander, the confidence of the sick or wounded—these, with the support of their own conscience, must be their supreme and only ambition.

With a sphere so limited, with reward so meagre and inadequate in comparison with those bestowed upon their military associates of similar or superior rank, we are now entitled to award them the highest credit for the unselfish performance of duty—whether done within the walls of a hospital, to the sick or wounded soldier in his quarters, or, as was often the case, in the face of the enemy, surrounded by danger and death, and equally exposed with the private soldier to shot and shell and to death-dealing missiles from those "instruments of precision"—as they were called—which sped with "damnable iteration," the

"leaden messengers
That ride upon the violent speed of fire."

And your speaker is fully warranted in rendering this tardy justice, as he cannot claim to have fully participated in the special exposures which you encountered.

To prove the devotion and the heroism of the surgeon and his youthful assistants, we would briefly recall some scenes which occurred at Petersburg, Va., near the close of that period when the beleaguered town was being shut in by a cordon of earthworks, crowned with batteries belching forth their bolted thunders,—the lines of the enemy were being pressed in closer and closer, the fire of every species of armament was converging upon that devoted centre, and the roar of cannon and the detonation of small arms "would deafen you to hear." So incessant was the cannonading from some quarter of the heavens, and so great the roar of artillery, that it seemed to the doomed city that a battle was almost constantly in progress.

The surgeons and assistant surgeons, the generals and the officers lived with their men in the open fields, in trenches swept by the fire of the enemy, literally in ditches and holes burrowed in the earth, half filled with water—from which they were sometimes in the rainy season driven out like rats. Half starved, upon the coarsest food, in cold and storm and rain, exposed to every hazard—these, our brethren of the medical department, quailed not; they patiently submitted to every hardship, often with systems shattered by privation and ill-health, whilst they performed services which required skill, care and serene courage.

No extended reference can be made here to privations endured in

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prisons; and more than one example exists of voluntary surrender by surgeons in order that they might not be separated from their sick and wounded.

Even those in the comparative shelter of hospitals—especially those placed near to the immediate theatre of the war, had by no means light duties to perform, nor were unexposed to the dangers of the battlefield whilst in attendance upon the sick and wounded. They also were quite within range of shot and shell. Shells passed frequently over the South Carolina hospital at Petersburg. One struck within a few feet of the fourth ward, another entered the ninth, and a third passed through one of the tents provided to relieve the hospital—over-crowded with the sick and wounded. Before it became no longer tenable and was evacuated, the surgeon had to distribute the amputations—including also two resections of the shoulder—among his five assistants; and the whole of three entire days and nights, without cessation, were required to complete the work.

Batteries like Wagner, it is no exaggeration to say—were ofttimes wrapped in a gloom more sulphurous and fiery than that of Phlegethon or of Tartarus—made more terrible by the crash of those bolts of steel, impelled with vengeful fury, which rained upon them by day and by night. The defence was so desperate and destructive that the troops and their medical attendants had to be frequently relieved. Sumter, Mobile and Vicksburg were scarcely more endurable.

These facts are mentioned to show some of the reasons which justify us in recalling at our annual meeting the events of the past; that our associates and those who come after, may know how the medical department comported itself in the trials of that great and bloody war, which to many of us in memory seems now but a dream of the past.

In our opinion no sufficient tribute has ever been paid to the matchless organization of the medical department of the Confederate army as presented by the surgeon-general's office; and we regret that more has not been said and earlier, in order that before the death of that incomparable officer, Surgeon Samuel Preston Moore, he may have learned how much his services were esteemed. A native of Charleston and a man trained in the army, with all its ideas of discipline, its rigidity and its formality, he may have contracted certain habitudes which deprived his manners—not of the *repose* "which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," for of that he had enough and to spare—but of that softness and suavity which are used in representative democracies and in all non-military communities.

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Within his domain, which was a very extensive one, he had absolute power and the *fiat* of an autocrat; the Emperor of the Russias was not more autocratic. He commanded and it was done. He stood *in terrorem* over the surgeon, whatever his rank or wherever he might be—from Richmond to the trans Mississippi, and to the extremest verge of the Confederate States. And though appearing to be cold and forbidding, we do not think that Surgeon Moore was cruel, arbitrary, or insensible to conviction. We have ourselves experienced some of his stern rulings, which were afterwards fully compensated for.

But where, or under what government so complicated and extensive as this, was there ever a department of the public service characterized by such order and precision? Every paper emanating from that office was a model of despatch and neatness; and the chief introduced various measures for the relief of the medical department when the country was suffering privations, and in want of the ordinary necessaries of life. It will be remembered, also, that included in the sphere of his duties was the providing the medical supplies needed for the entire army—which had to be imported in great measure; and the hospitals and other branches of the service were fairly supplied with quinia, morphia, iron, chloroform and surgical appliances.

If the writer is permitted to say it here, the hospitals at Norfolk and Petersburg under his care were never allowed to be without these essential articles—which were purchased when needed by private contributions from friends in Charleston.

But that we may avoid the imputation of being indiscriminately a *laudator temporis acti*, we think there were some grave mistakes committed. One of the most serious was the failure to send surgeons of known skill and experience into positions where they might do most good—into the field or into large hospitals—in place of permitting them to remain in high cathedral places as medical examiners, medical directors, in charge of stations for purveying and distributing medical supplies, etc. Surgeons of the first ability were appointed to these offices—doubtless of importance—but which could have been filled by others fully competent who had not devoted their lives to surgery. It seems strange that men, just at the period when their special capacities could be applied to the greatest advantage, were indeed absolutely demanded by the exigency, were diverted from the branch in which they were particularly proficient to such peaceful pursuits, whilst the assistant surgeon, sometimes the full

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surgeon, was sent to the front and had the most responsible work in any army to perform; the care of the desperately wounded and the sick of every description, who required immediate attention, were often thrust upon them when they may have had little or no opportunities for acquiring practical skill.

The surgeon-general issued some valuable and useful publications, but we had no "Medical and Surgical History of the Confederate States"; we had scarcely a journal; we had no "Army Medical Museum"; we had no men of science with leisure to produce original work, or to record, classify and arrange the rich and abundant material gathered in the departments of either medicine or surgery. We did what we could; but we were working on a semi-starvation basis, pressed down with the cares of the war and of the family; and whilst we admire the genius and enterprise of our then enemy in their admirable illustrations of the records of the war, we could not expect to compete with the highly-organized and lavishly-supplied medical and surgical departments of the United States of the North.

Your speaker would be very remiss if on an occasion like this, and whilst commenting favorably on our own department, he should forget the tribute we owe the Confederate soldier. The surgeon knows the soldier better than any one else; he has occupied peculiar relations to him, and he should freely express what deserves to be said in his behalf.

But first permit us to say that in a paper* prepared for Surgeon Moore near the close of the war, never issued by that officer—as Richmond was soon abandoned—occasion was taken to refer to the diseases from which the Confederate soldier suffered. Prominent among these were chronic relaxing diseases, and the following statement was emphasized, the accuracy of which some of our colleagues may justify: "The dominant fact which must impress and modify the whole course of treatment to which any judicious surgeon would subject him, unquestionably was prostration." *Exhaustion* was the great characteristic, as well as the essential element to be considered and combatted; and the natural corollary was that he was to be nourished and stimulated as far as the resources of the service per-

*"Suggestions made to the Medical Department, with Modifications of Treatment required in the Management of the Confederate Soldier, dependent upon his peculiar moral and physical condition, with reference to certain points in practice."

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mitted; and the treatment was of course to be modified in view of the prevalent condition just stated, with the studious avoidance of all pertubative, depressing measures, drastics, ptyalism, etc.

What was applicable to well-nourished civilians would not apply to the soldier with his gastric irritability, his colliquative disease, his gastralgia, and more especially his nostalgia.

The fact being determined, it was acted upon practically; the promise of a furlough was found to be superior to the whole pharmacopœa, and would literally rescue a sick or wounded soldier from the jaws of death. We have seen them turn to the wall to die, and yet leave for their homes a few days after under the revivifying influence of hope and a return to their families and all which it implied. When it was averred that one or two died on the road, the question was asked, But how many were saved?

From this brief and imperfect description of the depressing effects produced by the circumstances which surrounded the Confederate soldier, the modification in his management became of the first importance.

The "pathology of Shakespeare," as the learned and elegant Watson has called it, when he speaks of "rasing out the written troubles of the brain" and "ministering to a mind diseased," was therefore required to be observed by the surgeon with the greatest advantage. For, superadded to the prostration and general asthenic state which we have asserted to be the dominant feature of our sick soldiers; there was, also, very generally extreme apathy as to results, however sombre might be their complexion, or even fatal to their hopes, wishes or lives.

The Confederate soldier resigned himself to his fate. Once that it was decided that a return home was impossible for him and he must remain in hospital, the physiognomy of his condition was admirably expressed by the phrase *poco curante*, which he carried in every feature of his face, in his gait and in his bearing. When he entered the service, whether from compulsion or, as in nearly every instance, urged by a noble patriotism, his mind was prepared for any fate; and he went forth, having adopted the desperate maxim of Mezentius—"*Jam venio moriturus.*" The scenes of danger, also, through which he had passed had strung his nerves to so high a pitch of tension—so much higher than mere illness, which is far below the battlefield in the stirring intensity or the elevation of the emotion it excites—that he was not impressed by his present peril, however imminent might be the fate which it threatened. He was therefore languid,

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careless and indifferent, and his mind needed to be aroused and stimulated.

As a striking proof of the apathy of the soldier when he takes asylum in hospital, it may be stated that on the occasion of a visit by General Lee to the farm, near Petersburg, to which the sick and wounded had been removed, he visited many of the tents. There was not the slightest excitement or enthusiasm manifested—no exclamation or apparent recognition of their beloved leader by a single individual. Politeness compelled us to occupy a singular rôle, and in every instance to announce the presence of their commander-in-chief and to introduce him to his soldiers.

What a contrast to their reception on every other occasion, as when surrounded by his generals he rode in review; or when all life and energy and courage they were ready for any enterprise—and meeting the same man in the fore-front of the hottest battle—with a wild cheer of recognition, they would turn his horse aside that he might not encounter the danger which menaced them.

There was no one so uncomplaining as the Confederate soldier. Every surgeon who has seen active service will confirm the truth and accuracy of a picture drawn without exaggeration. In your daily rounds to offer him relief he gazes upon you, but does not complain that you pass him by, asks for nothing, does not bemoan his fate, nor murmur at the insufficiency of either food or attendance. He may lay sick under a broiling sun, in a heated tent; or wounded, he may languish in the hospital amid the dying and the dead, surrounded by everything to appal even well men

* * * * * * * * crudelis,
Ubique luctus, ubique pavor,
Et plurima mortis imago;

yet the mere stripling possessed his soul unterrified, and uttered neither cry nor groan. There was always a courage and a resolution mingled with his apparent indifference, which has extorted our admiration and has compelled us involuntarily to recall the noble description of the invincible Cato: "The whole world was subdued, save the intrepid soul of Cato."

Omne terrarum subacta,
Preter atrocem animum Catonis.

In this display of his courage there was an inexorable sternness almost amounting to atrocity.

When the soldier, leaving friends, kindred and home, delivers up

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his life for his country, he has paid the dearest tribute which men can offer, and there is a moral sublimity in the act which ennobles the very poorest. In every age the sacrifice has been immortalized in verse and song, and the divine Dante says of him :

> "He goes in quest of liberty—which is so dear,
> As he knew best who gave his life for it."
>
> Libertà va cercando, ch'e si cara,
> Come sa chi per lei vita rifiuta.

It was a great error to confound the Confederate soldier, as some of our surgeons did, with those of a standing army, or with mercenary troops, and treat them with harshness or disdain. The great majority did not require to be drafted into the army; honor and patriotism carried and kept them there. They were our brethren and our friends—sometimes our superiors ; and though only privates, often the social equals of the best and highest in the army. Nor was his bearing that of an inferior. We all know the free, unconcerned air and carriage of the soldier, and how he would chaff his colonel or his general as readily as his comrades, whenever he could do so with impunity.

Many noble youths who were killed in battle or who perished by disease were after the pattern of

> "Little Giffen, of Tennessee,"

ill-clad, ill-fed, humble heroes—the peers of any major-general or surgeon-general in the army. There were others more delicately reared, but not more true and loyal than these—high bred, gentle, keenly sensitive youths—who felt a stain as they would a blow—but brave as lions—who freely gave their lives, with only a tear for those at home, in obedience to the demands of that in-born nobility which sent them forth at the call of their bleeding country.

> * * "Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
> Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."

Finally, brethren, in looking around us now on the "survivors," we see no men like the militia colonels of the dear old *ante-bellum* days—decked in gay apparel, the "cynosure of neighboring eyes," as when, decorated and bedizened for a fourth of July celebration, they were surrounded by applauding multitudes and accompanied by bands of music—

> "Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds."

But, on the contrary, we gaze—not without emotion—upon real

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veterans—men advanced in years, and of somewhat grave aspect, who are not without the marks of care and anxiety, oppressed, doubtless, by the troublous times through which themselves and those dependent upon them have passed in the struggle for life, and during a period of waste and misrule unexampled in the history of the world. Yet we feel sure that trained as you have been, and nurtured in the school of adversity, these difficulties were confronted with brave hearts, made strong by the experiences of the past.

Some of us, even at the beginning of the contest, had reached what the poet of the Inferno calls "the middle of the journey of life"; and now, when near a quarter of a century has elapsed, and we are still spared, we might recall with profit the sad but beautiful allegory, "The Vision of Mirza," and remember the bridge with the swiftly moving tide that flowed underneath, with the innumerable trap doors that lay concealed, and through which the passengers were falling one by one, some dropping in unexpectedly; and it was observed that the greater number fell near the beginning and at the ending of life. Or we may well be admonished, each of us, that we must soon join the great army which has gone before; and it will surely be esteemed a privilege and an honor that we, also, were of the number of those who went to the defence of their State and country, and did what in them lay to protect, uphold and preserve, by land and sea, "A Lost Cause."

The Race Problem in the South—Was the Fifteenth Amendment a Mistake?

An address Delivered at the National Cemetery, Memphis, Tenn., Memorial Day, 1889.

By Maj. T. B. Edgington.

Comrades of the Grand Army and Citizens:

We have met to decorate the graves of our comrades with flowers. We have come to beautify for one brief day the resting place of a small fragment of our nation's heroes, whom our mother earth so tenderly presses to her bosom, covered with this mantel of green. Small as this fragment of the Grand Army is that lies within these walls, yet it is twice as large as the white male population of this entire county capable of bearing arms. It is more than one-third the size of the grand army which Alexander the Great marched out with to conquer the world.

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The custom of floral decoration is one of great antiquity. When Troy fell, Æneas with his Trojan band started on his tempestuous voyage to Italy, where he founded an empire which afterward ruled the world. Before reaching his destination his fleet halted for a time at Drepanum, in Sicily, where the tomb of his father, King Anchises, was located. He erected altars at the sepulcher and sacrificed to the gods, and among other things, Virgil says, "according to custom he scattered blooming flowers" there. In ancient Rome the flower celebration, called the Floralia, occurred annually during the last three days of April. It was an occasion of great revelry.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

The American Floralia is fixed by law for the 30th day of May. During the first years of these floral decorations they were occasions for the outbursts of heartrending sorrow. In those days fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, sweethearts, widows, literally bathed the flowers in their tears. Time has wrought some changes. The weeds of wailing have been cast aside, and bleeding hearts have healed, and the real has somewhat taken the form of the ideal. It therefore becomes necessary that the celebration should respect and conform to these changes. What would have been appropriate for an address then would be out of place now.

Moreover, it can hardly be expected of one who participated with them in the struggle, when they were full of lusty life, to especially dwell on their heroic achievements.

To one thus situated it is more agreeable to hear, or imagine he hears, the voices that come from these graves as they are wafted to him on the breath of these flowers. Listening to these voices, many of which he recognizes as the voices of old comrades, it is more congenial to the speaker to endeavor to give a fair report of their words of hope or warning.

THE POLITICIAN'S VOICE.

A comrade who occupies this stand on occasions like this, speaks for the dead as well as the living. There is no place more appropriate for the discussion of the patriotic purposes that animated our comrades than among their graves. For twenty-five years the noise and tumult of the politician has filled the land, and the voice of the soldier has been drowned. There is, fortunately, a lull at present in this bellowing among the windy politicians of the land, and the opportunity is now afforded us, comrades, for the first time, to calmly

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reason together upon the fruits, not only of our hardships and privations in the field, but also upon the fruits of the sacrifice of the hundreds of thousands of lives of our comrades. They gave up their lives that the freedom which was bequeathed to us by the fathers of the republic might be transmitted by us through our children to remote generations.

As we reason together, let us unite our voices with the voices that come from these tombs, and let us see what the harvest shall be from the blood and treasure that was poured during the war.

The first fruits of spring came in the shape of a restored Union and freedom for the slave. His shackles fell off and he came forth a free man. He then became invested with all the rights of a white man, including the right to vote. Nature reserves herself for autumn to yield the greatest abundance, when she fills to overflowing the granaries and storehouses. It is not of the spring crop or first fruits of this seed sowing that I wish to speak to you of. The past is secure. It is concerning the future or autumnal crop that I wish to address you.

THE SOUTHERN WHITES.

The autumnal crop, or crop not yet harvested, does not come directly from the seeds sown in war. It comes rather from the tares and thistles that were sown by the politicians while you were off guard. If politicians have recklessly sown the wind, it will require timely vigilance to avoid a harvest of the whirlwind. The territory which was once dedicated to slavery became, as the result of the war, dedicated to freedom. Fifteen great States lie within this territory. It comprises the most genial and salubrious climate over which our flag floats. It is peopled by a brave and cultured people of the Caucasian race, who trace their lineage back to the early settlement of this continent by Europeans who sought in the New World the freedom that was denied them in the Old.

The ancestors of this people served under George Washington to secure the independence of this country. They served through the war of 1812, the Indian wars, the war with Mexico. The immigrant who came to our shores by way of Castle Garden or the Golden Gate avoided this slave-ridden section, because he refused to compete with slave labor. The consequence has been that the white people who inhabit the former slave territory are almost exclusively the descendants of the fathers of the republic. While the blood of our comrades has brought freedom to the slave, let us examine the question and see if the blood of our comrades has purchased any

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corresponding blessings for the descendants of the Revolutionary heroes or to the Caucasian race which inhabits the late slave States.

In three, at least, of these States, the negroes outnumber the whites, and consequently they out-vote the whites in these States. If the ballot is free and the count is fair, and if blood is thicker than water, then the negroes will out-vote the whites and fill all places of honor and profit in the State, and will put the whites in subjection. The whites own nearly all the property and possess nearly all the intelligence. Race prejudice, however, is superior to the influences of both property and intelligence. Under this unrestrained domination of the colored race the property of the white man would pass away from him to the dominant class.

THREE OF A PESKY KIND.

During the brief period in which the negro race was dominant in politics, the issue of bonds in certain States became so oppressive that the land owners were fast becoming mere tenants of the State, and the tax-gatherer was his landlord. A little attention to statistics will show the wonderful fecundity of the negro race, and it will give us a timely warning of the dangers of the Ethiopian fetich.

Some twenty-five years ago an enterprising citizen of Memphis brought from Central Park, New York, a pair of English sparrows. The city is now filled with millions of the pesky little creatures, and they have driven out all the other birds. The birds of gay plumage and fine song are seen no more. Even the cuckoo returns not, and the mocking-bird is no longer heard in the trees that surround our dwellings and line our avenues.

Some twenty-five years ago an enterprising Englishman transported a pair of rabbits to Australia. Rabbits have become so numerous there that they devour the crops that are planted as soon as they begin to grow. They devour the grass even so that the sheep have nothing to subsist on. All the wisdom of the English people have been set at naught in the efforts to rid Australia of its rabbits. They imported the stoat and the weasel—carnivorous animals—which were known to feed on rabbits in other countries. But in Australia these little carpet-baggers have affiliated with the rabbits and live on terms of friendship with them, and for purposes of subsistence they have turned their attention industriously to Australian hen-roosts.

The negro in America is acquiring a distinction similar to the rabbit in Australia. No snakes have lived in Ireland since St. Patrick's

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time. No rabbits had lived in Australia until the English recently imported them, and no negroes lived in America until the slave-traders brought them here before the Revolutionary war, and on down until the abolition of the slave trade in the year 1808. From the first colonization of this country on down to the date of the abolition of the slave trade, only about 300,000 negroes were imported, and none have been brought to our shores since. They increase in a geometrical ratio. The mind does not readily conceive how this ratio, with such small beginnings, could so soon reach such large results. A single dollar loaned for twenty years on the stipulation that at the end of each year the sum was to be doubled, and so on, would require a payment of over a million of dollars for the last payment. Population, in obedience to this law, attains vast proportions within a single century.

A PROLIFIC PEOPLE.

The condition of slavery was not so favorable to the rapid propagation of the negro race as the condition of freedom has proven to be. There are those who believe that the negro in a state of freedom and self-dependence would share the fate of the Indian. Like the Indian, it was thought that he would gradually disappear from the face of the country as the whites multiplied. The reverse has proven to be the case, and the grave question confronts us: Will the white man disappear from the face of the country as the negro multiplies? In the month of August in 1619, a Dutch man-of-war sailed up the James river to the plantations, and sold twenty Africans at auction to the wealthier planters. They were made slaves for life, and thus the institution of slavery took its start in this country, although slavery was not established in the colonies until about a half a century afterward.

The total number of negroes in the United States in the year 1790 was 697,000. The census of one century later, which will be taken next year, in 1890, will show a negro population in this country of about ten millions. There were 6,580,000 in 1880. Under the more favorable conditions of freedom the negro population doubles itself about every twenty years. Under the impulse of a heavy foreign immigration the white race only doubles itself in this country about every thirty-five years. When we consider the increased ratio of propagation among the negroes over the whites, the results are positively startling. The dollar which was doubled each year for twenty years increased to over a million dollars. The twenty negroes whom the Dutch landed on the James river have increased now to about

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ten millions. Fifty years hence this country will contain 60,000,000 of negroes.

The census of 1880 gave Mississippi a white population of 479,000 and a negro population of 650,000. It gave South Carolina a white population of 391,000 and a negro population of 604,000, or about two to one. It gave Louisiana 454,000 white population and 483,000 negro population. The census of 1890 will probably show that the negro population outnumbers the whites in Alabama, Georgia and Florida. Ten years later, or the year 1900, will find Virginia, Arkansas and North Carolina with a negro population that outnumbers the whites. Thus, in ten years hence, upon a free ballot and a fair count, we will find nine states of this Union ruled by its ex-slaves, its unlettered property-holders, while its intelligent property-holders will be in a hopeless minority.

"LET US PROVE OURSELVES WORTHY."

The white element of the South is almost exclusively Anglo-American. The mother country encouraged and fostered slavery in her colonies, and the English colonists became slaveholders. The Teutonic and other elements did not settle in the slave States because they would not compete with slave labor. All forms of immigration of the white races South is deterred by negro competition. The Anglo-American race is not prolific. It increased by births in ten years, from 1870 to 1880, only 8⅓ per cent. The black population, on the contrary, increased within the same period, 35 2·5 per cent. The descendants of our revolutionary sires, who founded this Government, will have practically changed places with their ex-slaves, unless these results are prevented by means that are unlawful or unless existing laws are changed.

Listen attentively for the faintest whisper that comes from these graves, and you will hear no syllable of approbation of this overthrow of the white race and the destruction of all its dearest aspirations and hopes. Let us prove ourselves worthy survivors of our brave and chivalrous comrades, and let us demand of the politicians that we shall have a voice in the settlement of these problems which were so hastily acted upon when the mad passions of the war were at fever heat. Let us unite our voices with the voices from these tombs, and thus united, let us demand of politicians of all parties that we shall formulate a basis of settlement of these questions, that shall be accepted and respected, and become a part of the platform of all political organizations, and speedily a part of the organic law of the land.

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THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE A CURSE.

One class of politicians would disfranchise the negro altogether, while another would leave his rights stand as now fixed by the constitution. The better and more practical policy now lies between these extremes. Limitations should be placed on his exercise of the right of suffrage. The limitations on his right of suffrage should be of such a character as to remove the fear or apprehension of negro supremacy. The limitations should be so adjusted as to secure a responsible class of colored voters, whose character and standing will afford a guarantee that they will not conspire with the irresponsible and lawless white elements to seize on political power. The negro should be undisturbed in his equality before the law, and he should possess a sufficient hold on the right of suffrage to insure the protection of the interests of his race. His present mode of discharging his duties of an uncrowned king and ruler, has degraded rather than elevated him.

The right of suffrage has proved a curse to him, rather than a blessing. Any modification of his rights should be of such a character as to impress him with the dignity and honor of American citizenship. The right should be so limited and adjusted as to leave the white race dominant in every State in the Union. These results would be attained by limiting the right to vote among the negroes, and by making the office of voter, or suffragist, among them an elective office—an office that he holds, say for four years, by election of the whole body of the people, or by election of the colored people alone, if this course seems preferable. Thus no property or educational test or qualification is required. The end indicated could be attained by so adjusting and limiting his vote that it shall not exceed, say 5 or 10 per cent. of the white vote, on any given question or issue.

MODIFY THE FAMOUS FIFTEENTH.

The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be so modified as to admit of this limitation on negro suffrage. This limitation will produce a class of colored voters of a high order, who are directly accountable to their constituency for the manner in which they have discharged their trust. It will produce a class of voters who could not readily be bought by money or beverage; voters who have respect for the institution of marriage; voters who have a local habitation, and a name by which they could be identified at the polls; voters who would not habitually ask alms or

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take tips; voters who would feel the disgrace of a conviction for crime; voters so self-respecting that they would not take the pauper's oath in a court of justice, for the mere purpose of evading the payment of the costs of litigation. By this limitation on suffrage the colored race will be relieved of the incubus of a power which, at present, it has not the ability to exercise. This limitation will furnish the race with a rallying point for instruction, with prizes for merit; with object-lessons for its elevation; with goals to be won by honest endeavor, scattered in profusion all along the humble pathway of its evolution.

It took centuries of freedom and culture to fit the small fraction of the white race that can now safely exercise the right of self-government. It required the inspiration of a new country, a land where the seal of despotism was unknown. It required an atmosphere that was untainted by the breath of kings. The ex-slave was not fitted for the exercise of political power so soon as his shackles fell off. Moreover, the two races can never mix and become one; one or the other must rule. Under the enforced conditions of slavery, the black race was constantly becoming whiter. Under free conditions, the black race continually becomes blacker, and race prejudice deepens with the color of his skin. It expands with the development of his intellect, and strengthens with the increments of his political power. The man is color-blind who can see no race controversy.

THE CRIME OF THE AGE.

There is an irrepressible conflict between white suffrage and negro suffrage. All dreams of dividing the colored vote are utopian. This vote is now, and always will be, a race vote. The negro never can attain to that position of superiority and self-abnegation that will permit his vote to ever become anything but a race vote. The enactment of negro suffrage was the great crime of the age. The guardian angel of our unfortunate country was sleeping when that foul deed was done. Any Republican who sincerely favors negro suffrage is the misguided victim of a maudlin philanthropy. Any Democrat who favors it, favors also the stealing of the ballot when it is deposited.

When the white race was conquering the Indian, and driving him out from his possessions and the land of his forefathers, this conduct of the white man was justified and defended on the ground that the Indian was not making the best use of his God-given advantages, and that his lands should be turned over to a superior progressive

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race, which would work out for man his highest destiny. The conquering white race, from the first, acknowledged themselves the mere trustees for the highest development of man, when they were driving out the Indian and occupying his lands. They were a pious people, and they gave to their rapacity a nomenclature suited to their creeds. They have remorselessly driven the Indian from territory to territory, from reservation to reservation, until his fading race is compelled to take its last refuge among the inhospitable blizzards of our Northwestern border, among the mountain ranges that are covered with perpetual snow, in the desert valleys where it never rains, among the lava beds where volcanoes are slumbering.

IT MEANS WHITE SLAVERY.

The fairest portion of this land is now being taken from the white man, and turned over to the enfranchised slave. It is being turned over to the negro race, which has furnished no just claims to it, and given no assurance of its ability to govern it, or even to till the soil. Within the last half century Florida has passed through the hands of the white man from Seminole to Senegambian. Four of the original thirteen States are about to pass from the dominion of the descendants of the founders of this government into the dominion of their ex-slaves. The negro has never been able to confer the blessings of good government on its own race in Africa, or Hayti, or elsewhere. It can hardly be expected to govern the Caucasian race wisely and well.

The domination of the white race by the blacks simply means white slavery. The whites will never submit to it. The Anglo-American race in the South has been familiar with the chains of slavery for two centuries or more, but they have never worn those chains themselves, and never will. The negro is not a success as a tiller of the soil even. He has ruined it by his ignorant and reckless modes of its cultivation. He has felled the forests to permit underbrush to grow instead. The Indian left forests that were primeval and a soil that was virgin. In the hands of the negro the fields have been permitted to wash into irreclaimable gullies and ravines. Where once the undulating acres stretched away into a landscape of beauty and fertility, may now be found caverns so deep that whole villages, with all their cottages and churches and spires, may be hidden away in them.

THE NEGRO AS A DESTROYER.

The green fields of the olden time have given place to the horrid

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outlines of a broken landscape. Lands have thus been ruined and abandoned, sufficient in area, under careful husbandry, to feed and clothe the entire population of the ex-slave States.

So extensive has the destruction of the old plantations become that the wolf even, that was banished from our soil a century ago, now returns to howl over the desolations of its tillage. These observations are not set down in malice, but for our admonition and instruction. They are intended to show that a race which has not yet learned even the arts of a common laborer, is not yet fitted for the prerogative of a sovereign. It is intended to unmask the hypocrisy of those who would justify the robbery of a land of primeval forests and a virgin soil from the Indian and the turning of it over for destruction to the negro. Under the supervision of the white man, these lands may be reclaimed, and under the undisputed dominion of the country by the white race, the negro can attain to a prosperity and happiness that would be impossible while competing with the white man in the race for political power.

THE SOUTH WILL HOLD THE KEY.

With the proper limitations on negro suffrage, all other race questions can well be left to future solution. We can then gravely turn our attention to a solution of those problems of anarchy or socialism, and the question of labor and capital, which engages the serious attention of all patriotic and thoughtful men. With the Anglo-American element once securely installed again in power in the late slave States, it will become a tower of strength to the nation in its struggle with socialism. The South will then hold the key to the situation, and will lead in the movement to rescue the country from anarchy. With the foundations of free institutions thus deeply laid in the South, under the guardianship of the descendants of the fathers of the republic, we can look for the late rebellious section to be the trusted champion of our government against the minions of socialism. It can be relied on to formulate a plan whereby we may bridge the gulf that lies between Lazarus and Dives, so that both may pass and repass in contentment and happiness.

THE DREAD FETICH.

The white race in the South has not only assimilated, but the pride of its traditions runs back to King's Mountain and Valley Forge and Yorktown. The colored race itself, under the tutelage of the white race, will be an element of strength in the coming social-

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istic struggles. Thus the hand of Providence is dimly seen reaching kindly down to us through the ages that were made accursed by the institution of slavery, to lift us up to a higher plane of national life. The Anglo-American of the South was educated in the school of the Old Virginian, who always had his goods and chattels, lands and tenements on hand, unencumbered and unconveyed, when the sheriff would come around to levy and sell him out. His ancestors were the rulers of the country, in peace or war. With such a record, and with a pedigree reaching back to colonial times, and with a detestation for tricks and shams, he views with horror the prospects of educating his children in a school for instruction in the art of legerdemain. He fears, too, that at no distant day, that his children may fall a sacrifice to the Ethiopian fetich. The sight of its hideous outlines paralyzes his heart and brain. With its slimy folds encircling the statue of liberty, its shadow falls across his path in any direction he may turn. His lands have so depreciated in value under the influence of the fetich that they would not sell for as much as when his ancestors first obtained patents for them from the Government. One of the great dangers that are in store for the ex-slave States, is that race prejudice and passions among the colored people will be fomented and encouraged by white men through motives of interest, ambition and revenge.

A GLOOMY PROPHECY.

During the war of the Revolution, one Simon Girty was a candidate for the position of colonel of a regiment of Ohio militia against William Crawford. Crawford was elected. Girty thereupon joined the band of Indians which afterwards captured Colonel Crawford and burned him at a stake. Girty turned a deaf ear to a white man's appeals to him. He even set the fagots ablaze that surrounded his victim, and otherwise surpassed his savage comrades in cruelty. The history of race conflict, coupled with a white man's perfidy, will repeat itself in the ex-slave States. When the conservative white leaders, around whose standards the negroes now rally, shall have passed away, and when their white allies shall be bound to them by the mutuality of fellowship, and not by the patronage of philanthropy as they now are, then we will descend to a condition of anarchy that on the one side will possess no culture or creed to mitigate its barbarity.

Race prejudice, ambition and revenge will do their perfect work. Some of the more apprehensive and timid are quietly selling their

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lands and are seeking homes elsewhere. The South Carolinian, as he looks for the last time on the home of his ancestors, mournfully says:

"One look, one last look, to the cots and the towers;
To the rows of our vines and the beds of our flowers;
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed;
Where we fondly had hoped that our own should be laid."

The refugee from the Ethiopian fetich in Florida smites his breast as he exclaims:

"Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades;
To the song of thy youth, the dance of thy maids."

The Louisiana and Mississippi planter, as he resolutely turns his steps towards the setting sun to seek a new home in the farther West, gives vent to the sad refrain:

"Farewell and forever; the franchised ex-slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave.
Our hearths we abandon, our lands we resign,
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but Thine."

THE WHITE MAN MUST PREVAIL.

Comrades, you face not now a line of glistening bayonets. You confront an impending destiny. Jonah-like you are looking into the open mouth of the Ethiopian fetich. Without a constitutional amendment, and upon a free ballot and a fair count, nine sovereign States within ten years, freighted with all the hopes and fears of our race, will be drawn into the belly of the fetich. Let us see to it that the "Lost Cause" was not the cause of white supremacy, or of civilization, or the cause of Christianity itself. Let us see to it that no cause has been lost but the cause of human slavery and the right of secession. With these questions once settled on just and sure foundations, our surviving comrades can glide hopefully down the stream of time to their rest, while our comrades who sleep in the graves where America has laid them, can peacefully sleep on until the dawning of the morning of the resurrection.

A Word with the Critics.

[The following editorial, from the Memphis *Daily Advocate* of the date of publication of the address, commends itself.]

Whatever may be the sentiment elsewhere, it is plain that this

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community is unanimous in support of the views advanced in the now famous speech of Major T. B. Edgington. There is one class of objectors, however, with whom we beg to have a word. It is that class which, while admitting the force and justice of Major Edgington's remarks, objects to them on the score of propriety. The best answer to this is Major Edgington's own : "There was no more fitting place to warn the people of the danger to the republic than among the graves of its defenders."

His speech was not a political harangue. It was not sectional in tone. It was a simple, though wonderfully forceful, discourse upon a grave social question. It was a mere accident that the majority of his audience were negroes, or even that they were Republicans. It was an accident of locality. In the North the proportion of whites and blacks would have been reversed. The fact that the latter were in the proportion of fifteen to one was but another proof of the justice of his argument.

Had Major Edgington been a Southerner and an ex-Confederate soldier, his speech upon any occasion would have been an impossibility. But his well-known record as a Union veteran and a Northern man, taken in connection with the occasion chosen for the delivery of this most remarkable address, served to give it tone and to relieve it of the objections which might otherwise have been urged.

There is an effort, too, to becloud the real issue by dwelling upon the impracticability of banishing the colored race from the South. This has not been suggested. On the contrary it is taken for granted that the negro is to remain with us always. This is the starting point of Major Edgington's argument. It is not how to get rid of the brother in black, but how to deal with him in order that, without too much friction, the supremacy of the white race may be preserved. Of course it will be preserved, whether the blacks increase as rapidly as Australian rabbits, or double in point of numbers once in twenty years. If the white race were but one-tenth as numerous as the black, it would still rule. But the situation would be a trying one.

We do not think a solution of the difficulty will be hard to find when once the necessity for it is fully understood. The public mind, North and South, is ripe for the discussion. This is shown by the profound sensation created by the address in question. It was simply the orderly arrangement of the chaotic thoughts of uncounted thousands, and there are yet uncounted thousands more who have never thought seriously of the question before, who will now take it up in earnest.

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A List of Confederate Officers, Prisoners, Who Were Held by Federal Authority on Morris Island, S. C., under Confederate Fire from September 7th to October 21st, 1864.

MARYLAND.

Maj. W. W. Goldsboro, 1st Md. inft., Baltimore.
Capt. Geo. Howard, 1st Md. cav., Baltimore.
" U. H. Griffin, Balto. battery, Baltimore.
" Eugene Diggs, 2d Md. cav., Post Tobacco, Va.
2d Lt. J. E. V. Pue, 1st Md. cav., Ellicott City.
1st Lt. E. G. Dudley, 1st Md. cav.

VIRGINIA.

Lt.-Col. J. C. Council, 26th Va. inft., Amherst county.
" " Chas. B. Christian, 4th Va. inft., Amherst county.
Maj. Richard Woodrum, 26th Balto. inft., Union.
" W. H. Hood, 44th Balto. inft.
" D. A. Jones, Gen'l Jones' staff, Hamburg.
" Thos. Branch, Gen'l Ransom's staff, Petersburg.
Capt. J. Carrington, bat., Charlottesville.
" E. E. Depriest, 23d Va. inft., Richmond.
" W. P. Carter. bat., Clark county.
" Geo. W. Mercer, 29th Va. inft., Rural Retreat.
" J. H. Johnson, 25th Va. inft., Princeton.
" J. J. D. Dunkle, 25th Va. inft., Princeton.
" H. C. Dickerson, 2d cav., Liberty, Bedford county.
" J. H. Mathews, 25th inft., Beverley, Randolph county.
" H. A. Allen, 9th inft., Portsmouth.
" R. E. Frayser, signal corps., New Kent C. H.
" J. R. Christian, 3d Va. cav., New Kent C. H.
" Lewis Harman, 3d Va. cav., Staunton.
" A. Dobbins, 42d inft., Jacksonville.
" J. W. Helm, 42d inft., Jacksonville.
" A. R. Humes, 2d cav., Abingdon.
" W. P. Duff, 50th inft., Jonesville.
" D. L. Grayson, 10th inft., Luray, Page county.
" G. W. Kelly, 50th inft., Tazewell county.
" A. N. Finks, 10th inft., Madison C. H.
" Thos. M. Cobble, 48th inft., Abingdon.

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Capt. W. T. McConnell, 48th inft., Estillsville.
" W. S. Guthrie, 23d inft., Prince Edward C. H.
" Jas. Dunlap, 26th batt'n, Union, Monroe Co., W. Va.
" A. M. Edgar, 27th batt'n, Lewisburg, W. Va.
" I. A. Lipps, 50th Va. inft., Wise C. H.
" J. O. B. Crocker, 9th Va. inft., Norfolk.
" B. Horton, 11th Va. inft., Campbell county.
" R. C. Gillespie, 45th Va. inft., Fort Worth, Texas.
" R. H. Miller, 44th Va. inft., Buckingham county.
" J. M. Hillsman, 44th Va. inft., Amelia C. H.
" T. H. Board, 58th Va. inft., Bedford county.
" J. M. Hughes, 44 Va. inft.
" Isaac R. Kendall, 7th cav., Romney, W. Va.
" J. M. Lovell, 22d cav., Hampshire, W. Va.
" W. Mitchell, 6th cav., Pittsylvania.
" T. A. Moon, 6th cav., Halifax.
" A. M. King, 50th inft.
" B. J. Brown, 7th inft., Albemarle county.
" C. D. McCoy, 25th inft., Charlottesville.
" Wm. C. Nunn, 5th cav., Little Plymouth.
" Peyton Alfriend, 39th militia, Petersburg.
" Brown Gibson, 6th cav., Upperville.
" Geo. W. Nelson, Pendleton's staff, Hanover C. H.
" C. J. Lewis, 8th Va. cav., Charleston.
1st Lt. Thos. Moss, 23d inft., Louisa C. H.
" Henry Fry, 37th inft., Wheeling, W. Va.
" W. E. Hart, Page's bat., King William C. H.
" B. C. Maxwell, Crenshaw's bat., Westhamlock, Henrico Co.
" J. O. Murray, 12th Va. cav., Richmond.
" W. Ashery, 16th Va. cav., Manassas Junction.
" James Childs, 16th Va. cav., Warrenton.
" S. T. Carson, 5th inft., Steele's Station.
" Jesse Child, 42d inft., Richmond.
" Geo. H. Rillian, 5th inft., Waynesboro.
" J. M. Gilison, 25th inft., Mint Springs.
Adjt. D. M. Layton, 25th inft., Mt. Meridian.
1st Lt. R. B. Howlett, 5th cav., Coles' Creek,
" O. H. P. Lewis, 31st inft., Beverly, Randolph county, W. Va.
" M. W. Boggs, 20th cav., Wheeling, W. Va.
" J. Arrington, 42d inft., Campbell C. H.
" D. W. Garrett, 42d inft., Morganton, Ga.

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1st Lt. H. T. Coalter, 53d inft., King William C. H.
" W. E. Bower, 25th inft., Franklin county.
" W. L. Huntis, 43d bat. cav., Waynesboro.
" W. L. Bernard, 37th bat. cav., Rocky Mt.
" T. S. Mitchell, 42d inft., Morrisville.
" P. M. Dalton, 42d inft. Patrick C. H.
" H. L. Hover, 25th Va. inft., Staunton.
" T. J. Risk, 4th Va. inft., Christiansburg.
" J. C. Chandler, 47th Va. inft., Bowling Green.
" A. R. Angill, 42d Va. inft., Rocky Mt.
" G. W. Yinley, 56th Va. inft., Clarksville.
" W. M. Gauley, 9th Va. cav., Warsaw.
" John C. Allen, 7th Va. cav., Edinburgh.
" L. B. Doyle, 5th Va. inft., Lexington.
" C. B. Eastham, 10th Va. inft., Harrisburg.
" J. Hawkins, 10th Va. inft., McGlahyesville.
" T. P. Doyle, 33d Va. inft., Staunton.
" J. W. Ford, 20th Va. cav., Lewisburg.
" A. W. Edwards, 15th Va. cav., Princess Anne.
" W. H. Morgan, 11th Va. inft., Campbell county.
" J. D. Griver, 50th Va. inft., Tazewell county.
" C. T. Harper, 21st Va. inft., Mecklenburg.
" Isaac Coles, 6th Va. cav., Pittsylvania.
" S. M. Dent, 51st Va. cav., Alexandria.
" C. D. Hall, 48th Va. inft., Louisa county.
" E. L. Bell, 10th Va. inft., Luray, Page county.
" H. C. Howlett, 5th Va. cav., Petersburg.
" E. C. Andrews, 4th Va. inft., Elk Creek.
" J. W. O. Funk, 5th Va. inft., Winchester.
" J. F. Litten, 5th Va. inft., Long Glade.
" I. W. Gilloch, 27th Va. inft., Lexington.
" J. W. McDowell, 26th Va. bat., Greenbrier.
" A. G. Hodgins, 26th bat., Richmond.
2d Lt. Drury Lacy, 28th Va. inft., Prince Edward county.
" L. J. Hutton, 37th Va. inft., Glade Springs.
" M. H. Duff, 37th Va. inft., Washington county.
" E. A. Rosebalm, 37th Va. inft., Washington county.
" S. A. Johnson, 25th Va. inft., Louisa C. H.
" J. W. Groom, 25th Va. inft., Louisa C. H.
" A. B. Cook, 25th Va. inft., Louisa C. H.
" R. C. Bryan, 48th Va. inft., Abingdon.

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2d Lt. J. F. Fultches, 37th Va. inft., Abingdon.
" J. L. King, 37th Va. inft., Abingdon.
" R. Massey, Cutshaw bat., Covinsville.
" W. H. Hughes, Page's bat., Richmond.
" F. King, Page's bat., King William county.
" Geo. L. Reizes, 5th Va. inft., Greenville.
" John F. Ganoway, 50th Va. inft., Cobham Hill.
" R. W. Legg, 50th Va. inft., Tiskey Cove.
" R. L. Bowie, 37th Va. inft., Abingdon.
" F. Fansa, 26th Va. inft., Weston.
" W. L. Enos, 26th Va. inft., Gloucester county.
" A. B. Cauthorn, 26th Va. inft., King and Queen county.
" John M. Lambert, 52d Va. inft., Greensville.
" W. P. R. Leigh, 5th Va. cav., Gloucester.
" W. N. Hendricks, 25th Va. inft., Fair Mount.
" J. G. Brown, 49th Va. inft., Front Royal.
" W. H. Hatcher, 52d Va. inft., Liberty.
" W. B. Curdis, 2d Va. inft., Marion.
" T. J. King, 42d bat. cav., Martinsville.
" T. M. Gravely, 42d Va. inft., Henry county.
" J. P. Kelley, 4th Va inft., Newberne.
" Pat Hagan, 4th Va. inft., Lexington.
" J. W. Mauck, 10th Va. inft., Harrisburg.
" J. W. Krayter, 12th Va. cav., Harrisburg.
" S. D. Bland, 18th Va. cav., Franklin.
" C. Fraitus, 3d Va. inft., Petersburg.
" S. W. Gary, 18th Va. inft., Norfolk.
" F. C. Barnes, 56th Va. inft., Charlotte county.
" J. H. Allen, 48th Va. inft., Ballardsville.
" A. G. Brinckly 41st Va. inft., Norfolk.
" C. F. Crisp, 16th Va. inft., Luray.
" L. H. Fink, 10th Va. inft., Madison C. H.
" John Long, 10th Va. inft., Bridgewater.
" J. J. Henritze, 37th Va. inft., Lebanon.
" Wm. W. George, 26th Va. inft., Princeton.
" W. G. Herring, 25th Va. bat., Asheley.
" R. C. Campbell, 53d Va. bat., King William county.
" J. M. Frasier, 1st Va. cav., Loudon.
" C. P. Johnson, partizan rangers, Hampshire.
" P. B. Akiss, 11th Va. inft., Lynchburg.
" L. Green, 5th Va. cav., Petersburg.

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2d Lt. H. C. Jones, 50th Va. inft., Gladesville.
" J. W. Harris, 58th Va. inft., Bedford.
" J. S. Hix, 44th Va. inft., Goochland.
" F. A. Appleberry, 44th Va. inft., Fluvanna.
" J. W. Hughes, 44th Va. inft., Cobham.
" W. D. Davison, 27th Va. inft., Callards.
" D. B. Cunney, 4th Va. inft., Elk Creek.
" John A. Donaghue, 10th Va. inft., Parnassus.
" J. L. Hearnslead, 25th Va. inft., Dubuque Inn.
" W. B. Dodson, 5th Va. cav., Danville.
" R. B. Hart, 5th Va. cav., Stevensville.
" J. W. Davis, 20th Va. cav., Clarksville.
" —— Hopkins, 19th Va. inft., Scottsville.
" Francis Haynes, 24th Va. cav., Ball's Creek.
" Y. J. Berry, 25th Va. inft., Galt Lick.
" A. D. Embry, 25th Va. inft., Pineville.
" A. R. Humphries, 26th Va. bat., Lewisburg.
Private C. D. Fitzhugh, 10th Va. cav., Hagerstown, Md.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Col. John A. Baker, 3d cav., Wilmington.
" G. N. Foulk, 6th cav., Morgantown.
Lt.-Col. T. Hargrave, 44th inft., Oxford.
Maj. J. R. McDowell, 51st inft., Fayetteville.
Capt. H. D. Fowler, 1st inft., Rolisville.
" P. Johnson, 1st inft., Edenton.
" W. H. Day, 1st inft., Halifax.
" J. G. Cantrow, 3d inft., Wilmington.
" John Cowen, 3d inft., Wilmington.
" H. W. Harm, 3d inft., Fayetteville.
" W. G. McRae, 7th inft., Wilmington.
" J. G. Knoy, 7th inft., Rowan.
" W. H. Ritchie, 12th inft., Scotland, Md.
" J. W. Lane, 16th inft., Henderson.
" T. C. Lewis, 18th inft., Wilmington.
" C. B. Bromly, 20th inft., Concord.
" A. Y. Cole, 20th inft., Rockingham.
" N. G. Bradford, 26th inft., Lenoir.
" S. S. Bohannon, 28th inft., Yadkin county.
" W. B. Demon, 31st inft.
" J. E. Hodgins, 32d inft., Deep Creek.

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Capt. H. M. Dyson, 35th inft., Moore county.
" C. McN. Blue, 35th inft., Moore county.
" W. Alexander, 37th inft., Wilkesboro.
" S. H. Hines, 45th inft., Milton.
" W. F. Murphy, 51st inft., Clinton.
" D. Cochran, 54th inft.
" J. Kyle, 52d inft., Fayetteville.
" John C. Blair, 1st cav., Boone C. H.
" S. Hartsfield, 3d cav., Kinston.
" J. W. Moore, 3d cav., Wilmington.
" W. R. Allen, 6th inft., Wake county.
" S. P. Abernathy, 30th inft., Wake county.
1st Lt. R. B. Carr, 43d N. C. inft., Magnolia.
" D. A. Coon, 11th N. C. inft., Lincolnton.
" A. N. Leatherad, 29th N. C. inft., Fort Henry.
" J. Hartsfield, 1st N. C. inft., Rollsville.
" J. A. Latham, 1st N. C. inft., Plymouth.
Ensign J. O. Fink, 18th N. C. inft.
1st Lt. G. W. Corbett, 18th N. C. inft., Currituck.
" N. S. Mastey, 12th N. C. inft., Warrenton.
" Frank McIntosh, 18th N. C. inft., Richmond.
" John M. Gunther, 1st N. C. inft.
" John Q. Bullock, 23d N. C. inft., Tranquility.
" John F. Gamble, 14th N. C. inft., Shelby.
" J. D. Maloy, 51st N. C. inft., Buckhorn.
" H. Easp, 24th N. C. inft., Smithville.
" J. C. McMillan, 1st N. C. inft., Wilmington.
" C. P. Mallett, 3d N. C. inft., Fayetteville.
" J. Hobson, 2d N. C. inft., Knoxville.
" F. F. Patrick, 32d N. C. inft., Columbia.
" H. J. Jenkins, Wynn's bat., Murphysboro.
" J. W. Brothers, 67th N. C. inft., Kinston.
" T. B. Henderson, 3d N. C. cav., Jacksonville.
" T. M. Allen, 4th N. C. inft., Fairfield.
" B. W. Burkhead, 22d N. C. inft., Randolph.
" W. T. Anderson, 5th N. C. inft., Fayetteville.
" J. H. Darden, 3d N. C. inft., Snow Hill.
" M. McLeod, 26th N. C. inft., Carthage.
" G. W. Averett, 35th N. C. inft., Longstreet's Brigade.
2d Lt. Alex. H. Brown, 30th N. C. inft., Melville.
" John M. Burgwyn, 12th N. C. inft., Marion.

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2d Lt. J. B. Caufield, 1st N. C. inft., Tarboro.
" G. S. Cobb, 44th N. C. inft., Graham.
" G. N. Albright, 6th N. C. inft., Melville.
" D. S. Bullard, 6th N. C. inft., Owenville.
" John Q. Elkins, 18th N. C. inft., Whitesville.
" G. H. Lindsay, 54th N. C. inft., Madison.
" W. B. Allison, 62d N. C. inft.,
" W. H. Ivey, 2d N. C. cav., Jackson.
" W. F. Dales, 32d inft., Wilmington.
" N. H. Fernell, 61st inft., Wilmington.
" F. F. Floyd, 57th inft., Leesville.
" G. F. Higley, 57th inft., Lamberton.
" J. B. Lindsay, 31st inft., Wadesboro.
" B. A. Gowan, 51st inft., Whitesville.
" J. H. Bloodworth, 4th cav., Wilmington.
" W. C. Gordon, 6th cav., Morganton.
" H. Y. Gash, 6th cav., Hendersonville.
" A. J. Hanser, 1st inft., Lincolnton.
" T. P. Barrow, 1st inft., Washington.
" J. M. Nargett, 1st inft., Newbern.
" E. A. Carver, 1st inft.
" R. H. Lyon, 3d inft., Black Rock.
" J. H. Heath, 67th inft., Newberne.
" W. B. Chandler, 1st inft., Yancyville.
" A. J. Gurgaum, 1st inft., Jacksonville.
" N. Lowdermilk, 1st inft., Randolph.
" J. E. King, 1st inft., Gold Hill.
" C. M. Busbee, 3d N. C. inft., Raleigh.
" C. C. Lane, 3d N. C. inft., Snow Hill.
" H. C. Andrews, 28th N. C. inft., Orange.
" J. A. Blair, 16th N. C. inft., Franklin.
" J. C. Aimis, 5th cav., Clinton.
" J. Coggin, 23d N. C. inft., Troy.
" W. P. Jones, 35th N. C. inft., Moore county.
" J. B. Davis, 2d cav., Wilson.
" T. D. Crawford, navy, Washington.
" E. S. Hart, 23d N. C. inft., Barich's Mill.
Private W. P. Johnson, 1st cav., Charlotte.

TEXAS.

1st Lt. W. A. Collins, 7th Texas inft., Coffeesville.

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1st Lt. J. E. Cobb, 5th Texas inft., Liberty.
" T. J. Duvall, 32d cav., Anderson.
2d Lt. H. Coffee, 1st leg., Dangerfield.
" S. G. Anderson, 1st leg., Weston.

MISSISSIPPI.

Maj. Thos. Johnson, 1st Miss. inft., Hernando.
Capt. Thos. Boyd, 1st Miss. inft., Moorsville.
" A. J. Servis, Powers' cav., Port Gibson.
" J. S. Ferguson, 32d Miss. inft.
" H. F. Coffee, 48th Miss. inft., New Orleans.
" Thos. D. Hume, 12th Miss. inft., Natchez.
1st Lt. Chas. L. Bassett, Port Gibson.
" W. H. Frizell, 12th Miss. inft., Durant's station.
" J. C. Carson, Gen. Young's A. A. C., Natchez.
2d Lt. W. T. Jeffreys, Powers' cav., Port Gibson.
" W. L. Bartoes, 2d Miss. inft., Tupelo.
" John R. Cason, Miss. inft., Watson.
" J. W. Jones, 1st Miss. inft., Smithville.
" R. J. Howard, 1st Miss. inft., Byhatia.
" B. S. Grant, 42d Miss. inft., Pontatack.
" F. M. Bassonell, 12th Miss. inft., Union Chun.
" J. M. Allen, 29th Miss. inft., Granada.
" Wm. M. Bullock, 48th Miss. inft., Bovina.
" Timothy Foley, 19th Miss. inft., Vicksburg.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Maj. M. G. Zeigler, Holcombe's, Cokesbery.
" W. T. Emanuel, 4th S. C. cav., Charleston.
Capt. P. B. Mastin, Holcombe's, Spartanburg.
" J. C. Moore, Holcombe's, Cokesbery.
" S. B. Meacham, 5th inft., Yorkville.
" W. L. Campbell, 11th inft., Waltersboro.
" Thos. Pinckney, 4th cav., Charleston.
" James Melvaney, 27th inft., Charleston.
1st Lt. P. W. Easterling, 5th cav., Charleston.
" W. W. Covington, 23d cav., Bennettsville.
" H. J. Clifton, 21st cav., Timmonsville.
2d Lt. W. S. Bissell, 2d cav., Charlestown.
" S. T. Anderson, 1st cav., Chester District.

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2d Lt. J. B. Gallman, 5th inft., Unionsville.
" N. B. Lusk, 12th inft., Cherokee.
" J. A. Garrett, Holcom's, Spartenburg.
" J. G. Hallford, 8th inft., Timmonsville.
" W. E. Johnson, 7th cav., Kershaw's Division.
" Wm. Epps, 4th cav., Kingtree.
" David Gordon, 4th cav., Kingtree.
" M. P. Galoway, 23d inft., Marlsboro District.

FLORIDA.

Capt. Wm. D. Ballentine, 2d Fla. inft., Pensacola.
" Wm. Bailey, 5th inft., Leon.
" G. Fenley, 1st cav., Marion.
" J. C. Talbot, 5th inft., Lake City.
1st Lt. T. S. Armistead, 8th inft., Marianna.
" Sanders Myers, 4th inft., Appaalachicola.
2d Lt. S. M. Davis, 4th inft., Quincy.
" R. M. Hall, 9th inft., Appaalachicola.
" A. L. Bull, 5th inft., Tallahassee.

ALABAMA.

Capt. R. F. Campbell, 49th inft., Village Spring.
" J. N. Chisholm, 9th inft., Florence.
" J. N. Burton, 6th inft., Montgomery.
" C. E. Chambers, 13th inft., Tuskegee.
" L. S. Chitwood, 5th inft., Clayton.
" J. W. Fannin, 61st inft., Tuskegee.
1st Lt. A. J. Armstrong, 46th inft., Columbia.
" N. L. Bishop, 16th inft.
" H. A. Chatbourne, 10th inft., Selma.
" J. J. Andrews, Wheeler's Staff, Florence.
" John P. Browlove, 4th inft., Tuskegee.
" R. H. Adams, Wheeler's Staff, Fansdall.
" A. J. Kirkman, 4th bt. cav., Florence.
" P. N. Earl, 28th inft., Elyton.
" E. J. Mastin, Kel. staff, Autsville.
" D. E. Bates, Selma.
" J. L. Naynes, 14th inft., Talegrove.
" J. D. Band, 59th inft., Landers county.
2d Lt. Wm. H. Allen, 49th inft., Guntersville.

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2d Lt. A. C. Foster, 4th bat. cav., Florence.
" James Leonan, 7th C. S. A., Tuskegee.
" W. T. Bass, 15th inft.

MISSOURI.

Capt. Peter Ake, 3d Mo. cav., Ironton.
" M. J. Bradford, 10th inft., Raleigh.
" J. G. Kelly, St. Louis.
" S. Lowe, bat., Independence.
1st Lt. A. M. Bedford, 8th inft., Dent C. H.
Aid-de-camp P. G. Benton, 8th inft., Cassville.
1st Lt. Wm. Haliburton, bat., Savannah, Ga.
" Geo. C. Brand, 2d cav., Boonsville.

KENTUCKY.

Maj. J. B. McCreary, 7th cav., Richmond.
Capt. C. L. Mina, Shells, Waco, Tex.
" A. A. Morris, Morgan, Burkeville.
" R. D. Logan, 6th cav., Danville.
" M. D. Logan, 3d cav., Lancaster.
" John B. Austin, 2d cav., Charlotte, Tenn.
" S. M. Hamock, 10th cav., Morganfield.
1st Lt. J. A. Fox, 7th cav., Richmond.
" Geo. C. Nash, 6th cav., Owen county.
" Ben. F. Drake, 2d cav., Lexington.
" H. P. Dunlap, 10th cav., Parris, Penn.
" F. G. Eakins, 1st cav., Hendcos county.
" W. P. Crow, 6th cav., Marshall.
" W. P. Dunlap, 2d cav., Holly Springs, Miss.
" W. A. Kendall, 3d cav., Denton, Tex.
" N. Moles, 7th cav., Albany, Tex.
" B. Logsden, 1st cav., Fairmount.
2d Lt. W. F. Leathers, 7th cav., Lawrenceburg.
" L. D. Newton, 3d cav., Union county, Ark.
" R. B. Haynes, 3d cav., Denton, Tex.
" J. S. Hughes, 6th cav., Stanford.
" W. B. Ford, 8th cav., Winchester.
" J. D. Morris, 8th cav., Winchester.
" A. B. Chinn, 8th cav., Lexington.
" C. E. Richards, 5th cav., Warsaw.

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2d Lt. B. F. McNair, 6th cav., Owentown.
" G. W. Hunter, 8th cav., Bardstown.
" S. M. Cowan, 6th cav., Somerset.
" D. N. Previtt, 2d cav., Perryville.
" J. O. Meadows, 2d cav., Bonham, Tex.
" M. T. Aldrich, 2d cav., Dallas, Tex.
" S. P. Allenworth, 10th cav., Todd.
Private S. S. Atkins, 10th cav., West Liberty.

TENNESSEE.

Col. A. Fulkerson, 63d inft., Rodgersville.
Lt.-Col. F. N. Doutherty, 8th cav., Livingston.
Capt. W. H. Craft, Murray's cav., Marshville.
" J. H. Burke, 2d cav., Knoxville.
" J. W. Boyd, 6th cav.
" L. P. Carson, 35th inft., McMinnville.
" G. R. Campbell, Wheeler, Manchester.
" T. F. Perkins, 11th cav., Frankton.
" J. P. Lytle, 25th inft., Unionville.
" John Nicks, Hawkins, Hankins county.
" S. J. Johnson, 25th inft., Sparta.
" J. H. Polk, 1st cav, Ashwood.
" J. R. McCallum, 63d inft., Knoxville.
" W. N. James, 44th inft., Carthage.
1st Lt. E. Boddie, 7th inft., Gallatin.
" J. D. Jenkins, 14th inft., Clarksville.
" H. C. Fleming, 25th inft., Spencer.
" J. F. Landervale, 2d cav., Claiborne.
" S. A. Morgan, 25th inft., Sparta.
" J. Ledford, 25th inft., Livingston.
" C. L. Hatcherson, 63d inft., Georgetown.
" M. A. Douglass, 44th inft., Gallatin.
" T. J. Goodloe, 44th inft., Winchester.
2d Lt. C. D. Covington, 45 inft., Lebanon.
" T. E. Bradley, 23d inft., Dixon Springs.
" W. N. Alderson, 1st cav., Murray county.
" W. C. Knox, 4th cav., Shellville.
" W. H. Adams, 51st inft., Covington.
" T. Irvin, 51st inft., Nashville.
" J. B. Lewis, 1st cav., Tazewell.

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2d Lt. W. B. Easley, 48th inft., Vernon.
" G. R. Elliott, 4th cav., Albany, Ky.
" J. A. Irwin, 9th cav., Columbia.
" J. H. Henderson, 31st inft., Madison.
" B. Arnold, 6th inft., Franklin.
" W. N. Cameron, 25th inft., Sparta.
" J. G. S. Avants, 63d inft., Zollicoffer.
" Z. W. Erwin, 17th inft., Lewisburg.
" J. N. Hastings, 17th inft., Shellville.
" A. J. Elzey, 17th inft., Columbia.
" G. M. Hookerbery, 4th inft., Nashville.
" J. M. Henry, 4th inft., Hartsville.
" W. C. Campbell, 25th inft., Cookville.

Removed from the Pen on Morris Island to the Hospital.

2d Lt. B. H. Hutchison, 8th Va. inft., Loudon county, Va.
Capt. S. J. Parkham, 54th N. C. inft., Henderson, N. C.
1st Lt. J. L. Birney, 49th Ga. inft., Wilkinson county, Ga.
1st Lt. C. W. Corzill, 11th Ark. inft., Little Rock, Ark.
Capt. T. E. Castine, 8th Ky. cav., Lexington, Ky.
1st Ord. Officer P. D. Harten, Tenn., Nashville, Tenn.
Capt. Henry Baker, 3d C. S. cav., Mississippi.

Officers sent from Hilton Head to Beaufort, S. C.

Lt. Col. Evan Rice, 53d Va. mil., chronic diarrhœa.
Maj. A. A. Lawder, 7th Va. mil., loss of both legs.
Capt. E. Carter, 8th Va. mil., wound in right leg.
" J. B. Fitzgerald, 8th Va. mil., disease of mind.
" W. T. Johnson, 18th Va. mil., wound in right leg.
" Geo. Hopkins, 10th Va. cav., loss of eye.
1st Lt. N. A. Hoskins, 25th Va. cav., erysipelas.
Capt. E. D. Camden, 25th Va. cav., erysipelas.
" R. L. Elam, 22d Va. bat., loss of left leg.
2d Lt. C. D. Chaddock, chronic diarrhœa.
" C. R. Darracott, steward at Hanover, wound left arm.
" G. P. Chalkley, 14th Va. inft., loss of right leg.
" G. B. Long, 11th Va. inft., wound in shoulder.
1st Lt. L. C. Leftwich, C. S. N. cav., left lung.
Capt. R. W. Atkison, 2d N. C. cav., chronic diarrhœa.

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Capt. A. S. Critcher, 2d N. C. inft., chronic diarrhœa.
" J. C. Gorman, 2d N. C. inft., bilious fever.
" A. A. Carthery, 34th N. C. inft., loss of left leg.
" J. H. Gilbert, 34th N. C. inft., chronic diarrhœa.
2d Lt. E. W. Dorsey, 11th N. C. inft., loss of left leg.
" R. A. Glenn, 22d N. C. inft., chronic diarrhœa.
1st Lt. A. W. Burt, 7th S. C. inft., loss of left leg.
" F. M. Baughman, 1st S. C. inft., chronic diarrhœa.
" J. L. Greer, 4th Ga. inft., wound right arm and side.
2d Lt. Jas. Collins, 5th Fla. inft., chronic diarrhœa.
Capt. J. D. Meadows, 1st Ala. inft., wound both legs.
1st Lt. W. N. Gidyard, 3d Ala. inft., loss of leg.
2d Lt. W. H. Beadle, 1st Ala. cav., wound in foot.
1st Lt. A. H. Farrar, 13th Miss., wound left foot.
Maj. L. Fonntaine, Rodger's cav., wound thigh and knee.
Capt. W. E. O'Riley, 9th La. inft., wound left ankle.
1st Lt. Jno. Marten, 1st La. inft., wound arm.
" L. H. May, 10th La. inft., wound right arm.
Capt. W. A. Ferrin, 3d Ark. inft., loss of left leg.
" H. L. W. Johnson, 12th Ark. inft., loss of left leg.
1st Lt. J. W. Green, 23d Ark. inft., loss of right leg.
2d Lt. W. B. Barrett, 10th Ark. inft., loss of right foot.
" M. L. Bradford, 16th Ark. inft., liver diarrhœa.
1st Lt. J. M. Cash, 4th bat. Tenn. cav., chronic diarrhœa.
2d Lt. R. C. Bryan, 2d bat. Tenn. cav., died of dyspepsia Oct. 8, '64.

Died on Morris Island.

1st Lt. W. P. Calahan, 25th Mo. inft., died Sept. 26, '64.
2d Lt. F. P. Peak, Burr's at., died Oct. 2, '64.
" J. C. C. Cooper, 35th N. C. inft., died Oct. 5, '64.

Exchanged before reaching Morris Island.

Col. Geo. W. Woolfolk, C. S. cav., U. S. S. Crescent, Aug. 24, '64.
Capt. G. H. Ellison, 5th Ala. inft., U. S. S. Crescent, Aug. 26, '64.

Exchanged and Taken Out of the Pen on Morris Island.

Capt. Henry Buist, 27th S. C. inft., exchanged Sept. 26, '64.
" J. W. Boyd, 6th Tenn. cav., taken out Sept. 26, '64.

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"Bury Me on the Field, Boys!"

Memoir of Gen. C. R. Wheat, Commander of the "Louisiana Tiger Battalion"

By his brother, LEO WHEAT.

Chatham Roberdeau Wheat was born in Alexandria, Va., on the 9th of April, 1826; his father being an Episcopal clergyman, and of an old Maryland family; his mother a granddaughter of Gen. Roberdeau, a Huguenot, and the first general of the Pennsylvania troops in the Revolutionary war; who built a fort at his own expense, and advanced the outfit for our first Commissioners to the court of France.

Mr. Wheat was graduated A. B. at the University of Nashville, Tenn., in 1845. Having been chosen the year before, the representative of his literary society in the junior competitive exhibition of oratory, he departed from the established usage by making an extemporaneous address, which gave bright promise of the eloquence for which he became afterwards distinguished.

He was reading law at Memphis at the breaking out of the Mexican war, and was among the first to volunteer. His father, then rector of Christ church, Nashville, had written to advise him to wait awhile, and promised he might go if there should be another call for volunteers. Before he could get his father's letter (the mail by stage being then four days between the two cities), one was received from him, to this effect: "Dear Pa, 'a chip of the old block,' I knew you would be ashamed of me if I did not volunteer as soon as the call came. My name I am proud to say, is the very first on the list. I have been unanimously elected second lieutenant in a company of cavalry. Please send 'Jim' by some careful hand." This was a fine blooded horse, whose dog-like training and wonderful sagacity made him a chief actor in many scenes both tragic and comic, and a universal favorite in his master's regiment.

Upon the expiration of the twelve months for which they had enlisted, this regiment was disbanded at Vera Cruz, and most of the men returned home; but Wheat raised a company of one hundred and four men, and was chosen captain. The night before they left the city he was seized with vomito, or yellow fever. In a hammock swung between two mules he was carried up to Jalappa, where he arrived in an insensible condition. As soon as he was able he

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reported to General Scott, and was detailed for special service as a separate command. His men being well mounted, handsomely uniformed, splendidly equipped and perfect in drill, "did the ornamental," as he laughingly said, "on great occasions for general officers, and triumphal entries into conquered cities." Accompanying a party making a reconnoissance, as they drew near the city of Mexico he pushed ahead, and was the first to catch a distant view of the city as it lay, to use his words, "glorified by the morning sun in the midst of the loveliest landscape the eye ever beheld."

Captain Wheat was several times honorably named in General Scott's official reports, for important services and gallantry in the field.

His command having suffered severely in killed and wounded, he was sent home, soon after the taking of the city of Mexico, to fill up his ranks with new recruits. These he soon obtained at Nashville, where a flag was presented to his company by the young ladies of Christ church school; on which occasion the color-bearer had on a complete suit of armor—helmet, breast-plate, &c.. of polished brass—taken from one of Santa Anna's body-guard.

Returning to Mexico, Captain Wheat was detained at Jalappa till the close of the war. He used to regret that the government of the United States did not keep permanent possession of what he pronounced the finest country in the world; insisting that the present occupants were as incompetent to develop its resources as the Indians whom the Spaniards had supplanted. He thought it would be a charitable proceeding, as in the interest of civilization and reformed Christianity. He regarded the corrupt church in Mexico as the curse of the country.

After the war, Captain Wheat settled in New Orleans and resumed the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1847. He early acquired considerable reputation as a criminal lawyer. His very first effort resulted in the acquittal of one of his former command, charged with murder, and after the senior counsel had given up the case as indefensible.

In 1848 Captain Wheat was elected one of the representatives from the city of New Orleans to the State Legislature. He also canvassed the State for the Whig candidates in the pending Presidential election, by request of the Central Committee, and had no little success as a stump speaker. His father having deprecated his frequent introduction of Scripture language and illustration into his political speeches, he was equally surprised and aggrieved, saying he had found nothing

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so telling and effective with the masses, and that he had not felt it to be a desecration of God's word; for which, though familiar with it from his childhood, he always had the profoundest reverence.

And now we come to the period when he entered upon a new military career, and that has been much misunderstood as to its character and motives, and was generally stigmatized as "Fillibustering." His was a far nobler purpose. He was induced to join General Lopez' first Cuban expedition not only from an impulse of philanthropy, but from a patriotic purpose, *i. e.*, to maintain the equilibrium of the States by strengthening the South. Several prominent statesmen, who were also his warm personal friends, urged him to embark in an enterprise which promised great national benefits as well as personal fame and fortune.

In the coming sectional strife, which was then casting its shadow before, he and his friends fondly believed that the acquisition of Cuba as a new slave State would enable the South to withstand the further aggressions of Northern fanaticism, and maintain her rights under the Constitution. Several leading men had promised their open co-operation as soon as it was expedient. The public authorities did not interfere, and the expedition sailed from New Orleans with the sympathy and good wishes of the entire community. So far from being regarded as Quixotic, it was universally expected to be completely and at once successful. The Cubans were represented as only awaiting the landing of an organized force with a supply of arms and ammunition, to rush into its ranks and fill up its skeleton regiments with patriots panting for freedom. To those who quoted the philosophic aphorism, "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow," Colonel Wheat (so commissioned by the Cuban Junta) was used to say, "Suppose a weak woman gagged, manacled, dungeoned, and completely in the power of a brutal ravisher, would you hesitate a moment to attempt her rescue even at the risk of your life? Every sentiment and instinct of manhood answers, No! a thousand times, No!" It was from General Lopez that he got the full information which won him to the cause of Cuban independence. All their subsequent intercourse did but deepen his first favorable impression of Lopez, as a pure patriot, an accomplished soldier, and a truly Christian gentleman.

In planning this first expedition, especial care was taken not to compromise the neutrality of our own government. The place of rendezvous was in mid-ocean, beyond the limits of the United States. There the "emigrants," as they called themselves, were

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first formally made acquainted with their destination and its ulterior objects. The task was devolved upon Colonel Wheat. The vessels were lashed together, all hands on deck, and amid the silent sea his ringing voice was distinctly heard as he thus addressed them:

"Fellow citizens, I hold in my hand a paper delivered to me by one of General Lopez' aids, the seal of which he told me to break when in latitude 26° N. and long. 87° W., which point we have now reached. I find on opening this paper that I am directed to remain near this point until the 7th of May, when he expects to leave New Orleans on the Creole. To-morrow we are to sail on a direct line to the Belize, and by Thursday may expect to see the Creole and the old General. I have addressed you as fellow-citizens, but long before the sun shall sink beneath this world of waters we shall have done what will throw us beyond the protection of the glorious 'Stars and Stripes,' under whose auspices we have sailed thus far. We shall organize our little band into a skeleton regiment, for the purpose of landing on the island of Cuba, and wrenching it from the grasp of Spain, its cruel oppressor. The moment we organize, that moment we forfeit the protection of our own government, and we have no right to sail under her flag. But, like Hagar when she went forth from the tent of Abraham, we still have a right to call on Him who buildeth up the feeble and destroyeth the mighty, and doeth that at all times amongst the sons of men which seemeth good in His sight; to succour the distressed and deliver from their oppressors them that suffer wrong. I shall therefore henceforth address you as 'Soldiers of the Liberating Army of Cuba.'

"We then, fellow-soldiers, have arrived at the point for which we sailed. Although most of you ostensibly sailed for Chagres, yet you all knew whither you were really bound, and for what. Do any here object to landing in Cuba a week sooner than he expected when he left home? Do any grudge to the Cubans that boon of freedom which it is our purpose to bestow a few days in advance of the expected time? No! I feel that I address those who are not only imbued with the glorious principles of equal rights themselves, but who will seek the post of danger at any time for the purpose of extending them to all who may desire their beneficial influence on their political and social systems.

"It has been well said that we live in an age of progress, and no circumstance could be more indicative of this onward march than this expedition. When civilization was in its infancy, nation made war upon nation for conquest and booty. More recently, they have gone

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to war for principle. Such was the case in the American Revolution; and the memory of Lafayette and our French allies is hallowed in every American heart for coming to the assistance of our fathers in their struggle for freedom and independence, after they had themselves taken up arms against the misrule and oppression of the mother country. But the march of mind is onward, and philanthropy does not now await the uprising of the oppressed before going to their assistance, as was the case in Texas, but hastens to help by striking the first blow for the down-trodden, as we shall do for the Cubans. Does any one doubt the propriety of our undertaking? Let him remember that it is our duty to do to others as we would have them do to us. Does any one fear to do it? Let him return." [Just at this point the Cuban flag was run up to the masthead and flung to the breeze.] "Liberators, behold your flag! Three cheers for Cuba! Soldiers of the Liberating Army of Cuba, if we have not been misled by the Cubans themselves, we have undertaken the most philanthropic and praiseworthy enterprise of ancient or modern times—that of giving liberty and equality to an oppressed and degraded people, who have now neither civil nor religious liberty. Only let them be true to us and to themselves, true to humanity and its inalienable rights, and ere long, instead of their flower-scented air being laden with the sighs and groans of dungeoned captives, it shall resound with the shouts of deliverance and the songs of praise and thanksgiving to God, the gracious Giver of every good and perfect gift. Yes! all the people of the land shall hail you as their benefactors for the bestowment of those blessings which are the proud portion of our own dear native land,

'The land of the free and the home of the brave.'

"You are aware, fellow-soldiers, that we have come from the United States without arms, without organization, without previous concert to commit any act which may compromise the peace and dignity of our own government. Nor do we intend to violate international law, unless revolution be so considered; and we must make ourselves successful, and secure the acknowledgment of Cuban independence. Then, soldiers of the Liberating Army, while you gaze on the Lone Star of Cuba, resolve to make it the bright beacon to victory and renown.

"You will now proceed to divide yourselves into ten equal companies, forming a skeleton regiment, and select your officers; after which they will draw lots for rank. And may success attend not

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only this, but every other effort on the western continent—yes, in the whole world, to eradicate the last germ of monarchy."

While the Creole was getting water at the island of Mugeres, nearly the whole of the Mississippians and Louisianians determined to abandon the expedition. Colonel Wheat's eloquence was again called into requisition, and, assembling the men upon the beach, he addressed them in a brief but stirring speech, which so rekindled their enthusiasm that they unanimously resolved to persevere in their undertaking.

The place of landing on the island of Cuba, as it turned out, was ill-chosen ; and without concert or co-operation with the Cubans, the invaders were unable to hold it. In the night attack upon Cardenas, Colonel Wheat was severely wounded, and when they had returned to the steamer they narrowly escaped capture by the Spanish war-ship Pizarro. The "Fillibusters," as because of their failure they were now first called, pursued by the Pizarro, found refuge in the harbor of Key West.

Colonel Wheat did not accompany Lopez in his second expedition, having been providentially prevented, very much to his chagrin at the time; though, as the event showed, most mercifully for himself ; for his strong attachment to Lopez would have made him cling to his friend and share his fate with the gallant Crittenden.

It was a generous sympathy with the oppressed everywhere, and not a mere restless spirit of adventure, which next led Colonel Wheat to join Carravajal in his effort to put down the church party in Mexico, and give that beautiful land our free institutions instead of the effete misrule of a licentious priesthood. And again, when Walker, who had been his classmate at college, was in imminent peril of his life, after his defeat at Rivas, faithful to his friend in adversity, he hastened to his relief. It was at Nicaragua that he met with the most wonderful of his numerous escapes from death. By the explosion of the boiler of a steamboat, he was blown from the hurricane deck into the river, but so entirely without injury that he swam to the shore with ease, taking a wounded man with him.

When Alvarez "pronounced" against Santa Anna and the church party in Mexico, Colonel Wheat accepted a command in the patriot army. As general of the artillery brigade, when Alvarez became President, he received permanent rank and pay under his administration, with official commendation and thanks for his services. When, afterwards, by reason of age and its infirmities, Alvarez resigned the presidency and retired to his hacienda, at his earnest solicitation,

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General Wheat went with him. The old hero would fain have persuaded him to remain there for the rest of his life as his adopted son. But being now in the fullest flush of a matured manhood, he could not be content with a life of inglorious ease; and as the world was just then beginning to resound with the name and exploits of Garibaldi, General Wheat determined to gratify a long-cherished wish to visit Europe, now become doubly attractive by the rapid march of events in the historic changes of governments and peoples. He landed in England and joined a party of congenial spirits who were going to Italy for the purpose of tendering their services to Garibaldi.

They stopped a few days in Paris, and General Wheat had a most informal, but also a most agreeable exchange of salutations with no less a personage than the Empress Eugenie herself. Having driven to the Bois de Boulogne she had alighted from her carriage, and, followed by her ladies in waiting, was walking leisurely down a shaded avenue, when General Wheat, arm in arm with an English officer, came suddenly before the Empress. His friend, from the impulse of his national sentiment that no one may presume to come unannounced and without previous permission into the presence of royalty, turned instantly and beat a hasty retreat. Not so the General, who, believing that his reverent salutation to the woman would not be resented by the Empress, tendered his homage by expressive look and gesture, and the lovely Eugenie promptly acknowledged it by a bright smile and a gracious inclination of the head. It would make a pretty picture that interchange of grave, sweet courtesies. For General Wheat was a man of as noble and commanding presence, as she of queenly grace and beauty. Over six feet in height, and finely formed, he had a dignified carriage and a polished ease of manner and address.

General Wheat's reception by Garibaldi was in every way gratifying—a hearty welcome and the offer of a position on his staff. Promptly accepting it, he engaged at once in active service; and in several engagements which quickly followed, his dash and gallantry were the frequent theme of the army correspondents of the English press.

The troubles at home, however, gave another sudden turn to his career. As soon as he heard of the secession of the Southern States from the Federal government, he hastened back to England and took the first steamer for New York. His friend, General Scott, urged him to fight again under the old flag, promising his influence

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to procure for him an eligible position in the Federal army. General Wheat had a great affection for his old commander, and a still greater for the old flag. It was, therefore, a most painful sacrifice to sever those ties which had been made more sacred by much service and suffering in their behalf. But he felt the call of a still higher and holier duty, and he obeyed; it was to stand in the lot, and to share the fortunes of his own people and kindred and family. In the spirit which animated that purest of patriots, R. E. Lee, and from a like stern sense of duty, he gave his hand with his heart in it to the South.

Stopping but a day at Montgomery, Ala., then the seat of the Confederate government, to learn the situation of affairs and the probable opening of the campaign, he hurried on to New Orleans, where he hoped to raise a regiment of volunteers for immediate service. Before his arrival the Governor of the State, by authority of the Convention which passed the "Ordinance of Secession," had put in commission all the officers of the large force already raised. But at the call for volunteers to go to Virginia, where it was certain the Federal government would strike the first blow, five full companies were organized by General Wheat in a few days. And but for his impatience to join in the first fight, then thought to be imminent, he could easily have raised a regiment. Making all speed with his battalion (entitling him, of course, only to the rank of Major—a secondary consideration with one who thought more of the cause than of himself), he arrived at the front in time to take that conspicuous part in the first battle of Manassas which made ever after the "Louisiana Tigers" a terror to the enemy. Major Wheat had called the first company raised the "Old Dominion Guard." But another company named "The Tigers," and having the picture of a lamb with the legend "as gentle as" for its absurd device (*lucus a non lucendo*), exhibited such reckless daring and terrible havoc in their hand-to-hand struggle with the head of the attacking column, that the name of "Tigers," as often as "Wheat's Battalion," was thereafter its popular designation.

General Beauregard, in his official report, mentioned Major Wheat in the most flattering terms, as having won for himself and his command the "proud boast of belonging to that heroic band who saved the first hour at the battle of Manassas." Major Wheat's being in the position to bear the brunt of the enemy's first onset (unexpected at that point, which was the extreme left), in heavy column, was one of the several providences which "saved the day." He was here

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desperately wounded. The surgeon warned him that it must prove fatal. He replied cheerfully, "I don't feel like dying yet." "But," said the surgeon, "there is no instance on record of recovery from such a wound." "Well, then," he rejoined, "I will put my case upon record." His unexpected recovery was owing, the surgeon thought, chiefly to his resolute will.

His knightly courtesy was shown when a colonel of the Federal army, on his way as a prisoner to Richmond, begged permission to see his old friend, lying in a house by the roadside. The meeting was of the most friendly character. At parting Major Wheat directed his orderly to give Colonel P. some money and underclothing, saying, "he will need them in prison, poor fellow." Major Wheat's mother, who had flown to him as soon as she had heard in her distant home of her darling's disaster, and still righteously indignant at the invasion and desecration of the soil of her own loved, native State, warmly opposed this generous order of her wounded son. But he insisted, saying, "Why, my dear mother, P. is as conscientious in this war as we are; and if our places were changed he would do as much for me—wouldn't you, P.?"

The popular sentiment, in the army and out of it, was in favor of his immediate promotion to the command of a regiment, if not of a brigade. One of his friends, a Confederate officer, said to him, "Wheat, I would give a thousand dollars to stand in your shoes to-day." Whereupon Wheat demurely directed his orderly to give Captain B. his shoes. Various efforts were made, but nothing had been done for his advancement when, at the end of two months, the Major returned to his battalion. He was not fully recovered, and President Davis advised him to go home with his father (they had called together to pay their respects), and "keep quiet until he was entirely well." The Major quickly replied, "I shall keep quiet, Mr. President, as long as yourself and the army do, but no longer."

Very soon afterwards he returned to his command, and was with Jackson in all that brilliant campaign which resulted in the discomfiture, successively, of Fremont, Shields, and Banks. He was always among the foremost in the fight, taking batteries, and driving the enemy from his strongest position. The newspapers of the day seldom give an account of a battle in which his name and daring are not conspicuously mentioned.

After all his wonderful escapes, our patriot hero and martyr fell in the bloody battle of Gaines' Mill, near Cold Harbor, on the 27th of June, 1862. It was one of those desperate "seven days" fight-

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ing around Richmond, when McClellan was driven back and utterly defeated.

In compliance with his own wish, expressed in the words, "Bury me on the field, boys," his remains were at first interred near the spot where he fell; but it was afterwards found impossible properly to protect the grave, and therefore the body was removed, the following winter, to Hollywood cemetery, being escorted by a large military and civic procession from the Monumental church, where the burial service was performed by the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, and at the grave by Dr. McCabe. The caisson bier, the riderless horse, the solemn dirge, the soldiers' thrice-vollied farewell—were these "the last of earth" to our hero? The precious remains of his manly beauty were, indeed, laid in the grave; but he, the pure patriot, the self-sacrificing soldier, the martyred hero, the sincere Christian, had passed into the heavens—promoted, at last! His friends think of him as having had an especial honor put upon him. He is gone up from a remote province to the Capital of the Empire. The faithful soldier was summoned from his obscure post to become a member of the "family" of the Commander-in-Chief! We seem to hear a voice from heaven saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "Shot and shell," as Kingsley strikingly remarks, "cannot take away human life; they can but kill the body." All that we loved and valued most still lives, more truly lives, where we aspire to join him, "high in salvation and the climes of bliss."

That Major Wheat was not promoted by the Confederate government, that the general expectation of the army and of the country was not realized in this respect, his friends might not unnaturally regret. If he felt the least resentment himself, he never showed it. It certainly did not in the least abate his devotion to the cause or the administration. It was a striking trait in his character that, being too proud to sue for promotion, he was content to have richly deserved it. Throughout his whole career, he always espoused the cause of the oppressed, the wronged, the struggling for freedom. And although he had many opportunities for enriching himself by means which others did not scruple to use, he came home as poor as he went—rich only in the fruits of experience and observation in many lands and strange adventures, an admirable *raconteur*, speaking various languages; full of genius, wit, and eloquence, of stainless honor, and rare social attractions. His eminent soldierly qualities

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and varied accomplishments he devoted with his whole soul to the cause of his beloved country. And although his restricted sphere was not commensurate with his great abilities, yet in the sudden emergencies of perilous and doubtful conflict, his actual services sometimes as far transcended his rank as he was always in advance of his men when they captured a battery or pursued the flying enemy. Just before he fell at Cold Harbor, General Ewell pointed him out to his staff as he led the storming party against McClellan's strongest position, a too "shining mark" for a thousand deadly missiles.

There was one incident of that eventful day which, more than all besides, revealed the loftiness of his character and afforded to his mourning family and friends their most precious consolation. His mother had sent him some months before a little book of devotions called "Morning and Night Watches," (being brief meditations and appropriate prayers of a very elevated tone of piety and great beauty and force of language), with a request that he would read it regularly. He wrote to her that he was delighted with it, had been reading it as she desired, and would do so as long as he lived. He begged her to send a copy of it in his name to a lady friend, who had nursed him when he was wounded, and another to a lady who had in like manner befriended his younger brother, Captain John Thomas Wheat, who fell at Shiloh. Major Wheat's officers tell us that they had often seen him reading his little book, night and morning, and that he frequently asked them to listen to such passages as he thought particularly eloquent and impressive. One who slept in the tent with him says that he several times waked him up (when he had retired first) to listen to the "Night-Watch."

On the morning of the 27th, in the gray light of the early dawn, and just before the battle was begun, he called his officers about him, took the little book from his breast-pocket, where he was accustomed to carry it, and telling them what it was—that it was the gift of his mother, that the portion for that morning had been marked by her own hand, that he had just read it in his tent, and finding it peculiarly appropriate to men about to imperil their lives, he would read it; and expressed a hope that they would join him in the prayer. It was a prayer for a "Joyful Resurrection." Uncovering his head (which example they followed), he reverently and devoutly read it in his own most feeling and impressive manner. This is its conclusion: "Lord, I commend myself to Thee. Prepare me for living, prepare me for dying. Let me live near Thee in grace now, that I may live with Thee in glory everlasting. Let me be reconciled to endure sub-

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missively all that Thy sovereign wisdom and love see fit to appoint, looking forward through the sorrows and tears of a weeping world to that better day-spring when I shall behold Thy face in righteousness and be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness. And all I ask is for a Redeemer's sake. Amen."

Putting the precious volume into his bosom, he mounted his horse and led them into the battle which was to cost so many of them their lives. When the time, the place, and the actors in that scene are considered, no one can doubt that he was perfectly sincere in this religious act. It was a brave and manly confession of Christ before men, and one for which has not our blessed Lord promised to "confess us before His Father and the holy angels?" While Major Wheat was incapable of professing what he did not feel, and was very far from making a parade of religious feeling, yet, as the incident just related clearly shows, he had the moral courage to avouch his convictions even to irreligious men.

From his earliest childhood he scorned, not only direct lying, but all prevarication and suppression of the truth; refusing to associate with a schoolmate who got out of a difficulty by telling the teacher a falsehood. When about twelve years old, he met with an accident which confined him to the house, and his mother, in order to amuse him, and reconcile him to the unusual restraint, gave him "Thaddeus of Warsaw" to read. He soon became deeply interested in it, and at some very affecting scene he went to his mother weeping passionately as he dwelt upon the wrong done to his hero. To quiet him she said, "This is not a true story; it is just made up by the author." "Not true!" he exclaimed, while a burning indignation quickly dried his tears, "and you a Christian mother, give your child lies to read!" He flung the book from him as if it were contaminating, and never could be induced to take it up again.

Some years afterwards, when a senior in college, being obliged by a serious accident to remain indoors, he was very severe upon his sisters, who were reading the "Wandering Jew," just then coming out in weekly numbers, and who tried to interest him in it. In return for some beautiful passage of their reading, he would call out, "Put down that foolish book, and listen to this"—something from Blackstone; for he had already begun the study of law. When he was going the second time to Mexico his mother put into his valise one of Dickens' last works, thinking it might serve to while away the tedious monotony of camp life. He brought it back with the leaves uncut; said he had much more profitable reading, having procured

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at New Orleans, on his way out, a goodly number of histories and biographies.

The writer of this memoir dwells with melancholy pleasure upon these recollections of a boyhood that gave the brightest promise of a distinguished future. The bread of religious training cast upon the waters of his young life was gathered after many days. The precious seed, hidden for a time from human observation under the unfriendly influences of a soldier's life, yielded nevertheless, in due time, a glorious harvest of piety and heroism, even to the sacrifice of life upon the altar of duty. He early adopted as his own his father's motto, "Astra Castra," being terminals of the distich—

> "Non per sylvas, sed per castra,
> Nobis iter est ad astra,

and which he rather freely rendered:

> Through rural quiet doth thy pathway lie?
> Unending conflicts bear me to the sky.

In his letters to his mother—to whom he always showed a reverential and chivalrous devotion—he frequently assures her that "Astra Castra" is the governing principle of his life. In one, written on his way to join Garibaldi, he says: "We hope soon to be doing good service in the great cause of human liberty. Do not, dear Ma, fret about me. God will take me out of the world when He sees fit; and if He takes me while fighting for liberty, I shall feel that I have not lived in vain."

Major Wheat's request to be buried on the battlefield was made the subject of several poems which were published in various papers of the South, accompanied by eulogistic notices of his character and services on behalf of the Confederacy. The following verses interpret his request most correctly, and in perfect agreement with his known sentiments upon the subject. The subsequent interment in "Hollywood" was thought by his friends to be a virtual compliance, for all the neighborhood of Richmond was included in the battlefield.

THE LAST WORDS OF MAJOR WHEAT.

BY "H."

'Bury me on the field, boys!' and away to the glorious fight;
You will come this way again, boys, in your triumph march to-night,
But when you pass this spot, boys, I would not have you sigh—
In holy cause of country, boys, who would not gladly die?

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'Bury me on the field, boys,' where a soldier loves to rest,
And sweet shall be my sleep, boys, upon my country's breast;
For she is dearer far, boys, than aught this world can give,
And gladly do I die, boys, that she may proudly live.

'Bury me on the field, boys,' and away to meet the foe;
Hands that have dug a grave, boys, shall lay their legions low;
Eyes that wept this morn, boys, shall smile at close of day,
For Southern hearts shall triumph, boys, in the Northerner's dismay.

'Bury me on the field, boys,' and then to make a stand,
Which will lose the tyrant's grip, boys, from our Southern sunny land,
And teach the invading foe, boys, in Freedom's holy strife,
The Southern heart will sever, boys, the fondest ties of life.

'Bury me on the field, boys,' I do not die in vain;
For Freedom's rose shall spring, boys, from out this bloody rain,
And soon the South shall rise, boys, all beautiful and fair,
With sun-light rays around her, boys, and stars upon her hair.

'Bury me on the field, boys,' this vision bright and sweet
Was surely sent to cheer me, boys, in this my own defeat;
There, take my trembling hand, boys, I thank you for your care,
But let each soldier's heart, boys, ascend with mine in prayer.

From the battlefield of life, boys, all wretched, weary, sore,
Pray that my fainting soul, boys, may reach the heavenly shore,
And in that land of love, boys, the weary may find rest,
And the poor, repentant soldier, boys, find shelter 'mong the blest.

'Bury me on the field, boys,' my life is ebbing fast;
One moment more of pain, boys, and then the trial's past;
I cannot see you now, boys, there's a mist before my sight;
But hark! I hear sweet music, boys: thank God! we've won the fight.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori;" but sweeter far, and still more becoming, my son, to die, as thou didst, in the faith of Christ, the hope of heaven, and in charity with all the world.

J. T. W.

The Siege and Evacuation of Savannah, Georgia, in December, 1864.

An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors' Association in Augusta, Ga., on the Occasion of its Twelfth Annual Reunion, on Memorial Day, April 26th, 1890.

By Col. CHARLES C. JONES, JR., LL.D., *President of the Association.*

By the necrological record of each recurring year are we reminded, my comrades, that the mortality among those who were actively en-

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gaged in the military and civil service of the Confederacy is augmenting in a rapidly increasing ratio. We had scarcely departed from this hall, a twelve month ago, when we were apprised of the death near Paris, France, in absolute retirement and at a very advanced age, of the Hon. A. Dudley Mann, who, during the war, was entrusted with an important diplomatic mission.

On the 31st of last May, S. P. Moore, Surgeon-General of the Confederate States, was overtaken by that gaunt foe whose grim advances in camp, in hospital, and in bloody battle he had, during more than four years of exposure, privation and carnage, essayed to check.

On the 20th of the following month, Colonel A. C. Myers, first quartermaster-general of the Confederacy, passed quietly away; and on the 25th of September Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill—the hero of Big Bethel, conspicuous for his gallantry at Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, Boonsboro, Chickamauga and elsewhere; the founder of *The Land we Love;* an uncompromising defender of the impulses and acts of the South; president of the Middle Georgia Military and Agricultural College at Milledgeville; a brave soldier, capable educator and Christian gentleman—succumbed to the inroads of a protracted and painful disease.

Major-General John C. Brown, of Tennessee, a courageous and trustworthy officer, who, since the cessation of hostilities, was complimented with the chief magistracy of his State, on the 18th of August answered the final summons. Two months later, another Confederate Major-General, H. D. Clayton, of Alabama, distinguished alike as a soldier, a judge, and a college president, and Brigadier-General E. A. Perry, sometime governor of Florida, ended their mortal careers.

During the month of November, Colonel Alfred Rhett, whose name and valor are so intimately associated with the memorable defense of Fort Sumter; the Hon. W. N. H. Smith, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and a prominent member from that State of the Confederate Congress, and Senator Dortch, who also rendered valuable aid in moulding the legislation of the Confederacy, joined the silent majority.

On the 1st of December, Collett Leventhorpe—in early life an officer of the 14th Regiment of Foot in her Majesty's service, and subsequently, for gallantry and efficient conduct, advanced to the grade of brigadier-general in the Army of Northern Virginia—peacefully closed his eyes at the home of his adoption in North Carolina.

Five days afterwards, surrounded by devoted friends, accompanied

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by the loves of Southern hearts and amid the comforts of the metropolis of the South, President Jefferson Davis, the noblest living embodiment of Confederate manhood, and the most distinguished representative of a cause which electrified the civilized world by the grandeur of its sacrifices, the dignity and rectitude of its aims, the nobility of its pursuit, and the magnitude and the brilliancy of the deeds performed in its support, yielded his great spirit into the hands of the God who gave it. It was the privilege of this Association to render conspicuous honor to his memory; and, in a manner most emphatic and appropriate, to participate in the general grief and heartfelt adoration which pervaded the entire territory once claimed by the Confederacy.

On the 3d of February the Hon. William W. Boyce, a member from South Carolina of the Confederate Congress, and one of the framers and signers of the Confederate Constitution, died at an advanced age in Fairfax county, Virginia; and, during the month of March, the Hon. William E. Smith, at first in the field and then a representative from Georgia in the Confederate Congress, and Major-General Jones M. Withers, from Alabama, entered into rest.

Within the circle of our immediate companionship we chronicle the death of *H. L. Sponsler*,—veterinary surgeon in Cobb's Legion of Cavalry, on the 9th of last June: of *Elmore A. Dunbar*, color bearer of the 63rd regiment Georgia infantry, on the 24th of the same month: of *Charles N. Bignon*, private in Company B, Capers' battalion, on the 7th of October: of the soldierly *J. O. Clarke*, lieutenant-colonel of the 1st regiment Georgia infantry, on the 6th of December: of *Charles M. Peck*, second lieutenant and drill-master C. S. A., on the 4th of February last: and, sixteen days afterwards, of *James Kelly*, private in the 7th regiment of Georgia cavalry, Young's brigade.

Although they pass

> "Into the eternal shadow
> That girds our life around,
> Into the infinite silence
> Wherewith Death's shore is bound,"

to our welcoming vision on this Memorial Day

> "They come transfigured back
> Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
> Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
> Of Morn on their white shields of expectation."

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The united and strenuous efforts of Generals Wheeler, Cobb, Smith, and McLaws, aided by Generals Beauregard and Hardee, were powerless to arrest the devastating march of General Sherman's columns through the heart of Georgia; and the Federal army, nearly sixty thousand strong, exclusive of an ample complement of field artillery and cavalry, on the 10th of December, 1864, came into position before the Confederate works recently erected to cover the land approaches to the city of Savannah. Although every attempt had been made to obstruct the advance of the enemy and to concentrate a force sufficient for the protection of the commercial metropolis of Georgia, such was the pressure upon the Confederacy, and so painful the lack of available troops, that at the inception and during the progress of the siege there were within the Confederate lines around that city only about ten thousand men fit for duty. More than a third of these consisted of Reserves and Georgia State troops, while strong details were employed in garrisoning the forts and fixed batteries along the water front. In anticipation of General Sherman's arrival on the coast, the Federal war vessels had multiplied in the vicinity of Savannah and their demonstrations became more frequent and more forcible. The city of Oglethorpe lay between the upper and the nether millstone with no hope of relief from any quarter.

Until General Sherman, abandoning his base at Atlanta, pointed his banners toward the coast, the attention of the Confederate engineers in the Military District of Georgia had been chiefly directed to the construction of batteries and strong lines for the defense of the water approaches to Savannah. So judiciously located were they, and so efficiently armed, that the Federals in this direction were thoroughly kept at bay.

Commencing at Red Bluff, on the Carolina shore, a series of advanced works extended across the Savannah river, along St. Augustine creek, by the way of Whitemarsh Island, Thunderbolt Bluff, the Isle of Hope, Beaulieu, and Rose Dew, until it rested upon the Great Ogeechee river.

As, during the siege, few changes were made in the armament of those fixed batteries, the following enumeration of guns in position along the water front of the Savannah defenses may be accepted as substantially correct.

Red-Bluff battery—an enclosed work on the Carolina shore armed with two 24-pounder rifle guns, one 8-inch columbiad, one 24, and two 12-pounder howitzers—constituted the left of the line. At the extremity of the bay in the city of Savannah a 32-pounder gun was

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planted. On Hutchinson's Island was an earthwork mounting three 32-pounder guns.

The armament of Fort Jackson consisted of two 8-inch columbiads, two 32-pounder rifle guns and three 32-pounder naval guns.

The other batteries for the defense of the Savannah river proper were Cheves, Lawton, Lee and Fort Boggs.

Three 32-pounder guns and two 10-inch columbiads constituted the armament of Battery Cheves.

That of Battery Lawton was stronger, consisting of one 32-pounder rifle gun, one 42-pounder smooth bore, two 8-inch and two 10-inch columbiad guns.

The most powerful work on the Savannah river was Battery Lee, which mounted two 10 inch mortars, two 10-inch and three 8-inch columbiads, one 42 and one 32-pounder gun and two 24-pounder howitzers.

Fort Bartow, commanding St. Augustine creek, not far from its confluence with the Savannah river, was a substantially constructed, enclosed earthwork, mounting sixteen guns, to-wit: one 10 inch columbiad, two 8-inch naval shell guns, two 8-inch columbiads, two 24-pounder rifle guns, one 12-pounder rifle gun, two 8-pounder and two 6-pounder smooth bore guns, three 3-inch rifle guns, and one boat howitzer. The water battery at Causton's Bluff, in advance of Fort Bartow, was armed with two 32-pounder smooth bore guns.

For the protection of the approaches by way of Whitemarsh Island a battery was located at Turner's Point mounting three 10-inch columbiads, one 20-pounder Parrott gun, and two 12-pounder howitzers; and another at Gibson's Point, which was armed with two 8-inch siege howitzers and two 32-pounder guns. Across the island was thrown up a substantial line of field works, mounting seven 32-pounder guns, one 4.62 inch and one 3-inch rifle gun. Near the head of the causeway leading to Causton's Bluff were located some lunettes and angles for field pieces.

At Greenwich was a battery of three 32-pounder guns.

At Thunderbolt was a succession of well traversed earthworks, mounting one 10-inch columbiad, two 8-inch columbiads, two 8-inch shell guns, one 42-pounder rifle, one 42-pounder smooth bore, and six 32-pounder guns. The batteries on the Isle of Hope were distributed as follows: At Grimball's Point a small work armed with one 32-pounder; at Grimball's House another, mounting two guns of like calibre, and at the Church Lot a more formidable work mounting two 8-inch columbiads and two 32-pounder guns. Near Skidaway

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bridge was a *tete du pont*, prepared for the reception of siege pieces or light artillery.

The point at Beaulieu being an important one, was strongly fortified and provided with one 8-inch and two 10-inch columbiads, two 42 and three 32-pounder guns. A light battery was also stationed within supporting distance.

Rose Dew Battery was armed with three 10-inch columbiads, one 10-inch mortar, and one 32 and one 18-pounder rifle gun.

Colonel Edward C. Anderson was during the siege assigned to the general command of these fixed batteries. The guns in these positions were supplied with an average of rather more than one hundred rounds of ammunition to the piece. As additional obstructions to an ascent of the Savannah river by the enemy, cribs filled with brick and stone had been sunk in the channel below the forts and under cover of their guns. Below the Thunderbolt Battery the river was impeded by quantities of live-oak logs.

Constituting the right of this exterior line designed and held for the protection of Savannah, and erected at Genesis' Point on the right bank of the Great Ogeechee river, Fort McAllister effectually commanded the channel of that stream, shielded the important railroad bridge near Way's station, and preserved the rice plantations in its neighborhood from molestation and demoralization. From the day of its construction, which was coeval with the earliest Confederate defenses on the Georgia coast, to the hour of its capture on the 13th of December, 1864, it subserved purposes most conducive to the general welfare, and on various occasions gallantly repulsed well sustained naval attacks from the enemy.

Although the mantle of decay is spread above its deserted magazines and rank weeds are choking its vacant gun-chambers, the heroic memories which it has bequeathed and the noble part it sustained in the Confederate struggle for independence will not be forgotten in the lapse of years or lightly esteemed in the record of truth and valor. No name is more proudly remembered on the Georgia coast than that of this now almost obliterated earthwork. Seven times did it successfully withstand the attacks of Federal gunboats and ironclads attempting its demolition. During its bombardment of the 20th of January, 1863, for the first time in the history of naval warfare were 15-inch guns used in the effort to reduce a shore battery, and here was demonstrated the ability of sand parapets to resist the disintegrating effect of shot and shell projected from guns of the heaviest calibre. After the attack of the 3rd of March, 1863, in

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which its bermuda-covered parapets for seven long hours were rained upon by four monitors, three 13-inch mortar schooners, and five gun-boats, the enemy never renewed his efforts for its reduction, and the Confederate flag floated proudly from its parade until that hour when it went down amid the smoke and carnage of General Hazen's assault.

The mission of this work was to prevent the ascent of the Great Ogeechee river by the enemy, and to this end were its guns disposed. The rear of the fort was protected by a heavy entrenchment, provided at intervals with ramps for field artillery, not with the hope of offering successful resistance to any serious investment from the land side, but for the purpose of repelling any sudden assault which might be launched by expeditions from the fleet. Torpedoes, planted in the river under the guns of the battery, materially contributed to its protection, and late in the fall of 1864, sub-terra shells were disposed in rear of the fort.

Just prior to the siege of Savannah the armament of Fort McAllister consisted of the following guns: one 10-inch mortar, one 8-inch and two 10-inch columbiads, one 42-pounder gun, one 32-pounder rifle and one 32-pounder smooth-bore gun, one 24-pounder howitzer, two 12-pounder mountain howitzers, and six 6-pounder field guns. In the magazines was a supply of rather more than one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition to the piece. Captain Clinch's light battery was stationed in the neighborhood to act as a support, and to occupy, as the emergency arose, some light field works which had been thrown up at advantageous points along the banks of the river between the fort and the railroad crossing.

In anticipation of the early isolation of Fort McAllister, and in recognition of the fact that so soon as General Sherman's army should have fully enveloped the western lines of Savannah no communication could be had with nor relief offered to this post, on the morning of the 8th of December 1,000 pounds of bacon, 2,250 pounds of hard bread, and other supplies, amounting in all to thirty-two days' rations for two hundred men, were issued from Savannah and safely conveyed to the fort. Extra issues of 40 gallons of whiskey, 40 gallons of molasses, 50 pounds of candles, and some soap and salt were received at the same time.

The following day fifteen days' rations were added to the above, so that the fort was amply provisioned.

Major George W. Anderson was in command, and the garrison numbered about one hundred and fifty men.

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In consequence of the withdrawal of the small force of infantry which, under Colonel Fizer, had been disputing the advance of General Osterhaus' column on the right bank of the Great Ogeechee river, and by the retreat of the Confederate cavalry under Colonel Hood in the direction of Liberty county, Fort McAllister was, on the morning of the 11th of December, left in an absolutely isolated condition without any reasonable expectation of support or relief.

That the garrison was not recalled in time within the lines of Savannah and the post seasonably evacuated, can be explained only on the supposition that the Confederate commander hoped and believed by a bold retention of this outpost, and as strong a display of resistance as practicable, General Sherman, even at that late day, might be induced to avoid Savannah and seek some other and more facile point on the coast for communicating with the Federal fleet.

In addition to these exterior defenses a line of formidable earthworks, within easy range of each other, in many places connected by curtains, and armed with siege and field guns, was thrown up for the immediate protection of Savannah. Commencing at Fort Boggs on the Savannah river and thence extending south and west in a semicircular form, enveloping the city at distances varying from one to two and a quarter miles, it terminated at the Springfield plantation swamp. The principal fortifications in this line were Fort Boggs, mounting fourteen guns, some of them quite heavy and commanding Savannah river—Fort Brown, near the Catholic cemetery, armed with eleven guns—and Fort Mercer, having a battery of nine guns. Between Springfield plantation swamp—where the right of the line rested just beyond Laurel Grove cemetery—and Fort Mercer, were eighteen lunettes, mounting in the aggregate twenty guns. Connecting Fort Mercer with Fort Brown was a *cremaillere* line with nine salients, mounting in the aggregate eight guns. Between Fort Brown and Fort Boggs were seven lunettes armed with eight guns. These works were well supplied with magazines. It will be noted that the armament of these city lines consisted of seventy pieces of artillery of various calibres, among which, 32, 24, 18, 12 and 6 pounder guns predominated. A considerable supply of ammunition was kept on hand in the magazines. Such was the condition of this city line in the month of October, 1864. When, however, it became necessary to arm the western line for the protection of the city against the Federal army, many guns were withdrawn from this line and placed in battery on the western defenses. In fact, the principal supply of guns and ammunition was hence derived. The first as-

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signment of guns for location on the western line was made by the speaker, as Chief of Artillery, on the 20th of November. Major-General Lafayette McLaws was then in command of the district of Georgia; Major John McCrady was acting as chief engineer, and Captain L. Jacquelin Smith as ordnance officer. When Lieutenant-General Hardee arrived and assumed command, Colonel J. J. Clarke discharged the duties of chief engineer, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Waddy was announced as chief ordnance officer.

So much for the preparation which had been made by the Confederates for the protection of the eastern and southern approaches to Savannah.

Prior to the development of General Sherman's plans, the likelihood of an attack from the interior seemed so remote that little attention had been bestowed upon any defense in that quarter. So soon, however, as it became apparent that the Federal army was seeking communication with the coast by way of Savannah every available resource was utilized in occluding the western approaches to the city.

An advanced line was selected by the Confederate engineers, which contemplated the retention of such portion of the Charleston and Savannah railroad as lay within the limits of Georgia, and the protection of its bridge across the Savannah river. Extending southwardly, and having Monteith swamp in its front, its left was guarded by the Great Ogeechee swamp.

Detached field works were quickly prepared at important points, and some light artillery and infantry hastened into position. The principal roads leading to Savannah, and the main avenues of approach were blocked by felling timber across them, and it was hoped that these obstructions would induce the Federal general to turn aside and seek some objective on the coast other than Savannah.

The paucity of the Confederate forces, the overwhelming strength of the enemy, the length and insecurity of the line, later and more careful surveys proving localities to be practicable which were deemed impassable, the Federal ability by means of well appointed pioneer corps in a short time to remove all hindrances to an advance, and the facility with which detached earthworks, constituting the principal defenses, could be flanked, induced the evacuation of this line shortly after a serious demonstration was made against it by the enemy.

The interior line, and that persistently held by the Confederates during the siege, commenced at Williamson's plantation on the Savannah river. Thence, having the rice fields in its front and trending southwardly along the crest of the high ground, it crossed the

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Central railroad, followed the western slope of Daly's farm, passed through Lawton's plantation, confronted the Silk-Hope rice fields, and, pursuing the left shore of Salt-Creek marshes and the Little Ogeechee, rested near the Atlantic and Gulf railway bridge across that river. This line was well located, and was rendered formidable by the succession of marish lands and well-nigh impassable swamps in its front. To increase these physical obstructions and add to the impracticability of these low grounds, the river dam at Williamson's plantation was cut so as to allow the water at high tide to flow freely into and submerge the rice fields. This supply, when fully obtained, was securely held. The water from the Savannah and Ogeechee canal, from Gould's swamp, and from the reserves on Shaw's and Lawton's plantations were made to contribute to the overflow. The rice fields on Owens' plantation were flooded from the Silk-Hope back-water, and Salt creek was dammed at the bridge on the Savannah and Darien road to retain the water in case the enemy should cut the banks. All means were utilized which could contribute to swell the inundation, and thus the entire front of the Confederate line from the Savannah river to Salt creek was submerged to a depth varying from three to six feet. Below the bridge on the Savannah and Darien road the marshes of Salt creek and of Little Ogeechee river afforded substantial protection.

So much for the natural advantages of the line.

The artificial defenses consisted of detached works, armed with siege and field pieces, located at prominent points commanding the established avenues of approach to the city, crowning causeways and private crossings over these lowlands and offering resistance where the swamps were practicable.

The principal batteries were established in the following positions:

In advance of the extreme right of the Confederate line and across the flooded rice-field on Williamson's plantation was a heavy earthwork, the left of which rested upon Williamson's canal just beyond the graveyard, which was converted into a redan, and the right upon the Savannah river this side of the negro quarters. This was the most elaborate fortification on the line. Its armament consisted of ten guns, mostly of light calibre, and it was garrisoned by two hundred infantry of the Georgia militia, Pruden's artillery company, and the Georgia Cadets, Major Capers, all under command of Colonel Hill, of the Georgia State forces. This work was open in its rear toward the Savannah river. The lunette, which constituted its prominent feature, was approached by a covered way, and in it was located

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an ample bomb-proof made by cutting a deep ditch from the salient to the bastion line. This ditch was crossed at right angles by another of similar dimensions, commencing and terminating at the flank angles respectively. These ditches were then roofed with timber and covered with the earth removed in making the excavations. Thus was constructed not only a commodious bomb-proof but also an excellent magazine. Semi-lunar in outline, the enclosed lunette constituted its centre, with a redan on the left and a semi circular work on the right. The infantry line and curtains connecting these were substantial in character and showed a double front. The interior front commanded the terre-plein in case the enemy should attack from Hutchinson's island. Sand-bags were used instead of head-logs, and they were so arranged as to permit the garrison, while firing, to be entirely under cover. The exterior front was protected by a double frieze of stakes and fence-rails planted firmly in the ground and interlaced with iron wire. Such was Fort Hardeman, planned by and constructed under the supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel B. W. Frobel of the engineers. The labor was performed by the Georgia militia and a detail of negroes. On the 9th and 10th of December the enemy attempted to carry this work, but the assaults in each instance were feeble and were easily repulsed.

The right of the Confederate line developed into a well traversed field work, mounting three 32-pounder guns, resting upon the Savannah river and designed to cover Williamson's river dam and its approaches. The preservation of this dam was essential to the retention of the water by means of which the overflow, to which we have alluded, was in a considerable degree accomplished. Between this battery and the Augusta road several pieces of artillery were posted in lunettes.

At the crossing of the Augusta road a substantial earth work was constructed, mounting three heavy guns, with field pieces on the flanks.

Battery McBeth, located at the intersection of the Louisville turnpike and the Central railroad with the Confederate line, was armed with three 32-pounder guns on barbette carriages and two 24-pounder Blakely rifle guns on siege carriages.

In supporting distance, and about half way between the Louisville road and the Savannah and Ogeechee canal, were posted a 12-pounder Napoleon gun and a 6-pounder bronze field piece. Along the right bank of the canal, and in confirmation of the line running through the woods between the canal and the high ground on Daly's farm,

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were distributed a 12-pounder field piece, a 12-pounder howitzer, and five 6-pounder guns. The line in front of Daly's farm was armed with one 8-inch siege howitzer, a 20-pounder Parrott gun, two 12-pounder Napoleon guns, one 12-pounder howitzer, and one 3-inch rifle gun.

Following the line in the direction of the left a 12-pounder Napoleon gun was put in position at the head of Shaw's dam. Three 12-pounder howitzers at Battery Acee commanded Shaw's rice field, and one 12-pounder howitzer and two 6-pounder guns were stationed on the Habersham old road. Between Battery Acee and the Habersham road was a 12-pounder gun.

In rear of Lawton's barn, and at the head of the causeway crossing his rice fields, stood Battery Barnes with two 32 pounder guns, two 12-pounder Napoleons, and one 12-pounder howitzer. Six hundred yards to the right of this battery was a 6-pounder gun commanding another causeway, and some five hundred yards beyond and in the direction of the Habersham road was posted a 6-pounder gun covering the approach by still another crossing.

At Pine-Point battery, opposite the rice fields of the Hon. George S. Owens' Silk Hope plantation, six field guns were embrasured; and Battery Jones, on the old Savannah and Darien road, where it crosses Salt creek, was armed with two 32-pounder garrison guns, one 32-pounder carronade, one 20-pounder Parrott, and four 12-pounder Napoleons.

On Barclay's plantation, at the extreme left of the line, several field guns were posted for the protection of the Atlantic and Gulf railroad bridge over the Little Ogeechee river.

In addition to the guns enumerated, field pieces were distributed at other advantageous points, and ramps were constructed at irregular intervals for the guns of the light batteries which were acting as a movable support.

The following light batteries had been concentrated for the defense of Savannah:

1. Terrell Artillery,	4 12-pounder Napoleon guns.	
2. Regular Light Battery, [One section absent with the cavalry under General Wheeler.]	2 12-pounder	" "
3. Anderson's Light Battery,	4 12 pounder	" "
4. Barnwell's " "	4 12-pounder	" "
5. German " " [One section absent with the cavalry south of the Altamaha.]	2 12-pounder	" "

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6. Abell's Light Battery,	2 12-pounder Napoleon guns. 2 12-pounder howitzers.
7. Pruden's " "	4 6-pounder guns.
8. Daniel's " "	4 12-pounder Napoleon guns.
9. Guerard's " "	2 12-pounder " " 2 12-pounder howitzers.
10. Hanleiter's " "	2 12-pounder " 2 6-pounder guns.
11. Major Hamilton's battalion of light artillery,	2 12-pounder howitzers. 2 10-pounder Parrotts. 8 3 and 3½-inch rifles.
Total,	48 guns.

These light artillery companies were distributed as the necessities of the line demanded. The cannoniers were either actively engaged in working the guns in fixed position, or were with their field pieces prepared to move at any moment to such portions of the line as were seriously threatened.

Only two of these light batteries were held in reserve.

Near the Central railroad depot two 18-pounder garrison guns, one 8-inch siege howitzer and a 42-pounder carronade were mounted.

Whenever the nature of the ground permitted, the fixed batteries on the western line were connected by infantry breastworks supplemented by ramps for field artillery, which the troops industriously strengthened from day to day as opportunity occurred. The siege and garrison guns employed in arming this line had been withdrawn from the city lines constructed by General Mercer in 1862 and 1863. In anticipation of the siege, General George W. Rains, commanding the Augusta arsenal, gun foundries and powder works, and the ordnance officer at Charleston, extended valuable aid, so that apart from the ammunition in the chests of the light batteries, lodged in the temporary magazines along the line and in the hands of the infantry, a liberal supply of ordnance stores was accumulated in reserve. In fact, during the progress of the siege, there was no lack of ammunition; the troops and batteries being at all times promptly and sufficiently served. It may be fairly stated, however, that as a precautionary measure its expenditure, both by the artillery and infantry, was made the subject of a special order from headquarters enjoining economy and caution.

The right of the western line, extending from the Savannah river at Williamson's plantation to within about one hundred feet of the Central railroad crossing, garrisoned by the Georgia militia and the

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State line troops, was under the command of Major-General Gustavus W. Smith. Twenty guns were in position on his front.

The command of Major-General Lafayette McLaws embraced the batteries at the Central railroad and Louisville road crossings, and extended from that point to the head of Shaw's dam. On his front twenty-nine pieces of artillery were posted.

Major-General A. R. Wright commanded the left, extending from Shaw's dam all the way round to the Atlantic and Gulf railway bridge over the Little Ogeechee river. Thirty-two pieces of artillery were in position on his front.

Lieutenant-General William J. Hardee was in general command, with his headquarters in the city of Savannah.

By the evening of the 9th of December, such Confederate forces as could be concentrated were assigned positions along the newly constructed western lines. Care had been taken to remove all serviceable rolling stock belonging to the several railroads converging at Savannah.

In coming into position before Savannah, the Federal corps were distributed as follows: General Williams' 20th corps held the left of the Union line resting upon the Savannah river near Williamson's plantation, in advance of Pipe-maker's creek, its right extending across the Charleston and Savannah railroad to the Central railroad, where it joined the left of General Jeff. C. Davis's 14th army corps.

This 14th army corps, constituting the right of the left wing, extended from the Central railroad to the 17th army corps, whose left rested beyond the Savannah and Ogeechee canal, near Lawton's plantation.

Shortly after this development of the left wing, the right, under Major-General Howard, came into the following position. The 17th corps, commanded by General Frank P. Blair, Jr., lay next beyond and to the right of the 14th army corps, while General Osterhaus's 15th corps, extending to the Atlantic and Gulf railroad near station number one, formed the extreme right of the Federal investment.

After crossing Ebenezer creek on the 8th of December, General Kilpatrick concentrated his cavalry on the Monteith road, ten miles south of Springfield; and, until the 13th, moved in rear of the 17th army corps, with detachments covering the rear of the other army corps.

King's bridge having been burnt by the Confederates, Kilpatrick crossed the Great Ogeechee on a pontoon bridge on the afternoon of the 13th, and moved in heavy force through the counties of Bryan

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and Liberty, seeking to communicate with the Federal fleet by way of Kilkenny bluff and Sunbury. Returning on the 16th, he went into camp in the vicinity of King's bridge, picketing and plundering the country south of the Ogeechee.

The attempt of Colonel Atkins, with two thousand cavalry, supported by a division of infantry under General Mower, to destroy the railway bridge over the Altamaha river was thwarted. Upon the first appearance of the enemy the Confederate cavalry, stationed at detached points along the coast south of the Great Ogeechee river, hastily retreated beyond the Altamaha, leaving the region lately occupied by them a prey to the daily incursions of the Federal cavalry.

The Federal artillery was distributed at convenient intervals and at suitable locations along the line, but was chiefly massed opposite the Confederate redoubts on our right, in front of Daly's farm, the battery on Lawton's plantation, and the work at Salt-Creek bridge. The work last mentioned, known as Battery Jones, was subjected to an incessant fire during the continuance of the siege.

Although severely repulsed at Honey Hill on the 30th of November, the Federals advancing from the South Carolina coast during the early part of December made several unsuccessful attempts to obtain possession of the Charleston and Savannah railroad, with a view to strengthening the operations of General Sherman and compassing the isolation of the Confederate garrison in Savannah.

The western lines, about which the chief interest concentres, were begun so soon as it was ascertained that General Sherman had inaugurated his movement from Atlanta, and were constructed as rapidly as available labor and means would permit. The credit of their location is due to Major John McCrady, then chief engineer of the district, under the direction of Major-General Lafayette McLaws. On the 20th of November the first assignment of guns was made for their armament, and others were hastened into position as rapidly as they could be withdrawn from the city lines and other localities from which they could be spared.

Troops for the occupation of these lines commenced taking their posts on the 7th of December, and at once entered, with much activity, upon the task of strengthening them and extending the infantry cover.

The troops of Major-General Gustavus W. Smith, numbering about 2,000 muskets, were disposed on the right from the Savannah river almost to the crossing of the Central railroad—a front of about

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two miles and a half. His right was commanded by Brigadier-General Anderson, and his left by Brigadier-General Carswell. The two regiments of the State line took position near the Louisville road, and the First brigade of militia near the Augusta road. The intermediate line was occupied by the battalion of cadets. The second and third brigades of Georgia militia held the line from the Augusta road to the bank of the Savannah river; and Fort Hardeman, the advanced work across Williamson's rice field, was garrisoned by Colonel Hill with a detachment from the Third Georgia brigade, a company of cadets and Pruden's militia battery. A portion of Anderson's Confederate light battery and a part of Major Hamilton's battalion of light artillery were conveniently posted in support.

Major-General Lafayette McLaws' front, forming the centre of the line, commenced about one hundred feet to the right of the Central railroad crossing and terminated at the swamp to the left of the Daly farm. Measured along the entrenchments, its length was about three miles and three-quarters. His right was commanded by Brigadier-General Baker, and his left by Brigadier-General Lewis. General Baker's forces consisted of North Carolina troops and Georgia and South Carolina artillerists. Those under General Lewis embraced Worthen's North Carolina battalion, detachments of the 4th Tennessee and the 12th South Carolina cavalry, the 2d, 4th and 9th Kentucky mounted infantry, the 3d battalion Georgia reserves, Major Cook's Athens battalion, the 5th regiment Georgia reserves and the 1st regiment Georgia regulars.

Daniel's light battery, Abell's light battery, and sections of the light batteries of Captains Barnwell and Wagner supported this portion of the line. The troops on General McLaws' front numbered about 3,750 men.

Major-General A. R. Wright, on the 11th of December, was assigned to the command of the left of the western lines extending from the Daly farm, or Telfair swamp, to the Atlantic and Gulf railroad bridge over the Little Ogeechee river, a distance of some seven miles. He had under him Brigadier-General Hugh W. Mercer, commanding his right from the Telfair swamp to a point near Lawton's house, and Brigadier-General John K. Jackson, commanding his left from the vicinity of Lawton's barn to the Atlantic and Gulf railroad crossing over the Little Ogeechee river. This front of Major-General Wright was irregular, being interrupted by dense woods and impracticable swamps. It was held by about 2,700 men, twelve hundred under Brigadier-General Mercer and the rest under Briga-

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dier-General Jackson. General Mercer's command consisted of Colonel Browne's local brigade (composed of Major Jackson's Augusta battalion, Major Adams' Athens battalion and a regiment of local troops under Colonel Nisbet), Brooks' foreign battalion, a detachment of the 55th Georgia regiment and Captain Barnes' company of artillerists from Augusta. This force was disposed as follows: Lieutenant-Colonel R. B. Nisbet occupied the line from Battery Richardson to Battery Barnwell. Griffin's detachment of the 55th Georgia regiment supported Batteries Wheeler and Simpkins, and Jackson's Augusta battalion of local infantry occupied the line from the last named work to Battery Barnes, which was held by Augusta artillerists under Captain George T. Barnes. Brooks' foreign battalion was posted near the left of Battery Barnes.

Brigadier-General Jackson's command was composed of Colonel Von Zinken's local troops, drawn from the Confederate arsenals and work-shops of Columbus and elsewhere in the State of Georgia, detachments from General Ferguson's cavalry brigade, dismounted, and local reserves from Savannah. Brooks' light battery was stationed at Battery Jones, at the crossing of the old Savannah and Darien stage road over Salt creek, and Captain Guerard's light battery, sections of Maxwell's and Barnwell's light batteries and a detachment of Major Hamilton's artillery battalion supported this line of General Wright.

In the defense of this western line the following members of this Association actively participated, viz: Colonel T. G. Barrett, on ordnance duty, Major J. V. H. Allen, Major George T. Jackson, Captain George T. Barnes, Captain John W. Clark, Surgeon DeSaussure Ford, Lieutenant Charles Spaeth, Lieutenant James L. Gow, and Berry Benson. Chaplain Weed and Charles A. Harper were present with the signal corps.

Every effort was made, by the erection of batteries and infantry entrenchments, by digging rifle-pits and constructing substantial covers, by felling trees in its front, and by flooding all approaches, to render this western line as formidable as the labor and materials at command would permit. Its efficiency will be conceded when it is remembered that for ten days it kept General Sherman's formidable army at bay. And yet, thirteen miles long as it was, and held by scarcely more than a skirmish line strengthened at intervals, it must be admitted that if the Federals had massed their forces for a determined assault they could at any time during the continuance of the siege have carried it. With an army more than six times greater

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than that of the Confederates—and this Confederate force composed in large part of detailed men, reserves, militia, and boys unused to action—it seems marvellous that General Sherman should have contented himself with sitting down before our lines, erecting counter batteries, engaging in artillery duels and sharp-shooting, feeling for weak points day after day—after the capture of Fort McAllister making arrangements for the transportation of heavy guns with which to shell Savannah at great distance over the heads of her defenders, and finally suffering the garrison to withdraw by pontoon bridges and canal banks to the Carolina shore.

Had he indicated that activity and energy demanded by the situation, the probabilities are that he could have captured the entire Confederate army. The evacuation of Savannah and the subsequent seizure of many thousand bales of cotton afforded the Federal general an opportunity for a festive interchange of dispatches with the President of the United States, in which his famous "Christmas present" figures largely, but he pillaged a nest from which the eagle had flown, and all the balderdash which has been written and spoken about this vaunted "march to the sea" can never, in the clear light of history, cover up or excuse the lack of dash and the want of military skill betrayed by General Sherman, with the formidable force at his command, in permitting the Confederate garrison to retire unmolested by a route so precarious in its character, and by a flank movement which could easily have been frustrated by a single division.

Anticipating the retreat of the Confederates, the Federal commander did throw a considerable force on the left bank of the Savannah river—particularly upon the upper end of Hutchinson's Island and upon Argyle Island—with instructions to intercept the line of communication with the high ground in Carolina. In the attempt to carry these orders into effect the enemy encountered continuous and bloody resistance in the rice fields and along the dams. As the retention of this route was essential to the ultimate safety of the troops employed in the defense of Savannah, General Wheeler's available forces, assisted by General P. M. B. Young's command and such South Carolina light batteries as could be spared from points along the line of the Charleston and Savannah railroad, were concentrated for its protection. By these troops all efforts of the enemy to move upon and possess this avenue of retreat were stubbornly resisted and successfully frustrated. In these skirmishes on the left bank of the Savannah, and in the heavy fighting for the retention of this route,

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Vice-President Eve of this Association displayed conspicuous gallantry and rendered important service.

The venerable and brave Commodore Josiah Tattnall, commanding the naval forces at this station, afforded such assistance as the nature of the case and the means at hand justified.

It lies not within the compass of this address to enumerate the details of the siege, which, for ten days, was closely maintained. An incessant cannonade was supplemented at various points by sharp-shooting and musketry firing. The artillery duels were particularly fierce at Battery Jones, at Pine-Point battery, at the redoubts crowning the high grounds of the plantations of Lawton and Daly, at the Central railroad crossing, and at Williamson's place. On more than one occasion the Federals demonstrated in force and attempted to carry the Confederate works, but suffered repulse. Protected by their entrenchments, the Confederates sustained comparatively few casualties.

On the afternoon of the 13th of December, Brigadier-General Hazen, with the second division of the 15th army corps, by a rapid assault, swept over the abattis and rear defenses of Fort McAllister and compassed its capture with a loss to his command of one hundred and thirty-four killed and wounded. In the language of this victorious officer, the fighting was desperate and deadly; and, when overwhelmed by the enveloping forces, the Confederates contested every inch of ground within the fort, finally retreating to the bomb-proofs, "from which they still fought, and only succumbed as each man was individually overpowered."

Upon the fall of this work General Sherman acquired full control of the Great Ogeechee river, and was thus enabled to communicate freely with the Federal fleet and establish a convenient base of supplies for his army, then sadly in need of provisions for man and beast. The further retention of Savannah was rendered impracticable, and the salvation of its garrison became the problem of the hour. General Hardee's instructions from General Beauregard were to hold Savannah only so long as, in his judgment, it might be advisable to do so; and that whenever it became necessary to decide between a sacrifice of the garrison or the city, to preserve the former for operation elsewhere.

A conference between Generals Sherman and Foster and Admiral Dahlgren resulted in an agreement that the Admiral would speedily engage the Confederate batteries at Turner's Point, Rose Dew and Beaulieu, and furnish vessels suitable for the navigation of the Great

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Ogeechee river, while General Foster should send from Hilton Head siege guns for the reduction of Savannah and also press his advance against the Charleston and Savannah railroad in the neighborhood of Coosawhatchie.

The evacuation of Savannah having been resolved upon, and it being impossible by means of the few steamboats and river craft at command to convey the garrison, artillery and requisite stores with convenience and safety to Screven's ferry, orders were issued for the immediate construction of suitable pontoon bridges. The line of retreat selected by the engineers and adopted upon the evacuation of the city, involved the location of a pontoon bridge extending from the foot of West Broad street to Hutchinson's Island, a distance of about a thousand feet, a roadway across that island in the direction of Pennyworth Island, a second pontoon bridge across the Middle river, another roadway across Pennyworth Island, and a third pontoon bridge across Back river, the further end of which should rest upon the rice field on the Carolina shore. The route then followed the most substantial and direct rice dam running north, a canal being on one side and a marish rice field on the other. This dam was just wide enough to permit the careful movement of field artillery and army wagons. The plantation bridges along the line of march were to be strengthened to bear the passage of these heavy conveyances.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frobel was placed in charge of the work, and executed the trust confided to him with energy and ability. All available rice field flats were collected. These were swung into position with the tide, lashed end to end by means of ropes and stringers running from boat to boat continuously the entire length of the bridge, and were kept in their places by car wheels—the only anchors which could be procured.* Above the stringers was a flooring of plank obtained from the city wharves. At eight o'clock on the evening of the 17th the first pontoon bridge, spanning the Savannah river from the foot of West Broad street to Hutchinson's Island, was completed, and by half-past eight o'clock P. M. on Monday, the 19th, the remaining bridges were finished and the route was in readiness for the retreat of the Confederate garrison. Heavy fogs and difficulties encountered in finding and concentrating the requisite number of flats caused some delay in the execution of this important work, but, in view of the character of the labor and the scarcity of

* The scarcity of flats compelled the engineer in charge to lash them end to end and not side to side as is usual in the construction of pontoon bridges of this description.

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materials, it was consummated with commendable rapidity and in a very substantial manner.

These bridges were built by sailors from the Confederate navy and by a detachment from the Georgia militia. Steamboats were employed in collecting the flats and towing them into position. After the Confederate army crossed, these pontoons were cut loose from their moorings and the flats turned adrift. The enemy was thus prevented from pursuing, had such a purpose been entertained.

Having transferred most of his command to the left bank of the Savannah, in association with General Young, General Wheeler was actively engaged night and day in holding the enemy in check and in keeping open the Confederate line of retreat to the high ground on the Carolina side. With some six hundred cavalry and a section of light artillery, General Iverson was detached to create a diversion on the right and in the rear of the Federal army.

In front of our western line the enemy was still busily employed in strengthening his position, in erecting new and more formidable field works, in developing additional lines of artillery fire, and in rendering more facile his communication with his right flank. Two regiments of General Geary's division occupied the upper end of Hutchinson's Island, and Carman's brigade was pushed forward to Argyle Island. The artillery fire increased in intensity; and for several days, commencing on the 15th of December, Beaulieu battery was shelled by two mortar boats and two gun-boats and by a rifle gun posted on Greene island. On the 16th the Confederate forces were strengthened by the arrival of General Ferguson's brigade of dismounted cavalry.

The following day General Sherman demanded the surrender of Savannah and its dependent forts, accompanying his summons with the threat that if he should be forced to resort to an assault or to the slower and surer process of starvation, he would then feel justified in adopting the harshest measures, and that he would make little effort to restrain his army.

To this demand General Hardee returned a prompt and emphatic refusal.

For the bombardment of Savannah at long range the Federals undertook the transfer of heavy guns from Port Royal, from the fleet, and from Fort McAllister. Water transportation to their destination was afforded by the Great Ogeechee river and the Savannah and Ogeechee canal. According to the Federal accounts, during the 18th, 19th and 20th days of December the utmost activity prevailed in the

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army of investment. Arrangements were being rapidly consummated for the contemplated bombardment and for a combined and powerful assault upon the Confederate lines. Strong works for the heavy guns were constructed at commanding points, and field guns were masked in some instances within one hundred and fifty yards of our entrenchments. Light bridges and fascines were accumulated with which to span the deepest portions of the inundated fields and fill the ditches and canals. It is claimed that everything was in readiness on the evening of the 20th, and that the early capture of the garrison of Savannah was confidently anticipated. General Sherman had left orders that the assault should not be launched until his return, and he had not yet made his appearance. Busied with plans for interrupting the only line of retreat open to the Confederates, he was at Port Royal concerting measures with General Foster for a prompt advance upon the Charleston and Savannah railroad, and was not present with his army when Savannah was evacuated.

The pontoon bridges having been completed and the line of retreat perfected, carefully digested orders were promulgated by General Hardee for the evacuation of Savannah and its dependent forts and the withdrawal of the Confederate garrison on the night of the 20th of December, 1864.

During the 19th and 20th our artillery and infantry fire was heavier than it had been on any previous days. The hour of evacuation being near at hand, a more liberal expenditure of ammunition was sanctioned, and the fire of our batteries increased at every available point until the shades of night on the 20th settled upon the contending lines. In obedience to instructions from artillery headquarters the ammunition chests of the light batteries were thoroughly replenished, and all available animals were engaged for retiring such of the unattached guns as could be transported. All field guns of inferior calibre were exchanged for superior pieces where they could be secured.

On the evening of the 19th an order was issued for the evacuation of Whitemarsh Island. After spiking the guns and destroying the carriages and ammunition at Turner's Rocks, Gibson's Point, and on the line of the lunettes across the island without attracting the notice of the enemy, the troops from this locality were despatched over the pontoon bridges across the Savannah river to co-operate with General Wheeler in holding the enemy in check on the Carolina shore. Upon this retreat all bridges connecting Whitemarsh Island with the main land were destroyed.

The garrisons from the Savannah-river batteries, from Fort Bartow,

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and from Thunderbolt having spiked their guns, destroyed the carriages, and thrown all ammunition into the water, concentrated at Fort Jackson at 8 o'clock on the evening of the 20th, whence, under the command of Colonel Edward C. Anderson, they were conveyed by steamer to Screven's ferry, marching thence the same night to Hardeeville. They were accompanied by the crew of the Confederate ironclad Georgia, Captain Gwathmey, that floating battery having been scuttled by her officers. The guns having been spiked, carriages broken, and ammunition destroyed at the Isle of Hope, Beaulieu, and Rose Dew batteries, the garrisons from those points repaired to Savannah and the same night crossed the pontoon bridges ; the artillerists from Beaulieu and Rose Dew moving forward to Hardeeville, while the dismounted cavalry from the Isle of Hope reported for duty to General Wheeler.

From the western lines our troops were quietly withdrawn in the order and at the hours indicated in the circular issued by Lieutenant-General Hardee. There was no confusion, and all movements were executed promptly and in silence. Abandoned guns were spiked, their carriages disabled, and all ammunition destroyed so far as this could be done without attracting the attention of the enemy in our immediate front. To conceal our operations, occasional firing was maintained until the latest moment. Forty-nine pieces of field artillery, with limbers, caissons, forges, battery wagons, and baggage wagons, were safely withdrawn and transported over the pontoon bridges.

Without halting in Savannah, the retiring Confederate army pursued its march for Hardeeville, S. C., which was designated as the place of rendezvous.

The destruction of the ammunition on the western lines was not commenced until after the withdrawal of the infantry, and was cautiously performed by the artillerists. The guns were not spiked until the last moment. With several rounds of ammunition on hand, they were kept ready for action while the ordnance stores and equipments, which could not be retired, were being rendered useless.

The field return on the morning of the 20th of December, 1864, showed in the trenches, on detail duty, and in the fixed batteries along the water approaches to the city, an aggregate of 9,089 men of all arms present for duty.

The Ladies' gun-boat, or ironclad Georgia, was sunk at her moorings abreast of Fort Jackson on the night of the 20th.

The ironclad Savannah, Captain Brent, being unable to proceed to

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sea in consequence of the torpedoes in the river and a strong gale setting from the northeast, after having, on the morning of the 21st, remained for some time in the neighborhood of Screven's ferry, where a detail was engaged in the removal of some quartermaster and commissary stores, and having returned the artillery fire of the enemy from the bay, was burnt nearly opposite Willink's ship-yard.

The steamers Isondiga and Fire Fly were burned by the Confederates in Back river.

Several gun-boats, which were in process of construction, were consumed by fire while still on the stocks.

The gun-boats Macon, Sampson, and Resolute, had been dispatched up the river prior to the siege, and the Ida had been captured by the enemy.

The gallant Commodore Tattnall, having in person superintended the destruction of most of his vessels, led his sailors and marines to Hardeeville, marching at their head, although suffering severely from rheumatism.

In order to deaden the sound, rice straw was thickly strewn over the pontoon bridges. By three o'clock on the morning of the 21st the rear-guard of the Confederate army had crossed over to Hutchinson's Island and the evacuation was complete. Engineer troops shortly afterwards detached the flats, cutting holes in them and setting them adrift. Lieutenant-Colonel Paul, of General Hardee's staff, was ordered by the General at midnight on the 20th to take command of a small force, and, after seeing that the pontoon bridge from the foot of West Broad street to Hutchinson's Island was destroyed, to collect such stragglers as he could and cross by way of Screven's ferry. This command was detailed to preserve order in the city to the latest moment.

No disturbances occurred, however, during the night. Just before sunrise he withdrew his pickets, and, having collected all stragglers who were willing to accompany him, embarked on board the steamer Swan for Screven's ferry. As this little boat got fairly under way, the advanced guard of the enemy appeared on the bay.

During its march over the pontoon bridges, across the rice fields and until the high ground in South Carolina was reached, the retiring Confederate army encountered no opposition at the hands of the Federals.

The destruction of guns, ammunition and ordnance stores in the presence of and without attracting the notice of the enemy, the successful withdrawal of the command across the pontoon bridges over

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the Savannah river, the absence of all noise and confusion during the movement consummated at night, and above all the safe conduct of such a large body of troops, with artillery and wagons, along the narrow rice dams and causeways of the Carolina shore, in a slender column, in close proximity to a strong Federal force extending from Izard's plantation for more than a mile parallel or nearly so with the Confederate line of retreat—and that without loss or interruption—indicate at once the skill and care with which the Confederate commander had arranged his plans and the excellent behavior of his troops in executing them.

Although, during the night of the 20th, General Geary reported to General Williams, commanding the 20th army corps, that the Confederate movement across the Savannah river was believed to be in progress, the only instructions issued to division commanders were to keep on the alert and press their pickets closer to the Confederate works. Our fire, maintained until the moment when our forces were withdrawn from the western lines, seems at once to have restrained the enemy and to have confused him with regard to our real intentions.

It was not until half-past three o'clock on the morning of the 21st that our abandonment of the western line was discovered. Orders were at once issued to advance the pickets on the left of the Federal lines and to press forward into the city. By six o'clock A. M., General Geary's division had entered without opposition, and the city of Savannah was in the possession of the Federals. Two regiments were detached to occupy Fort Jackson and the works below the city. General Geary was temporarily assigned to the command of Savannah, and his division encamped within the city limits. Near the junction of the Louisville and Augusta roads, and about half-past four o'clock in the morning of the 21st, the Hon. Richard D. Arnold, mayor of Savannah, and a delegation from the Board of Aldermen, bearing a flag of truce, met that officer and through him made formal surrender of the city just evacuated by the Confederates.

Eleven times consecutively, my friends, have you complimented me with the presidency of this Association, and on fourteen special occasions has it been my privilege to address you. Such confidence and distinction, while far transcending the measure of my desert, have been very gratifying to me and will be cherished among the most pleasing recollections of my life. Few ties are so potent as

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that which unites us as members of this organization—a tie engendered by obligations unselfish, valorous and exalted, cemented by acts and memories redolent of patriotism, endurance and lofty emprise, and dissoluble only by death.

In rendering back this office into your hands, I cordially thank you, my comrades, for your unvarying exhibitions of friendship, and your manifold tokens of generous consideration. I thank you for this signal honor so long conferred, and for each one of you, and for him upon whom your choice of succession may fall, I earnestly bespeak every success and happiness.

Annual Reunion of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia.

With Address of General E. M. LAW on "The Confederate Revolution."

The annual reunion of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia was held in the hall of the House of Delegates on the night of May 28th, 1890. A large audience filled the hall and galleries.

Among those present were: Ex-Senator Robert E. Withers, Colonel R. T. W. Duke, Colonel Robert Stribling, General Eppa Hunton, Rev. Frank Stringfellow (Lee's scout), Generals A. R. Lawton and P. B. M. Young, of Georgia; General C. W. Field, Colonel L. Q. Washington, Colonel William H. Palmer, Colonel David Zable, of the old Fourteenth Louisiana regiment and president of the Louisiana division of the Army of Northern Virginia; Professor J. W. Mallett, of the University, and General William B. Taliaferro.

General Fitz. Lee came in during the delivery of the address and was received with applause.

At 8:25 o'clock General William H. Payne, president of the Association, called it to order and asked Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., chaplain of the Association, to lead in prayer.

General Payne now arose and said: "Comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia, we welcome you on this most interesting occasion which has brought so many of us here. The people of the South, notably the women, have made unto themselves a graven image, and at its unveiling to-morrow it is exceedingly appropriate that the remnant of the army which he led should be present. It had been hoped that this event would have occurred while a Lee ruled the destinies of the Commonwealth, but the fates were against us. But this is a most auspicious time, for if we are to believe our

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eye and ears and what is told us, a solid South is now marching on Richmond. To-morrow the whole of the South which comprised the Confederacy will unite in glorifying and magnifying her greatest son. No soldier who followed Lee will regret his presence here on this occasion."

The General then, in a few graceful words, introduced General E. M. Law, of South Carolina, the orator who had been invited to deliver the annual address.

General Law was received with applause.

ORATION OF THE EVENING.

The address was as follows :

Mr. President and Comrades :

It was the custom of the ancient orators on ascending the Bema to invoke the assistance of the gods in what they were about to speak, and so to-night, as I stand in this august presence, before the living representatives of the grand army which for four years of battle and of blood carried on its bayonets the destinies of a new-born nation ; in the presence of the scarred veterans of those heroic days, on whose brows the snows of a quarter of a century are mingled with the laurel; in the presence of our comrades who have "crossed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees," and whose freed spirits I would fain believe are hovering around us to-night, let me invoke the aid of some higher power that I may do justice to both them and you, and rise to the "height of the great argument" which vindicates their and your right to the proud title of American patriots.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the close of the Confederate revolution, since the tattered banner of the Southern Cross, made glorious by heroic deeds and by still more heroic suffering, was loosed from its staff, wrapped as a winding sheet about our dead hopes, and buried forever in the grave of the Confederacy. And as time has softened the asperities and smoothed down the rough edge of war, the close of this period seems an appropriate occasion for a dispassionate review of the causes, incidents and results of the greatest revolution of modern times.

REBELLION IT NEVER WAS.

For a revolution it was in its broadest and most catholic sense.

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Like the mighty throes and upheavals of nature, which lifted the everlasting hills and have left everywhere upon the earth traces of their power, it has made an impress on American character and institutions which will last while history and tradition live. Rebellion it never was, and never could be under the conditions that produced and attended it, and the future will place its emphatic veto upon the stigma.

The civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament of England, in which the King ended his life upon the scaffold, is styled by the courtly historian Clarendon "the great rebellion," but later generations have recognized it as a revolution which heralded one of the grandest epochs in English history. And so with our revolution of 1861–'65. When the verdict of the future shall be rendered, the odious word rebellion will be forever expunged from our annals. It will be acknowledged as a conflict of principles which admitted of no arbitrament but the sword, and the heroisms of both victors and vanquished will be claimed as the common heritage of the American people. Be it ours, then, to stand as sentinels by the graves of our fallen comrades, to guard their memories from stain and their motives from dishonor while we live, when we may safely commit both theirs and ours to the just judgment of posterity.

The justification of neither side in our civil war is to be found in its physical result. Many a brave people have fallen in the struggle for what they believed to be right, but failure has not always had the power to affix the seal of wrong. Thus State sovereignty, the cardinal principle of the Confederate revolution, and the most majestic pillar in the temple of our constitutional Union, though despoiled by ruthless hands of its ancient dignity and strength, still lives to sustain and vitalize the grandest system of government which human wisdom has ever evolved, and must in some form always remain the grand conservator of American free institutions.

SECESSION IN 1776.

From the first settlement of the English colonies in America, throughout their whole colonial existence up to the time when they were acknowledged by Great Britain to be free and independent States, community independence was guarded with the most jealous care, as the palladium of their rights and liberties. In defense of this great principle their secession from the mother country was justified, and not only was the principle established by their success, but the *remedy* stamped with the seal of right.

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THE UNION FORMED.

Eleven years later, when the men of '76 stood around the cradle of the present Union in the convention of 1787, the same principle, rechristened under the name of State sovereignty, dominated their counsels and moulded the form of the infant government, which, wrapped in the folds of the Constitution, they presented to the States for their several acceptance or rejection. The whole manner and form of its presentation, as well as its adoption, and the conditions attached thereto, demonstrate beyond controversy that it was but a piece of written parchment, an inanimate body, a lifeless thing, until the States by their acts of sovereign and creative power gave it vitality and force, as God, in the creation of man, breathed into a clod of earth the breath of life. In the moral and material world it may be stated as an axiom that the creature can never exchange functions with the Creator, but in the realm of politics it seems that every natural law may be reversed and every question of right determined by the inexorable law of might.

As a condition precedent to a Union under the present Constitution, it was provided that it should be ratified by at least nine of the thirteen States composing the old confederation. But so slow and cautious were the States in ratifying, that more than two years elapsed before the last of them gave in its adhesion. One by one, in single file and in open order, they came forward to take their places under the banner of the Union, upon whose azure field was placed for each a star which glittered there by virtue of its own radiance while contributing at the same time to the common glory of the American constellation.

Each State had carefully considered the Constitution as it had come from the hands of its framers, and more than one of them expressed the apprehension that the delegated powers of the general government might be perverted to their injury. The great State of New York, for example, incorporated in her resolutions of ratification this clear and forcible exposition of the doctrine of State rights: "That the powers of government may be reassumed by the people whensoever it may become necessary to their happiness; that every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by the Constitution clearly delegated to the Congress of the United States * * * remain to the people of the several States, or to their respective State governments to which they may have granted the same."

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For nearly two years after the first ratification, by Delaware in December, 1787, North Carolina held aloof from the Union, and for more than a year after the government went into operation, the great State of Rhode Island remained a free and independent nation. No attempt was ever made, or even *suggested*, to force them into the new Union, or to infringe even the least of their rights as free and independent States. The secession of the other eleven States from the old confederation, which was expressly declared to be a "perpetual union," furnishes the second precedent in our history for the exercise of State sovereignty when the exigency of circumstances demanded it.

If it be argued that the Constitution contemplated an indissoluble Union, and therefore makes no provision for the exercise of the sovereign right of a State to withdraw from it, it may be replied that the grant of certain powers to the general government for specific purposes, by plain implication, reserves a remedy for the abuse of those powers. That while the design of the Constitution was to form "a more perfect Union," it announces with equal emphasis its purpose "to establish justice" and "to promote the general welfare." It was doubtless believed by the great men who framed it, that the administration of justice and a jealous concern for the welfare of all the States would be co-existent with the Union itself, which, bound together by these strong forces of attraction, might safely be launched upon the sea of national existence.

NO POWER OF COERCION.

But if the Constitution does not provide a remedy for the perversion of its delegated powers by the general government, neither does it designate the means by which a State may be held within the Union when those powers are employed for her injury and the impairment of her equality as a member of that Union—an equality guaranteed by the whole tenor and spirit of the Constitution.

That the power to coerce States under any circumstances was never intended to be invested in the general government, is conclusively settled by the action of the constitutional convention of 1787, when a scheme of government was introduced by Mr. Randolph, which, among other provisions, proposed to invest Congress with the power "to call forth the force of the Union against any member of the Union failing to fulfill its duty under the articles thereof." George Mason, who may justly be termed the prophet statesman of his day, argued that "punishment could not, in the nature of things,

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be executed on the States collectively." Listen to another great Virginian, upon whom was conferred the proud title of "father of the Constitution," "a union of the States containing such an ingredient seems to provide for its own destruction. The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment, and would be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it might be bound." Listen yet again to the words of Alexander Hamilton, then and afterwards the ablest and most determined advocate among the men of the Revolution of a strong consolidated government, "How can this force be exerted upon the States collectively? It is impossible. It amounts to a war between the parties * * * and a dissolution of the Union will ensue." Can anything be more conclusive of the fact that no power of coercion inhered in the government by virtue of the Constitution, or was derived from any other source than the bare-faced dogma that "might makes right."

To the casual observer of American history it might seem that until the great civil war the career of the United States was peculiarly free from the difficulties and dangers that usually attend any new departure in the science of government; that the ship of state successfully launched by the men of '76 and '89, and buffeted only at long intervals by the storms of foreign war, has continued to move grandly on with gleaming sails, over placid seas and under summer skies. He does not see that one part of the crew is arraying itself against the other. He does not hear the deep mutterings of discontent and the bitter curses of wrath and hate which foretell an internal conflict more desperate and deadly than any yet waged against a foreign foe, which will drench her decks with blood and convert her hold into a reeking charnel house. Yet these things existed almost from the inception of the government, and to the student of our political history presaged the coming storm as surely as cause produces effect in the moral and as night follows the day in the physical world.

VIRGINIA AND KENTUCKY RESOLUTIONS OF 1798–'99.

The year 1798, scarcely a decade removed from the birth of the Union, witnessed the first infraction of the Constitution in the passage of the "alien and sedition laws" by Congress. The freedom of the press—that great muniment of personal liberty and political rights, a principle descended to us by right of inheritance from the mother

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country—was assailed in palpable violation of the first amendment to the Constitution under which it was guaranteed. It was then that Virginia, the great mother of States, followed by her eldest and fairest daughter, Kentucky, sounded the note of alarm, denounced the usurpation of unwarranted powers by the general government, and appealed to the Constitution as the great charter of her rights and those of her sister States. Yet, such was the law-abiding, union-loving spirit of the "Old Dominion," that she permitted the peaceable execution of the law—in one notable instance in this very city of Richmond—leaving to the sober, second thought of the country the vindication of her position and the reversal of an unconstitutional act.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

From this time onward came thick and fast, occasions for the opposition of the States to the acts of the general government, the assertion of what they conceived to be their rights and their construction of the Constitution. When the Louisiana territory was acquired from France in 1803, not only was the purchase denounced by the New England States, but threats of a withdrawal from the Union were heard on every hand. The Constitution was appealed to, to show that the United States had no right to the acquisition of foreign territory either by purchase, by treaty, or by conquest. Surely "a most lame and impotent conclusion," to bind the strong limbs of the young giant of the West by the narrow territorial limits of the old colonial days. A conclusion which would have barred the entrance to the fairest portion of our present national domain—Louisiana territory, the gateway of the Mississippi; Texas, an empire in itself, and California, whose streams "roll down their golden sands" to the shores of the peaceful ocean, and unites them by a chain of mighty States to the cliffs of the rude Atlantic.

MASSACHUSETTS THE MOTHER OF SECESSION.

Sentiment or considerations of abstract right have usually little control over the actions of political communities, and even the plainest provisions of written law may be *construed* to meet the views of selfish interest. The opposition to the acquisition of Louisiana was solely a matter of interest—a question of political preponderance and a controlling influence in the general government by the States of the North. They had been willing a few years before to accept from the princely generosity of Virginia the great Northwest territory, which

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appeared at that early day to open a field for almost unlimited expansion to the northern section of the Union. But when it was proposed to acquire territory at the other end of the republic, which would secure the balance of power between the sections, or *might* incline the scale to the southern side, a clamor at once arose, and secession, plain and unadulterated, was preached by New England as a remedy for what she styled the abuse of the powers of the general government.

Massachusetts, the mother of secession, which she had taught to her sister colonies in 1776, cannot repudiate the utterances of her most eminent statesmen in 1804 and 1811. Timothy Pickering, who had been in succession at the head of three different cabinet departments during the administration of Washington, and at that time United States senator from Massachusetts, in a letter referring to what he considered the abuse of the Federal power in the Louisiana purchase, says: "The principles of our Revolution point to the remedy—a separation. * * * It must begin in Massachusetts. The proposition would be welcomed in Connecticut, and could we doubt of New Hampshire? But New York must be associated, and how is her concurrence to be obtained? She must be made the centre of the confederacy. Vermont and New Jersey would follow of course, and Rhode Island of necessity."

With the single substitution of the names of the States, how would this sound in 1861 when the rights of the slave-holding States were invaded? The principles of our Revolution point to the remedy—a separation. * * * It must begin in South Carolina. The proposition would be welcomed in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and could we doubt of Louisiana and Texas? But Virginia must be associated. * * * Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina would follow of course, and Florida of necessity.

Again, in 1811, when Louisiana knocked at the door of the Union for admission as a State, Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, said upon the floor of Congress, "If this bill passes, it is my deliberate opinion that it is a virtual dissolution of the Union; that it will free the States from their moral obligation, *and as it is the right of all*, so it will be the duty of some definitely to prepare for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must." Trace our late civil war to its source and you will find it here. From this time forth the conflict was fiercely waged on the hustings and at the ballot box, in the courts and in the halls of Congress, in the sacred desk and in the public press. Bursting into flame in the border war of Kansas,

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and finally sweeping the country like a besom in 1861 to 1865; it ended only when Lee laid down his arms at Appomattox.

I have said that Massachusetts was the mother of secession—nor need she or any other State be ashamed to own its maternity. Its exercise has produced two of the greatest revolutions of modern times. The one gave birth to a world-great republic, the other settled at least some of its complex internal relations, let us hope forever, and both gave to the world men worthy to be ranked with the Homeric heroes of old.

THE NEGRO APPEARS UPON THE SCENE.

When in 1820 Missouri applied for admission to the Union as a slave State, sectional interests and animosity again obtruded themselves into the counsels of the Union. The compatriots of Othello stalk upon the scene, and though of darker hue and utterly innocent of his crimes, they have served ever since as figure-heads upon party standards, as martyrs at whose shrine freedom must bow, as examples to "point a moral and adorn a tale" not yet ended; for even to this day they seem to be an extremely uncomfortable element in the political counsels of their self-constituted champions, whose interests prompt them to value orthodoxy more than truth. A geographical line was fixed beyond which slavery could not go, and so by the "Missouri Compromise" the dominant section of the Union appropriated to itself the lion's share of the very territory against the acquisition of which it had threatened secession in 1804.

THE TARIFF AND NULLIFICATION.

But the conflict between the sections did not always run on parallel lines. The points of antagonism were as numerous and diversified as the interests that underlaid them. The Northern States were commercial and manufacturing, the Southern States agricultural. So long as the carrying trade of the South was done by the ships of the North the arrangement was beneficial to both. But when, under the constitutional provision to regulate commerce, the general government extended the broad ægis of its "protection" over the "infant" manufacturers of the North, it raised an issue, which, antedating that of slavery and surviving its extinction, stands to-day in the full strength of aggressive manhood, asserting its assumed prerogative to tax the weak for the benefit of the strong, to tax the workman for the benefit of his master, to tax labor for the benefit of capital, in

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short, to lay tribute upon every interest not identified with its own selfish self.

Upon this issue was based the nullification of South Carolina in 1832. Then for the first time in our national history the doctrine of coercion was enunciated in the proclamation of President Jackson, asserting the right to the employment of the military arm of the government to enforce the execution of its laws in the territory of a recusant State. Nullification was indefensible in law or morals, as much so as coercion itself. On the broad principles of equity no party to a compact can be justified in resistance to laws made in ostensible conformity with the instrument of compact, so long as it remains a member thereof and enjoys its benefits. It was, however, in turn, asserted both North and South, and prior to the civil war the fugitive slave laws of Congress were practically nullified by "personal liberty" enactments in three-fourths of the free States of the North.

SECTIONAL INTEREST THE TRUE ISSUE.

It is safe to say, and the history of the United States during the first seventy years of their existence is conclusive on the point, that in all the great questions affecting the national legislation, sectional interests, and sectional hostility arising therefrom, were the great central and controlling facts. Upon these were based the threats of secession in New England at the time of the Louisiana purchase; for abolition as a moral or sentimental issue in national politics had not then been born. The slave trade itself had not been abolished, and under the protecting ægis of the Federal flag, the free sailors of the free States, in their free ships, were lucratively busy in transporting the "brother in black" from his native jungles to the plantations of the South. Nor was it less a question of sectional predominance which was involved in the Missouri embroglio of 1820, which resulted in fixing the parallel of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes as the northern limit of slavery in all the territory west of that State, though it existed north of that line in the States to the east.

As by this arrangement, one issue was placed temporarily in the background, another must be found to feed that insatiable monster, sectional supremacy. The tariff, as we have seen, furnished it and along with it came nearer furnishing a civil war than any other question prior to 1861.

SLAVERY A PRETEXT.

Although a tariff for the plunder of the non-manufacturing sections of

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the country in the interest of those industrial "infants"—since grown hoary with years and gouty from continued repletion—has always held its place as a great national issue, it was now eclipsed for a time by another which promised far greater immediate results by reason of the combination of sentiment with selfish interest. The issue of slavery was re-enthroned and became king regnant in our politics, until in its overthrow it very nearly involved in its ruins the liberties of the entire American people. The cry against the extension of slavery had been raised as early as 1820. When it was heard again in opposition to the annexation of Texas, and yet again in still louder tones, claiming for the dominant section the whole of the vast territory acquired from Mexico; when it dictated the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1850 by a purely sectional vote, when it had once become the slogan of a distinct and purely sectional party, its success in the ultimate accomplishment of its revolutionary purposes was not beyond the ken of the veriest tyro among political prophets.

A POLITICAL METAMORPHOSIS.

The States of the South had been the earliest advocates of the suppression of the slave trade and the staunchest supporters of the union of the States, but when the gathering clouds on the northern horizon began to throw their shadows athwart the whole southern sky, they prepared for the exercise of their sovereignty in the only way which was justified by precedent and which seemed to offer adequate protection to their rights and interests.

But "*tempora mutantur et mutamur cum illis.*" Times had indeed changed, and parties had so changed with them as to remind us forcibly of a scene from the "Inferno" of Dante, in which the poet saw "a strange encounter between a man and a serpent. After the infliction of cruel wounds they stood for a time glaring at each other. A great cloud surrounded them, and then a wonderful change took place. Each creature was transformed into the likeness of its antagonist. The serpent's tail divided itself into two legs, the man's legs intertwined themselves into a tail. The body of the serpent put forth arms, the man's arms shrank into his body. At length the man sank down a serpent, and the serpent stood up a man and spake." The former secessionists of the North were now devoted adherents of the Union, even if blood was necessary to cement it. The Union-loving South of the early days felt that she could no longer uphold it consistently with her interests and her honor.

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THE DIE IS CAST.

At length, in the closing days of 1860, the long war of the ballot box is ended. A president is elected upon strictly geographical lines. The head of the government is soon to pass into the hands of a faction representing less than one-third of the voters of the Union, and whose governing principle is an irrepressible conflict between the sections. The day of temporizing closes. South Carolina puts in practice her previous declaration of equality in the Union or independence out of it. She is closely followed by Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and ere the recently elected sectional President of the United States dons the robes of office a new nation has been born, whose life of storm and tragic death will always present one of the most heroic pictures "on history's titled page." North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas soon cast in their lot with the new Confederacy, followed at last, when all her efforts for a peaceable settlement had failed, by the great mother of statesmen and Presidents, of States and of the Federal Union itself. Thus closed the first epoch of the Confederate revolution.

THE COURT OF LAST RESORT.

And now the loud trumpet clangs its harsh notes of war. Fierce spirits of strife haunt the air. From city and from hamlet, from mountain side and from rolling plain, from seashore and from inland river the Northern clans are gathering. And for what? Is it to purify their consciences by wiping out the curse of slavery forever from American soil? Oh, no! such purpose is expressly disclaimed.* They come to spread the broad mantle of the Union around the States of the Confederacy and take their wayward sisters home. Is it to annihilate the rights of the States? No, never! Their mission, as declared by themselves, is to preserve these inviolate. They only march against a band of rebels who have refused to disperse at their command, as their own brave ancestors at Lexington and Concord refused to do at British bidding.

But pause a moment and listen. Responsive to the Northern bugle-call comes an answering note from across the lordly Potomac.

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*March 2, 1861, Congress adopted and sent to the States for ratification an amendment to the Constitution providing that Congress should never abolish or meddle with slavery in the States.

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It sweeps down the Atlantic shore and trembles among the leaves of the magnolia and the palm. It is borne on the breezes of the Mexican sea, bending the boughs of the cypress and the vine. It winds up the course of the great "father of waters" till it meets and mingles with the notes of the challenger. And now the Southern bands are marshalling to accept the gage of battle. The oft and vainly repeated questions—where is the arbiter? and where the court of competent jurisdiction to adjust the federal relations of the States?—receive their final answer. Sabre, cannon and rifle are the arbiters, and the field of battle the court of last resort. War, that "terrible litigation of nations," rules the hour and the counsels of men, and for four fateful years of wounds and death, Eros is dethroned and Mars triumphant.

Pass in review the marshaled legions of history, about whose banners song and story have enwreathed their richest garlands, and as they move by in stately procession, name the scenes of desperate battles, mark the instances of heroic courage and endurance even when hope had hid its face and turned its back, point examples of suffering borne with God-like patience and fortitude, single out individual acts of knightly heroism and devotion, and for them all you shall find counterparts in the scenes of the Confederate revolutionary drama. A drama which had a continent for its stage, armed millions for its actors and the world for spectators.

THE ANGLO-SAXON SPIRIT.

In the light of subsequent events, it seems passing strange that so few of our political prophets, either North or South, foresaw the vast proportions the struggle would ultimately assume when they were indulging in dreams of a thirty, sixty, or at most ninety days' war. Stranger still that each of the parties to the contest should have so greatly undervalued its antagonist, as to cause the boast that a single Northern regiment could march triumphantly from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico, and the equally quixotic offer of certain zealous Confederates of saurian digestion, to eat one Yankee for breakfast, two for dinner, and sleep comfortably on a supper of three. The latter thought may have been father to the first. But this presents only the humorous side of the picture, before the actual clash of arms had come, and before they had fully realized that both had inherited from the sturdiest race on earth, that dogged, tenacious, "never say die," fight to the death spirit that has stamped the Anglo-

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Saxon as a conqueror wherever he has come. A race before whose achievements the deeds of the Macedonian and the Roman pale. A race that has fought more battles, stood more killing, won more victories, and turned more defeats into victories than any other race of God-created men.

THE CONTEST WAS UNEQUAL.

But while in courage, hardihood, and other high qualities of the soldier, the antagonists were not too unequally matched; not so in numbers, organization, equipment, financial resources, all those factors that control so powerfully the fortunes of war. On the one hand stood twenty millions of people, with all the machinery of an organized government of seventy-two years standing, in full control of the army and navy, and in possession of the depots and manufactories of arms and munitions of war. On the other was arrayed a population of less than six millions, under a government not seventy-two *days* old, with an empty treasury and no navy, with an improvised army of brave volunteers, but scarcely antiquated arms sufficient to place in their hands, and not cartridges enough to fight one great battle.

So great was the Confederate need of the latter, that the early battle-fields of the war were closely gleaned of their leaden death messengers which were soon to become as current as "the coin of the realm." And in the seven days' battles around this very city, it is a fact within my own experience, that entire regiments followed, unarmed, in the wake of the fighting columns, trusting to the chances of battle to supply themselves with arms that might be captured from the enemy or dropped from the hands of their fallen comrades. Was ever more unequal battle joined?

This gravest of the problems of the war, how to equip its armies in the field, met the Confederacy as it issued from its cradle. Let us see how it was solved. "We began in April, 1861," says General Gorgas, Confederate Chief of Ordnance, "without an arsenal, laboratory, or powder-mill of any capacity, and no foundry or rolling-mill except in Richmond, and in a little over two years we supplied them. During the harassments of war, crippled by a depreciated currency, throttled by a blockade that deprived us of nearly all the means of getting material or workmen, with no stock on hand, even of articles such as steel, copper, leather, iron, which we must have to build up our establishments, against all these obstacles, in spite of all these

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deficiencies, we created almost out of the ground, foundries and rolling-mills, smelting works, chemical works, a powder-mill far superior to any in the United States, and a chain of arsenals, armories, and laboratories equal in their capacity to the best of those in the United States, and stretching link by link from Virginia to Alabama."

THE NUMBERS ON EACH SIDE.

But how was the vast disparity in numbers to be neutralized? Let the battle-fields of the war, the silent soldiers' graves and the living soldiers' memories in wordless eloquence give the immortal answer. It is not a pleasant thing to own defeat, even under the most adverse conditions, and failure almost invariably excuses itself on the plea of the superior numbers of its adversary. Even to this day the respective numbers engaged in many of our great battles are matters of controversy.

But the prowess of the Confederate armies and the consummate skill of their commanders need no stronger attestation than the simple statement that during the entire war, from first to last, less than eight hundred thousand men of all arms were enlisted in the Confederate service; and we have the authority of the biographers of President Lincoln, who will not be accused of unfairness to themselves, for the statement that during the same period the number of men put into service in the United States army, navy and marines was 2,690,401, besides some 70,000 emergency men. You know, my friends, about what emergency men are worth; so leaving them out of the count altogether, and deducting also the 150,000 veteran volunteers who are claimed as having re-enlisted in 1863 and 1864, and reinforcing these by 40,000 more for good measure, making an aggregate deduction of 190,000, and there still remain two and a half millions of men. Upon these facts we may safely commit to the care of the future the fame of those who wore the gray.

Yet, in the face of these figures, Lieutenant-Colonel Dodge, of the United States army, by a recent paper in one of our great magazines, has fairly earned the title of a modern "military Columbus" when he tells us that in fifty important battles, which he names, "at the point of fighting contact, the Confederates outnumbered the Federals by an average of about two per cent." Let us lament the unkind fate of the Federal leaders who have fallen into the hands of this unmerciful iconoclast of their reputations. For, in claiming that with the 2,500,000 of men in their armies, they suffered themselves to be outnumbered on the battle-field by their 800,000 antagonists; he

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credits them, from General Grant down to John Pope, with a degree of assinine stupidity with which the Confederates never even invested General Halleck.

While the deeds of the Confederate army are its best eulogy, it is pleasing to recall the encomiums of a brave and candid foe. Another Federal soldier writes, in the connection already referred to: "Such a force thrown into battle was almost resistless, and the question of organization or discipline in the Army of Northern Virginia needs no other answer than a reading of the roll of battles fought on Virginia soil, from Bull Run to Appomattox. * * * Lee led his ill-supplied army from victory to victory, year after year, beating back with terrible losses the wonderfully organized, perfectly equipped, lavishly supplied, abundantly officered Army of the Potomac.

THE FIRST YEAR OF WAR

closed gloriously for the Confederacy, Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, in Virginia, and Belmont, Springfield and Lexington, in Missouri, had scored as many victories for its arms. These, however, were but the preluding skirmishes to the mighty shock of battle which was yet to come.

I shall not tax your patience to-night with details of battle and of siege, of advance and retreat, of alternate victory and defeat. Or note each movement of that mighty tide of war, which carried on its flow high hopes, free aspirations, proud emotions, anticipated success, peace, and left behind at its ebb shattered human wrecks, ensanguined fields, desolated homes, stricken hearts. Over all the star of hope looked down, the banner of the Southern cross still flew, and

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1862

crowned the Confederate arms with a series of successes which gave brilliant prospect of ultimate independence.

Jackson's immortal "Valley Campaign"; the "Seven Days'" wrestle of giants, by which Richmond was relieved of the presence of a great investing army, to which her spires had for weeks been visible; the second and greater victory at Manassas, which rolled the tide of invasion back across the border; the Confederate invasion of Maryland; the capture of Harper's Ferry; the great battle of Sharpsburg, where thirty-five thousand Confederates divided the honors with eighty-seven thousand Federals; Fredericksburg, from whose encircling hills the gallant and mighty "Army of the Potomac" reeled

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bleeding back across the Rappahannock. These mark the salient points of the campaign in Virginia, and challenge the annals of war for a parallel. But in another and distant field, the great Confederate paladin of the West had fallen in sight of victory at Shiloh. The death of Albert Sidney Johnston was an irreparable loss to his army and to the Confederacy. Earth never bore a nobler son or heaven opened wide its gates to receive a knightlier spirit.

THE BORDER STATES.

Operations in Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri had decided finally the status of the border States towards the Confederacy. The shackles of Federal power had been firmly riveted upon them, and henceforth their gallant sons, who upheld the rights of their States and the cause of the South, were to be exiles from their homes until the return of peace, or until they should seal their devotion with their lives. Faithfully, bravely, grandly they stood to their colors to the bitter end. We salute them to-night with uncovered heads.

JACKSON AND CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The fortunes of the Confederacy reached their spring-tide early in 1863. Its middle mile-stone stands at Chancellorsville. It will always stand there, a double monument to victory and to death. Its summit wreathed with laurels and bathed in sunlight; its base shadowed darkly by the cypress and the willow. It commemorates the triumph of courage directed by genius; it mourns the fall of that immortal soldier whom death only had power to claim from victory. And even victory's bright visage was stained with tears and clouded by the shadow of coming events as it looked upon Jackson dead.

> "Dead! but the end was fitting,
> First in the ranks he led,
> And he marked the height of a nation's gain,
> As he lay in his harness—dead."

THE TURNING POINT.

The Army of Northern Virginia now girds up its loins and striding across the Potomac, throws down the gage of battle to its enemy upon his own soil. "A field of the dead rushes red on the sight" as the heights of Gettysburg loom up before it. For three fearful days the storm rages and slaughter stalks red-handed, while the fate of

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the Confederacy hangs suspended on the issue. What might have been the consequences had that issue been favorable, who can say? Certain it is that when the Army of Northern Virginia, slowly and defiantly withal, retraced its steps across the Potomac, the star of the South had commenced to wane. Vicksburg had fallen, too, and the clouds gathering in the West were only dashed for a time with a silver lining by the great victory of Chickamauga, closing again more darkly upon the disaster at Chattanooga.

1864.

When, at a given signal, the great armies of the Union moved forward in May, 1864, an observer from any other than a Confederate standpoint would have predicted that the end was near at hand. The Confederacy had exhausted its resources of men. The aged, in whom the fires of patriotism had not been quenched by the snows of years, and the youth of the country, who took their places in the ranks on attaining their military majority at the age of eighteen, were the only recruits that could be hoped for. Yet the foe was met at all points and paid for every inch of ground its price in blood. But blood might flow and men might fall—blood was a cheap commodity in that campaign, and for every man that fell two could be brought up to take his place. With us, the gaps in the ranks could only be filled by shortening the lines.

The Army of Northern Virginia—weak in numbers, but strong in courage, endurance, confidence in itself and in its great commander—grappled with its giant adversary from the Wilderness to Spotsylvania, from Spotsylvania to the North Anna, from the North Anna to Cold Harbor, from Cold Harbor to Petersburg. Sustaining the shock of battle against fearful odds, and inflicting a loss more than equaling its own members, it ended the campaign with its flag still flying defiantly and its Capital safe. But its own ranks had been decimated, and the thin and daily attenuating line that confronted the great and ever-increasing Federal army around Richmond and Petersburg seemed far too frail to resist the tremendous pressure upon it. Like finely tempered steel it might bend and spring back with dangerous force in the recoil, but it must break at last.

THE LAST WINTER

of its existence closed darkly around the Confederacy. The hope of the recognition of its independence by foreign powers was gone.

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For two years the blockade of its ports had been close and effective. Isolated from the world, it was hemmed in on all sides by a relentless foe whose resources were limitless. Its armies were skeletons of their former selves. Men fell; one rank did the work of two. Shoes and clothes wore out; rags became the fashion, and the soldier stood upon the battle line or moved to the charge with bandaged and bleeding feet. Money was almost worthless; he received for pay what would scarcely feed one hungry mouth at home. Food failed, and full rations were unknown; the pangs of hunger were borne without a murmur. Medicines gave out; they faced death by disease as they had faced him a hundred times in battle—unflinchingly.

The Confederacy had been cut in two when the Mississippi was opened by the fall of Vicksburg. Another line had now been drawn across it, marked with blood and grave-mounds, from the Tennessee to Atlanta, and by blackened ruins and desolated homes from Atlanta to the sea. Hood's ill-starred expedition into Tennessee had ended in disaster. The fair valley of the Shenandoah had been ravaged until, in the graphic but unclassic language of the Federal commander there, "a crow in flying across it would have to carry his rations with him." Sherman was advancing through the heart of the Carolinas, marking his track by the blaze of burning cities and homes.

"And so disasters came not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descended, others
Followed, followed gathering flock-wise
Round their wounded, dying victim,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air was dark with anguish."

The world was against us. We were treading the wine-press alone.

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

In numberless homes throughout the land, from the stately mansion of the city and the plain to the lonely cot on the mountain, is heard the voice of many Rachels weeping for their dead. But while the sad tears fall, the willing hands are working. Hearts are bleeding, but swell with patriotic pride as they are laid broken on their country's altar.

Honor to the soldier who faces death upon the battle-field or dies

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in a great cause. Greater honor to the mother, the wife, the sister who girds his sword, yields him to the call of duty and dies a hundred deaths in his. By their spirit and by their deeds the women of the Confederacy are equal sharers with its soldiers of a glory which one could not have achieved without the other. Then let their names be written high upon the roll of honor when fame bequeaths her jewels to history.

> "Let the song and the stately rhyme
> With softly sounding tread
> Go forth"

to voice their praise and honor their memories until the South's last poet is dead and his harp hangs tuneless on the willows of time. Aye, of their devotion, their heroism, their Christ-like ministrations and sufferings, let the recording angel, dipping his glowing pen in the golden chalice of the sun, write upon the great scroll of heaven *immortal.*

THE DEATH OF THE CONFEDERACY.

When Æneas, the Trojan hero, was commanded by the Queen of Carthage to relate the tragic story of the fall of Troy, he gave expression to his "unutterable grief" in the question, "who of the myrmidons, or what soldier even of the stern Ulysses, can refrain from tears at such a recital?" The fall of the Confederacy and the death struggle of the Army of Northern Virginia are rife with scenes as harrowing and heroic as any enacted beneath the walls of Troy, and equally worthy of the sympathy even of their foes.

The Confederate lines, stretched to their utmost tension, break at last. Retreating, fighting, watching, fasting, dying, the army has only to change front to meet a foe. No pomp or circumstance of glorious war is there. Every day, every hour are witnesses to unrecorded deeds whose prowess might claim an epic strain. The flag still flies and the shattered ranks still form beneath the starry cross, fit emblem now of the crucifixion of the grandest cause that ever failed. In vain, all in vain. Hope flies, the end comes, fame drops the sword and leaves the victory to death. Our great commander lays down his sword. At his command, and his only, the "rear-guard of the grand army" of Northern Virginia ground their arms, and a storm-cradled nation is dead.

It was characteristic of Lee's greatness that while he accepted success with unselfish modesty, he always met adversity splendidly.

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The chapter in military history is yet to be written which presents a nobler scene than that of the greatest soldier of modern times riding among his shattered troops at Gettysburg, consoling them as no other mortal could, and taking upon himself the whole responsibility of failure. And great as he always was, Robert E. Lee never so filled the full stature of perfect manhood as on that fatal field where he sheathed his stainless sword forever.

What brush of painter, unguided by the inspiration of more than mortal genius, what song of poet, unattuned to notes befitting the minstrelsy of heaven, what orator whose lips have not been touched by a live coal from off the altar of Divine eloquence, what historian whose pen has not been dipped in the blood of heroes, may fitly portray such scenes and such characters?

GRANT AND RECONSTRUCTION.

But in the contemplation of our own misfortunes, let us not forget the generous treatment received at the hands of that great soldier who gave to a brave but fallen foe, terms alike honorable to himself and to them. Ulysses S. Grant, the Union hero and President, was never greater in all his eventful career than when, with the destinies of the two armies in his hands, he reconstructed the Union by the terms given at Appomattox. A reconstruction which, if allowed to stand, would have quickly healed the wounds of war, and left no bloody chasm to be bridged by the devilish devices of pestilent politicians.

No fact of the entire civil war more strongly emphasizes the truth that there was no such thing as rebellion or treason involved in the issue, than the terms of surrender of the Confederate armies. Rebels are never granted paroles of honor, traitors are never trusted on their simple promise to obey the laws, and their leaders have never, in the world's history, been granted the distinction of quitting the field of defeat with their swords and badges of rank upon them. The Confederate soldier was worthy of such terms.

English historians regard it as the greatest glory of the soldiers of Cromwell, whose backs no enemy had ever seen in battle, that at the "Restoration" they laid down their arms and retired into the mass of the people, thenceforward to be distinguished only by superior diligence in the pursuits of peace. So it is the peculiar glory of the soldiers of the Confederacy that their citizenship has never belied their splendid record in arms. Yielding in a contest in which they had lost all but honor, they have preserved *that* inviolate, and will so bequeath

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it to future generations as the noblest legacy that heroism can leave to posterity. As they were true to their convictions in resorting to arms, true to their country in her sorest need, true to every pledge they have given, so they are true to-day, to themselves and to the future in perpetuating the memory of their heroes and in vindicating the principles for which *they* fought and their comrades fell.

LEE AND DAVIS.

The great pageant of the morrow, which shall thrill the heart of this historic city with the grandest pulsations that honor, love and reverence can ever inspire, will fitly illustrate the character and principles of the Confederate revolution. When, by the hand of the greatest living soldier of America, the veil is drawn and the martial figure and the majestic features of our imperial chieftain stand out under the bright Southern sky to greet his countrymen, the hearts of a whole people will swell with the proudest emotions that life can give, that *his* country and *his* cause were theirs, and bow in reverence to all that make man great, for

> "Never hand waved sword from stain so free,
> Or a purer sword led a braver band,
> Or a braver bled for a brighter land,
> Or a brighter land had a cause so grand,
> Or a cause a chief like Lee."

Nor will the duty to perpetuate the memories of our heroic dead be ended to morrow. Another memorial must yet rise beside that of Lee to the great statesman who was his life-long friend, and who directed the destinies of the Confederate republic during its brief and stormy life. Great alike, as statesman and soldier, he stood for a quarter of a century after the fall of his country a mark for all the shafts of enmity and malice aimed at her. But for this his people only gathered more closely around him, as, venerable alike in years and honor, he towered among them like some tall mountain peak whose snow-crowned head reflecting the light of a glorious past, caught also the first rays of that sun of righteousness and justice, in whose light future generations will read *his* among "the immortal names that were not born to die." After a great and noble life, with the honors of two countries thick upon him, Jefferson Davis died more a hero than if he had fallen upon the glorious field of Buena Vista, in the service of the Union, or upon some equally glorious battle-field of the Confederacy.

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THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

Nor even here is our duty ended. Let still another monument rise, simple, majestic, grand, sky-piercing. Let but one device be carved upon it, a soldier lying dead upon his shield. Let it bear but one inscription—that placed by the Greeks, as the old heroic legend tells, on the memorial stone erected at Thermopylæ. And let its summit be crowned by a figure in a faded and worn gray jacket, standing musket in hand at the post of duty.

A truer hero or more unselfish patriot never marched to battle than the Confederate private. He did not serve for pay, for he received a mere pittance for his service. He did not fight for glory, for history does not take care of him. He did not look for promotion, for he seldom rose above the ranks. He often left a starving family at home—he committed them to God and the charity of friends. He suffered cruelly from hunger and cold; with his faithful friend, his musket, he was always ready to forget the one and to overcome the other in the heat of battle. And when he fell and slept his last sleep in his soldier grave—

> "No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
> Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we wound him,
> But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
> With his tattered blanket around him."

THE V. M. I. CADETS.

In paying my unworthy tribute to the soldiers of the Confederacy, I should do injustice to them and to myself did I fail to give their due meed of honor to a band of young heroes, which may well claim "a place in the picture near the flashing of the guns." I see before me to-night a uniform which vividly recalls the early scenes of the war, when at Harper's Ferry, at Manassas, at all points where troops had been assembled, the Virginia cadet was ubiquitous in organizing, drilling, and instructing the men whom the State had called to the field. Later on, when they took their posts of duty in the army, and were joined by the yearly contingent sent to the field by their honored "Alma Mater," they had their full share of the hardships, the dangers, the deaths, and the honors of the war. But the spring of 1864 witnessed their crowning achievement as a distinct organiza-

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tion on the battle-field. Every old soldier's heart leaps and thrills when he recalls that gallant band of boy-soldiers as it comes, with steady tread and dauntless front, upon the field of Newmarket, as they take the fire like veterans, as they drive the enemy before them and sleep upon a victorious field which their heroism had helped to win.

These sacred memories, my young comrades of the Virginia Military Institute, are your inheritance, and you will never be unworthy of them. The same noble institution shelters and cherishes you. The same gallant officer who led your corps then, commands you now. The same southern sky that witnessed the deeds of your comrades, stretches over you. The same sentinel mountains that guard the spot where they fought and fell, are around you, and you will be true to the glorious past. Fellow-soldiers of the "young guard" of the Army of Northern Virginia, the soldiers of the "old guard" extend to you the right hand of fellowship and greet you as comrades.

AFTER THE WAR.

When Lisbon was destroyed by the memorable earthquake of 1755, and the fair city lay in ruins, with thousands of its inhabitants crushed beneath the wreck of its homes and temples, the horrors of a great conflagration were added to a scene at which the heart sickens and which defies description. To this pathetic picture the condition of the South, at the close of the civil war, may justly be compared. To the ruin already wrought by the convulsions that had shaken her, and the storm that had swept over her, the fierce passions of reconstruction were added to complete one of the darkest scenes in the history of any civilized people. To those who passed through that terrible age, which was crowded into the ten years of reconstruction, it appears even now as some hideous nightmare, or the troubled dream of a disordered fancy. Future generations will never realize it. No other people could have stood the test and passed the ordeal successfully. But the law-abiding, courageous, determined spirit of the Anglo-Saxon triumphed at last. The people of the South, trained as men were never trained before, to lessons of danger, self-sacrifice, self-reliance, and patience, have met every difficulty that confronted them and solved all the perilous problems of their situation but one, and that one the future must trust to them, and to them alone, for ultimate solution.

The question may well be asked to-day:

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WHO WERE THE VICTORS

in our civil war? It is true that the Federal government overthrew secession and abolished slavery; but has that relieved it from the danger of revolution and internal dissension in other forms and from other causes? All history will belie itself if the future furnish no such causes. What say our political seers to the vast accumulation of wealth in a few hands, the most prolific source of social and political corruption and national decay to be found in history? What of the unceasing and ever-growing conflict between capital and labor which is shaking every civilized country, as well as our own, to its centre? What of anarchism and its terrible hand-maid, dynamite, the direct offspring of the other two? All these conditions were abnormally developed by the war, and are confined to that section of the Union which seemed twenty-five years ago to have reaped all the rewards of success.

But say our optimistic solons, the war gave us also a strong, centralized government which is a safeguard against all these possible perils. Let them beware lest they repeat Nebuchadnezzar's dream of his tree of power, and find no Daniel to give the interpretation thereof. The tendency of all centralism in any form of government under the sun is to despotism, and anarchy is the last and most terrible offspring of despotism.

But how fares it with our own Southland since the dark days of "destruction and reconstruction"? It is no less true of her than of other sections that she has dangers to confront in the present and in the future. The race problem, a legacy of the war, even now looms up ominously before us, and its final settlement must and will remain with the States of the South. But relieved of the incubus of slavery, and disciplined in the stern school of poverty and adversity, she has not for a moment halted or turned back in the great race of progress. With firm and elastic tread she is springing forward on the highway of material prosperity, and bids fair to realize her fondest dreams of wealth and power. As descriptive of these conditions, we sometimes hear of the "New South" in contradistinction to the old. Thank God, it is one South, neither new nor old, but always glorious. But for its record in the past it could never have been what it is to-day. Material prosperity alone never yet made a people great. Cherishing the great traditions, the chivalric character and the splendid

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achievements of the past, let us improve upon them if we can and therewith be content.

The great painter Leonardo de Vinci, when but a youth, was directed by his instructor to complete a picture which *he* had been compelled to leave unfinished. Taking the brush with trembling hand, and kneeling before the picture, he prayed for skill and power to complete the work for the sake of his beloved master. His hand grew steady, the light of genius flashed from his eye, enthusiasm and forgetfulness of self took the place of fear and self-distrust, and, lo! when the picture was finished, the work of the young artist had surpassed that of his master. So with reverent hands will we of this generation devote ourselves to the great work before us, and pray that our efforts may increase the happiness, the strength, and the glory of our grand motherland.

Would to God that in this great country of ours, political were not so nearly synonymous with geographical boundaries, and that while rejoicing in each other's progress, every section might unite in a spirit of loyal brotherhood to meet every danger that threatens, in any and every part of our wide domain. The cultivation of such a spirit and a return to strict constitutional methods, is the only course of permanent national safety. While holding to the principle that the Union is indissoluble, leave to the States their entire sovereignty in all things not absolutely requiring the intervention of the national government. The true strength of that government in the future must be as the head of a mighty phalanx of harmonious and indestructible States which will bear it up on their shields and carry its banner triumphantly through every peril. To this great end the States of the South stand ready to pledge "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." This Union has been cemented by blood too precious to have been shed in vain. Let that blood atone for all the errors of the past, while North and South and East and West, with loyal hearts and willing hands—

> " Put on the old ship all her power to-day,
> Crowd extra top-gallants and royal studding sails,
> With flags and flaunting pennants added,
> As we take to the open—the deepest, freest waters."

General Law was frequently applauded during his address, and at its close he was warmly congratulated by many of those who heard him.

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General Jubal A. Early entered the hall during the delivery of the address, and his appearance was the signal for an outburst of applause.

At the close of the address, Rev. Dr. J. William Jones moved that the thanks of the Association be returned to General Law, and that a copy be requested for publication.

Adopted unanimously.

Major J. Booton Hill moved that a committee of five be appointed to propose the names of the officers and the Executive Committee. Adopted; and the following gentlemen were appointed: Major J. B. Hill, Colonel R. W. T. Duke, Rev. Frank Stringfellow, Rev. W. Q. Hulleton, and General William McComb.

While the committee was out, loud calls were made for General Fitz. Lee, who responded happily.

OTHER ADDRESSES.

In response to calls, the following gentlemen also came forward and made short appropriate addresses: General Jubal A. Early, General J. B. Kershaw, of South Carolina; General M. C. Butler, of South Carolina; General A. R. Lawton, of Alabama.

By this time the committee had returned, and reported the names of the following gentlemen as officers for the ensuing year, and the report was unanimously agreed to:

President—General William H. Payne.

First Vice-President—General T. T. Munford.

Second Vice-President—General B. T. Johnson.

Third Vice-President—General E. M. Law.

Secretary—Captain Thomas Ellett.

Treasurer—Private Robert J. Bosher.

Executive Committee—Colonel W. E. Cutshaw (chairman), Captain Thomas Pinckney, Private J. T. Gray, Major E. T. D. Myers, and Captain E. P. Reeve.

The President then announced the banquet, after which, at 10:45, the Association adjourned.

After the speaking at the Capitol the Association and their guests repaired to Sænger Hall, where an excellent supper was spread and fully enjoyed.

General Payne presided, and introduced the speakers.

The following were the regular toasts and respondents:

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The Infantry:

"If ever a band of warriors won
A pæn for deeds of valor done,
They deserve, indeed, the glorious meed
And the proud triumphal hymn."

General John B. Gordon.

The Artillery:

The splendid service of the artillery nerved the arm and inspired the heart of the other branches of the army, and frequently turned the tide of battle to victory.

Colonel Thomas H. Carter.

The Cavalry:

"As the Immortals rode to war, when Hector fought for Troy,
These rode as if immortals, too, inspired with awful joy."

General W. H. Payne.

The Women of the South:

"History shall tell how you
Have nobly borne your part,
And won the proudest triumph yet,
The triumph of the heart."

Judge F. R. Farrar.

The Confederate Dead:

"It seeks not where their bodies lie,
By bloody hillside, plain, or river,
Their names are bright on Fame's proud sky;
Their deeds of valor live forever."

Senator John W. Daniel.

General Gordon was received with vociferous applause, made a superb speech, and was given three cheers at the close.

Colonel Thomas H. Carter made his "maiden speech," but did it admirably, and received "three cheers for the gallant artillerist."

All the speakers, including those who responded to the toasts, acquitted themselves felicitously, as the audience testified in their appreciative attention and attendant applause.

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Life, Services and Character of Jefferson Davis.

An Oration by Hon. JOHN W. DANIEL.

Delivered under the auspices of the General Assembly of Virginia at Mozart Academy of Music, January 25, 1890.

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS ON THE PART OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

In the Senate of Virginia, December 7, 1889, Senator T. W. Harrison, of Winchester, offered the following concurrent resolution :

Resolved (the House of Delegates concurring), That the Hon. John W. Daniel be invited to deliver an address upon the life and character and services of the late Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, in the hall of the House of Delegates, at such time during the present session of the Legislature as he may designate, and that a committee of two on the part of the Senate and three on the part of the House be appointed to wait upon the Hon. John W. Daniel and extend him this invitation and make all necessary arrangements.

Agreed to by Senate December 7, 1889.

J. D. PENDLETON,
Clerk of Senate.

Agreed to by House of Delegates December 7, 1889.

J. BELL BIGGER,
Clerk of House of Delegates.

The following joint committee was appointed on the part of the Senate and House of Delegates, respectively :

Committee on the part of the Senate :

T. W. HARRISON, of Winchester.
TAYLOR BERRY, of Amherst.

Committee on the part of the House of Delegates :

J. OWENS BERRY, of Fairfax.
P. C. CABELL, of Amherst.
JAMES M. STUBBS, of Gloucester.

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In the House of Delegates, December 12, 1889, the Hon. Walter T. Booth, of Richmond, offered the following concurrent resolution:

Resolved (the Senate concurring), That the committee having in charge the arrangements for the delivery of the address of Hon. John W. Daniel on the character and life of Hon. Jefferson Davis be and is hereby authorized and instructed to select for the occasion some other and larger hall than that of the House of Delegates.

Agreed to by the General Assembly of Virginia January 22, 1890.

J. BELL BIGGER,
Clerk House of Delegates and Keeper of Rolls of Virginia.

The following extract is taken from the report of the special committee made January 22, 1890:

"They have discharged the pleasant duty of tendering the said invitation, and are gratified to report that Hon. John W. Daniel has accepted the invitation, and has designated Saturday January 25, 1890, at 8 o'clock P. M., as the time for the delivery of the same at the Mozart Academy of Music."

J. BELL BIGGER,
Clerk House of Delegates and Keeper of Rolls of Virginia.

At 8 P. M. on the 25th day of January, 1890, the Hon. R. H. Cardwell, Speaker of the House of Delegates, called the vast assemblage to order, and delivered the following introductory address:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is the pleasing part of my duties to welcome you on this occasion—especially pleasing because the presence of this magnificent audience demonstrates that when the present General Assembly of Virginia invited one of her favorite sons, and her most gifted orator to deliver in this, the capital city of the late Confederate States of America, an oration on the life and character of the lamented Jefferson Davis, they but voiced the wishes of the people whom they have the honor to represent. In 1865, nearing the close of the Confederacy's short life, the General Assembly of Virginia addressed an open letter to President Davis, in which it declared "its desire in this critical period of affairs, by such suggestions as occur to them and by the dedication, if need be, of the entire resources of the Common-

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wealth to the common cause, to strengthen our hands, and to give success to our struggle for liberty and independence."

In reply, President Davis said: "Your assurance is to me a source of the highest gratification; and while conveying to you my thanks for the expression of confidence of the General Assembly in my sincere devotion to my country and its sacred cause, I must beg permission in return to bear witness to the uncalculating, unhesitating spirit with which Virginia has, from the moment when she first drew the sword, consecrated the blood of her children and all her material resources to the achievement of the object of our struggle."

Our "sacred cause" was lost, and, after long years of vicarious suffering, through all of which he was true to us and to our dead, our chieftain has passed away, but the love for the principles for which we contended, and the memory of him who contributed so much to make our record in that struggle glorious, will live forever in the hearts of all true men and women throughout our Southland. It is our purpose on this occasion to review the brilliant life and spotless character of Mr. Davis, and in selecting as the orator, that fearless son of Virginia whose eloquent words, as enduring as marble, have held up for review by coming generations the life and character of other of our great leaders who have "crossed over the river," we again have your approval, and his name is so indelibly written in our affections, that your reception of him here to-night will further demonstrate that it is a needless task for me to more formally introduce to a Virginia audience—John W. Daniel.

THE ORATION.

Mr. Speaker, Gentlemen of the General Assembly of Virginia,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

Noble are the words of Cicero when he tells us that "it is the first and fundamental law of history that it should neither dare to say anything that is false, or fear to say anything that is true, nor give any just suspicion of favor or disaffection."

No less a high standard must be invoked in considering the life, character, and services of Jefferson Davis—a great man of a great epoch, whose name is blended with the renown of American arms and with the civic glories of the Cabinet and the Congress hall—a son of the South, who became the head of a confederacy more populous and extensive than that for which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Inde-

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pendence, and the commander-in-chief of armies many times greater than those of which Washington was the general.

He swayed Senates and led the soldiers of the Union—and he stood accused of treason in a court of justice.

He saw victory sweep illustrious battle-fields—and he became a captive.

He ruled millions—and he was put in chains.

He created a nation; he followed its bier; he wrote its epitaph—and he died a disfranchised citizen.

But though great in all vicissitudes and trials, he was greatest in that fortune which, lifting him first to the loftiest heights and casting him thence into the depths of disappointment, found him everywhere the erect and constant friend of truth. He conquered himself and forgave his enemies, but bent to no one but God.

SEVERE SCRUTINY OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

No public man was ever subjected to sterner ordeals of character or closer scrutiny of conduct. He was in the public gaze for nearly half a century; and in the fate which at last overwhelmed the Southern Confederacy and its President, its official records and private papers fell into the hands of his enemies.

Wary eyes now searched to see if he had overstepped the bounds which the laws of war have set to action, and could such evidence be found, wrathful hearts would have cried for vengeance. But though every hiding-place was opened, and reward was ready for any who would betray the secrets of the captured chief, whose armies were scattered, and whose hands were chained—though the sea gave up its dead in the convulsion of his country—there could be found no guilty fact, and accusing tongues were silenced.

> "Whatever record leaped to light,
> His name could not be shamed."

I could not, indeed, nor would I, divest myself of those identities and partialities which make me one with the people of whom he was the chief in their supreme conflict. But surely if records were stainless and enemies were dumb, and if the principals now pronounce favorable judgment upon the agent, notwithstanding that he failed to conduct their affairs to a successful issue, there can be no suspicion of undue favor on the part of those who do him honor; and the contrary inclination could only spring from disaffection.

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THE SOUTH KNEW HIM AND THEREFORE HONORS HIM.

The people of the South knew Jefferson Davis. He mingled his daily life with theirs under the eager ken of those who had bound up with him all that life can cherish.

To his hands they consigned their destinies, and under his guidance they committed the land they loved, with husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, to the God of Battles.

Ruin, wounds, and death became their portion. And yet this people do declare that Jefferson Davis was an unselfish patriot and a noble gentleman; that as the trustee of the highest trusts that man can place in man he was clear and faithful; and that in his high office he exhibited those grand heroic attributes which were worthy of its dignity and of their struggle for independence.

Thus it was that when the news came that he was no more there was no Southern home that did not pass under the shadow of affliction. Thus it was that the Governors of Commonwealths bore his body to the tomb, and that multitudes gathered from afar to bow in reverence. Thus it was that throughout the South the scarred soldiers, the widowed wives, the kindred of those who had died in the battle which he delivered, met to give utterance to their respect and sorrow. Thus it is that the General Assembly of Virginia is now convened to pay their tribute. Completer testimony to human worth was never given, and thus it will be that the South will build a monument to record their verdict that he was true to his people, his conscience, and his God; and no stone that covers the dead will be worthier of the Roman legend:

"*Clarus et vir fortissimus.*"

SOME PERSONAL TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

The life now closed was one of conflict from youth to manhood, and from manhood to the grave. Before he was a man in years he was an officer in the army of his country, and intermissions of military and civil services were but spent in burnishing the weapons which were to shine in the clash of opposing interests.

The scenes of the hearthstone and of the cloisters of friendship and religion have no place on that large canvas which portrays the great events of national existence; and those who come forth from them equipped and strong to wrestle and contend leave often behind them

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the portions of their life-work which, could others know them, would reverse all conceptions of character and turn aversion to affection.

Those who knew Jefferson Davis in intimate relations honored him most and loved him. Genial and gentle, approachable to all, especially regardful of the humble and the lowly, affable in conversation, and enriching it from the amplest stores of a refined and cultured mind, he fascinated those who came within the circle of his society and endeared them to him. Reserved as to himself, he bore the afflictions of a diseased body with scant allusion even when it became needful to plead them in self-defense. With bandaged eyes and weak from suffering, he would come from a couch of pain to vote on public issues, and for over twenty years, with the sight of one eye gone, he dedicated his labors to the vindication of the South from the aspersions which misconceptions and passions had engendered.

At over four-score years he died, with his harness on, his pen yet bright and trenchant, his mental eye undimmed, his soul athirst for peace, truth, justice, and fraternity, breathing his last breath in clearing the memories of the Lost Confederacy.

Clear and strong in intellect; proud, high-minded, sensitive: self-willed, but not self-centred; self-assertive for his cause, but never for his own advancement; aggressive and imperious, as are nearly all men fit for leadership; with the sturdy virtues that command respect, but without the small diplomacies that conciliate hostility, he was one of those characters that naturally make warm friends and bitter enemies; a veritable man, "terribly in earnest," such as Carlyle loved to count among the heroes.

NEITHER SELFISH, COLD, NOR CRUEL.

Such a man can never be understood while strife lasts; and little did they understand him who thought him selfish, cold, or cruel. When he came to Richmond as your President, your generous people gave him a home, and he declined it. After the war, when dependent on his labor for the bread of his family, kind friends tendered him a purse—gracefully refusing, "Send it," he said, "to the poor and suffering soldiers and their families." His heart was full of melting charity, and in the Confederate days the complaint was that his many pardons relaxed discipline, and that he would not let the sentences of military courts be executed. Not a human being ever believed for an instant the base imputation that he appropriated Confederate gold. He distributed the last to the soldiers, and "the

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fact is," he wrote to a friend, "that I staked all my property and reputation on the defense of States' rights and constitutional liberty as I understand them. The first I spent in the cause, except what was saved and appropriated or destroyed by the enemy; the last has been persistently assailed by all which falsehood could invent and malignity employ."

HUMANITY TO PRISONERS OF WAR.

He would have turned with loathing from misuse of a prisoner, for there was no characteristic of Jefferson Davis more marked than his regard for the weak, the helpless, and the captive. By act of the Confederate Congress and by general orders the same rations served to the Confederates were issued to the prisoners, though taken from a starving army and people.

Brutal and base was the effort to stigmatize him as a conspirator to maltreat prisoners, but better for him that it was made, for while he was himself yet in prison, the evidences of his humanity were so overwhelming that finally slander stood abashed and malignity recoiled.

Even at Andersonville, where the hot summer sun was, of course, disastrous to men of the Northern clime, well-nigh as many of their guard died as of them.

With sixty thousand more Federal prisoners in the South than there were Confederate prisoners in the North, four thousand more Confederates than Federals died in prison. A cyclone of rhetoric cannot shake this mountain of fact, and these facts are alike immovable:

1. He tried to get the prisoners exchanged by the cartel agreed on, but as soon as an excess of prisoners was in Federal hands this was refused.

2. A delegation of the prisoners themselves was sent to Washington to represent the situation and the plea of humanity for exchange.

3. Vice-President Stephens was sent to see President Lincoln by President Davis, and urge exchange, in order "to restrict the calamities of war," but he was denied audience.

4. Twice—in January, 1864, and January, 1865—President Davis proposed, through Commissioner Ould, that each side should send surgeons and allow money, food, clothing, and medicines to be sent to prisoners, but no answer came.

5. Unable to get medicines in the Confederacy, offer was made to buy them from the United States for the sole use of Federal prisoners. No answer was made.

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6. Then offer was made to deliver the sick and wounded without any equivalent in exchange. There was no reply for months.

7. Finally, and as soon as the United States would receive them, thousands of both sick and well were delivered without exchange.

The record leaves no doubt as to the responsibility for refusal to exchange. General Grant assumed it, saying in his letter of August 18, 1864: "It is hard on our men in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchanges which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time, to release all rebel prisoners North, would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our own safety here."

Alexander H. Stephens declared that the effort to fix odium on President Davis constituted "one of the boldest and baldest attempted outrages upon the truth of history which has ever been essayed."

Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, formerly Assistant Secretary of War, nobly vindicated President Davis while he lived, declared him "altogether acquitted" of the charge, and said of him dead, "A majestic soul has passed."

When General Lee congratulated his army on the victories of Richmond, he said to them: "Your humanity to the wounded and the prisoners was the fit and crowning glory of your valor." And could that army now march by, they would lift those laurels from their bayonets and throw them upon the grave of the Confederate President.

HE RESENTED WRONG, BUT BORE NEITHER HATRED NOR MALICE.

Resentment wreaked itself upon him ere these truths were fully known, and while, indeed, passion turned a deaf ear to them. And if he struck back, what just man can blame him? With a reward of $100,000 offered for him as an assassin; charged with maltreating prisoners; indicted for treason, and imprisoned for two years and denied a trial; handcuffed like a common ruffian; put in solitary confinement; a silent sentinel and blazing light at watch on his every motion—where is there a creature who can call himself a man who could condemn—aye, who does not sympathize with the goaded innocence and the righteous indignation with which he spurned the accusations and denounced the accusers?

But whatever he suffered, the grandeur of his soul lifted him above the feelings of hatred and malice.

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When Grant lay stricken at Mt. McGregor he was requested to write a criticism of his military career. He declined for two reasons: "First, General Grant is dying. Second, though he invaded our country with a ruthless, it was with an open hand, and, as far as I know, he abetted neither arson nor pillage, and has since the war, I believe, shown no malignity to the Confederates, either of the military or civil service; therefore, instead of seeking to disturb the quiet of his closing hours, I would, if it were in my power, contribute to the peace of his mind and the comfort of his body." This was no new-born feeling. At Fortress Monroe, when suffering the tortures of bodily pain in an unwholesome prison, and the worse tortures of a humiliating and cruel confinement, which make man blush for his kind to recall them, he yet, in the solitude of his cell, shared only by his faithful pastor, took the Holy Communion which commemorates the blood and the broken body of Jesus Christ, and, bowing to God, declared his heart at peace with Him and man.

As free from envy as he was from malice, he was foremost in recognizing, applauding, and eulogizing the great character and achievements of General R. E. Lee, and with his almost dying hand he wove a chaplet of evergreen beauty to lay upon his honored brow.

RIGID ADHERENCE TO PRINCIPLE.

Sternly did he stand for principle. He was no courtier, no flatterer, no word magician, no time-server, no demagogue, unless that word shake from it the contaminations of its abuse and return to its pristine meaning—a leader of the people. Like King David's was his command, "There shall no deceitful man dwell in my house." A pure and lofty spirit breathed through his every utterance, which, like the Parian stone, revealed in its polish the fineness of the grain. I can recall no public man who, in the midst of such shifting and perplexing scenes of strife, maintained so firmly the consistency of his principles, and who, despite the shower of darts that hurtled around his head, triumphed so completely over every dishonoring imputation. It was because those who knew his faith knew always where to find him, and wherever found he proclaimed that faith as the standard bearer unfurls his colors.

He was always ready to follow his principles to their logical conclusion; to become at any sacrifice their champion; to face defeat in their defense, and to die, if need be, rather than disguise or recant them.

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Advocating the Mexican war while a member of the House of Representatives from Mississippi, he resigned his seat there to take command of a Mississippi regiment and share the hardships and dangers of the field.

When later his party in Mississippi seemed to be losing ground, and General Quitman, its candidate for Governor, retired, a popular election giving forecast of 7,500 majority against him, Jefferson Davis resigned his seat in the United States Senate to accept its leadership and become its nominee, and with such effect did he rally its ranks that he came within 1,000 votes of election.

When he turned homeward from Mexico, the laurelled hero of Buena Vista, he was everywhere hailed with acclamation, and a commission as brigadier-general of volunteers in the United States army was tendered him by President Polk. We may well conceive with what pride the young soldier, not yet forty years of age, would welcome so rare an honor in the cherished profession which had kindled his youthful ardor, and in which he had become now so signally distinguished.

But he had taught the doctrine that the State and not the Federal government was the true constitutional fountain of such an honor, and from another hand he would not bend his knightly brow to receive it. And yet later on, when summoned from the privacy of home to a place in the Cabinet of President Pierce, he declined because he believed it to be his duty to remain in Mississippi and wrestle for the cause with which he was identified. Thus did he abandon or decline the highest dignities of civil and military life, always putting principle in the lead, and himself anywhere that would best support it.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN INTERPRET THE GENIUS OF PEOPLES.

Personal virtues and public services are so different in essence and effect, that nations often glorify those whose private characters are detestable, and condemn others who possess the most admirable traits. The notorious vices of Marlborough stood not in the way of the titles, honors, and estates which England heaped on the hero of Blenheim, and the nobleness of Robert Emmett did not shield the champion of Irish independence from the scaffold.

But the men of history cannot be thus dismissed from the bar of public judgment with verdicts wrung from the passion of an hour. There is a court of appeals in the calmer life and clearer intelligence

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of nations, and whenever the inherent rights or the moral ideas underlying the movements of society are brought in question, the personal qualities, the honor, the comprehension, the constancy of its leading spirits must contribute largely to the final judgment. In this forum personal and public character are blended, for in great conjunctures it is largely through their representative men that we must interpret the genius of peoples.

A TRUE REPRESENTATIVE MAN OF THE SOUTH.

It was fortunate for the South, for America, and for humanity that at the head of the South in war was a true type of its honor, character, and history—a man whose clear rectitude preserved every complication from impeachment of bad faith ; a patriot whose love of law and liberty were paramount to all expediencies ; a commander whose moderation and firmness could restrain, and whose lofty passion and courage could inspire ; a publicist whose intellectual powers and attainments made him the peer of any statesman who has championed the rights of commonwealths in debate, or stood at the helm when the ship of state encountered the temptest of civil commotion.

HE TRULY REPRESENTED THE SOUTH AS A CONSTITUTIONAL PRESIDENT.

In the tremendous storm which has scarce yet subsided, Jefferson Davis never once forgot that he was a constitutional President under the limits of the fundamental law of the Confederate republic. Some thought that he might have imparted a fiercer energy to his sore-pressed battalions had he grasped the purse and the sword, seized the reins of a dictator and pushed the enterprise of war to its most exigent endeavor. But never once did ambition tempt or stress of circumstances drive him to admit the thought, at war as it was with the principles of the revolution which he led and with the genius of the Southern people. He stood for constitutional right. To him it was the Rock of Ages. Who does not now rejoice that he was inflexible?

HE TRULY REPRESENTED THE SOUTH IN NOT NEGOTIATING FOR PEACE ON OTHER TERMS THAN INDEPENDENCE.

Had a man less sober-minded and less strong than he, been in his place the Confederacy would not only have gone down in material ruin—it would have been buried in disgrace. Excesses, sure to bring

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retribution in the end, would have blotted its career, and weakness would have stripped its fate of dignity. I dismiss, therefore, the unworthy criticism that he should have negotiated peace in February, 1865, when Hon. Francis P. Blair came informally to Richmond, and when, as the result of his mission, Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell met President Lincoln and Secretary Seward in conference at Hampton Roads. Reports have been circulated that at that time peace could have been secured upon a basis of a return to the Union, with payment of some sort to Southern owners for their emancipated slaves. There is no foundation for such belief. The idea which led to the conference was that of Mr. Blair—that the Confederate cause being hopeless, the Confederate leaders could be induced to wheel their columns into line with those of the Union army now thundering at their gates, and then march off to Mexico to assert the Monroe doctrine and expel Maximilian, the usurping emperor, from his throne. But when President Lincoln and Secretary Seward appeared no proposal of any kind was made but unconditional surrender. This was reported, and of course declined. Even had compensation for slaves been proposed, the Confederate soldiers would have repudiated such terms as conditions of surrender. True, they were in dire distress. With scarce a handful, Johnston could only harass Sherman in the South, and the men of Lee could see from their trenches the mighty swarms marshalling in their front. The starvation that clutched at their throats plunged its dagger to their hearts as they thought of loved ones famishing at home. But the brave men who still clung to their tattered standards knew naught of the art or practice of surrender. They thought of Valley Forge and saw beyond it Yorktown. Had not Washington thought of the mountains of West Augusta when driven from his strongholds? Why not they? Had not Jackson left the legacy, "What is life without honor? Dishonor is worse than death." They could not comprehend the idea of surrender, for were they not their fathers' sons?

REVOLUTIONS CAN ONLY DIE IN THE LAST DITCH.

They would rather have died than surrender then, and they were right. Revolutions imply the impossibility of compromise. They never begin until overtures are ended. Once begun, there is no halfway house between victory and death, and they can only die with honor in the last ditch.

Had surrender come before its necessity was manifest to all man-

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kind, reproach, derision and contempt, feud, faction and recrimination would have brought an aftermath of disorder and terror ; and had it been based on such terms as those which critics have suggested, a glorious revolution would have been snuffed out like a farthing candle in a miserable barter about the ransom of slaves.

It was well for all that it was fought to the finish without compromise either tendered or entertained. The fact that it was so fought out gave finality to its result and well-nigh extinguished its embers with its flames. No drop of blood between Petersburg and Appomattox—not one in the last charge—was shed in vain. Peace with honor must pay its price, even if that price be life itself, and it is because the South paid that price with no miser's hand that her surviving soldiers carried home with them the "consciousness of duty faithfully performed." We should rejoice that if weak men wavered before the end, neither Jefferson Davis, nor Robert E. Lee, nor Joseph E. Johnston wavered. Though they and their compeers could not achieve the independence of the Confederacy, they did preserve the independent and unshamed spirit of their people. And it is in that spirit now that men of the South find their shield against calumny, their title to respect, their welcome to the brotherhood of noble men, and their incentive to noble and unselfish deeds.

"If you would know why Rome was great," says a student of her history, "consider that Roman soldier whose armed skeleton was found in a recess near the gate of Pompeii. When burst the sulphurous storm, the undaunted hero dropped the visor of his helmet and stood there to die."

Would you know why the South is great? Look on the new-made grave in Louisiana, and consider the ragged soldier of Bentonville and Appomattox.

EARLY DAYS—DAVIS AND LINCOLN.

After the Revolutionary war Samuel Davis, who had served in it as one of the mounted men of Georgia, settled in Kentucky. Pending the war, in 1782 (the very year that George Rogers Clarke captured Kaskaskia), Thomas Lincoln, of Rockingham county, Virginia, removed to the same State. Jefferson Davis, the son of the first-named settler, was born on June 3, 1808, and on February 12, 1809, was born the son of the other—Abraham Lincoln. Samuel Davis moved to Mississippi. His son became a cadet at West Point under appointment from President Monroe, and soon, commissioned as a lieutenant in the United States army, appeared in the service fighting

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the Indians on the frontier in the Blackhawk war. In early manhood Abraham Lincoln removed to Illinois, and, now, becoming a captain of volunteers, he and Jefferson Davis were under the same flag engaged in the same warfare.

John Hampden and Oliver Cromwell had once engaged passage for America, and George Washington was about to become a midshipman in the British navy. Had not circumstances changed these plans Hampden and Cromwell might have become great names in American history. And suppose Admiral George Washington, under the colors of King George III., had been pursuing the Count D'Estaing, whose French fleet hemmed Cornwallis in at Yorktown—who knows how the story of the great Revolution might have been written? Had Jefferson Davis gone to Illinois and Lincoln to Mississippi, what different histories would be around those names; and yet I fancy that the great struggle with which they were identified would have been changed only in incidents and not in its great currents.

A PLANTER'S LIFE—1835 TO 1843.

In 1835 Lieutenant Davis resigned his commission in the army, intermarried Miss Taylor, a daughter of Zachary Taylor, and retired to his Mississippi estate, where for eight years he spent his time in literary studies and agricultural pursuits—a country gentleman with a full library and broad acres.

Such life as his was that of John Hampden before the country squire suddenly emerged from obscurity as a debater, a leader of Parliament, and a soldier, to plead and fight and die in the people's cause against a tyrant's and a tax-gatherer's exactions. Such life as his was that of many of the fathers of the republic; and when Jefferson Davis entered public life, in 1843, he came—as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Henry, Mason, Clay, Calhoun, and Andrew Jackson had come before him—from a Southern plantation, where he had been the head of a family and the master of slaves.

HIS VARIOUS EMPLOYMENTS FROM 1843 TO 1861.

From 1843 to 1861 the life of Jefferson Davis was spent for the most part in public services, and they were as distinguished as the occasions which called them into requisition were numerous and important. A presidential elector, a member of the House of Representatives, a United States senator (once by appointment and twice by election), a colonel of the Mississippi volunteers in Mexico, twice

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a candidate for Governor of his State before the people—these designations give suggestion of the number and dignity of his employments.

MILITARY SERVICES IN MEXICO.

How he led the Mississippi riflemen in storming Monterey without bayonets; how he threw them into the famous "V" to receive and repulse the Mexican Lancers at the crisis of the battle of Buena Vista; how, though wounded and bleeding from a musket-shot, he sat his horse, and would not quit the field till victory had crowned it, is a picture that hangs conspicuously in the galleries of our history. The movement—prompt, original, and decisive—disclosed the general of rare ability; the personal conduct avouched the hero.

"Colonel Davis," said General Taylor in his report, "though severely wounded, remained in the saddle until the close of the action. His distinguished coolness and gallantry at the head of his regiment on this day entitled him to the particular notice of the government."

Colonel Davis won the battle of Buena Vista, and Buena Vista made General Taylor President.

IN THE CABINET OF PRESIDENT PIERCE.

As Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Pierce, a position which he only accepted after repeated solicitation, he was an officer second to none who has ever administered that department in executive faculty and in benefits bestowed on the military service.

It was under his direction that George B. McClellan (then a captain, afterwards general-in-chief and commander of the Army of the Potomac) was sent with a commission to the Crimea to observe military operations and to study the tactics and conditions of the European armies their engaged, the result of which introduced many improvements.

There was nothing that came within his jurisdiction that he did not methodize and seek to extend to the widest range of utility. Material changes were made in the model of arms. Iron gun-carriages were introduced and experiments made which led to the casting of heavy guns hollow, instead of boring them after the casting. The army was increased by two regiments of cavalry and two of infantry. Amongst his earnest recommendations were the revisions of army regulations; the increase of the medical corps; the introduction of light-infantry tactics; rifled muskets and balls; the

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exploration of the western frontiers, and the maintenance of large garrisons for the defense of settlers against the Indians. And there was no direction in which was not felt his comprehensive understanding and his diligent hand.

His efforts to obtain increased pay for officers and men, and pensions to their widows, betokened those liberal sentiments to the defenders of their country which he never lost opportunity to evince or express.

He refused to carry politics into the matter of clerical appointments, and in selecting a clerk was indifferent whether he was a Democrat or a Whig. To get the best clerk was his sole thought, and while I am not prepared to condemn as spoilsmen those who seek agents in unison with their principles, I can readily recognize the simplicity and loftiness of a nature which pays no heed to considerations of partisan advantage.

The confidence which he inspired was indicated by the trust reposed in him by Congress to take charge of the appropriations made for the construction of the new Senate chamber and hall of Representatives, and of those also to locate the most eligible route for the railway to connect the Mississippi valley with the Pacific coast.

The administration of Franklin Pierce closed in 1857, and it had presented the only instance in our history of a cabinet unchanged for four years in the individuals which composed it. None have filled the executive chair with more fidelity to public interests than Franklin Pierce, and words with which his Secretary of War eulogized him were worthily spoken by one to whom they were equally applicable: "Chivalrous, generous, amiable, true to his friends and his faith, frank and bold in his opinions, he never deceived any one. And if treachery had ever come near him it would have stood abashed in the presence of his truth, his manliness and his confiding simplicity."

FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE IN POLITICS—IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN 1845.

In his first public appearance, in 1843, Mr. Davis had uttered the key-note of his political faith by moving to instruct the delegates from Mississippi to vote for John C. Calhoun as a presidential nominee in a national Democratic convention.

Calhoun was, as he regarded, "the most trusted leader of the South and the greatest and purest statesman in the Senate," and while he did not concur in his doctrines of nullification, he adopted

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otherwise his constitutional views, and in the most part the politics which he advocated. Taking his seat in the House of Representatives in December, 1845, he at once launched into the work and debates of that body, and with his first address made that impression of eloquence and power which he maintained throughout his parliamentary career. John Quincy Adams is said to have predicted on hearing it that he would make his mark, and his prophecy was very soon fulfilled. He advocated, in a resolution offered by himself, the very first month of his service, the conversion of some of the military posts into schools of instruction, and the substitution of detachments furnished proportionately by the States for the garrisons of enlisted men; and on the 29th of the same month made a forcible speech against Know-Nothingism, which was then becoming popular. He had barely risen into distinguished views by his positions and speeches on these and other subjects, such as the Mexican war and the Oregon question, ere he resigned to take the field in Mexico, and when he returned to public life after the Mexican war it was as a member of the United States Senate.

IN THE SENATE.

It was in that body that his rich learning, his ready information on current topics, and his shining abilities as an orator and debater were displayed to most striking advantage. The great triumvirate, Clay, Webster and Calhoun, were in the Senate then, as were also Cass, Douglas, Bright, Dickinson, King and others of renown, and when Calhoun ere long departed this life the leadership of the States'-Rights party fell upon Jefferson Davis.

The compromise measure of Mr. Clay of 1850 he opposed, and insisted on adhering to the line of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, on the ground that "pacification had been the fruit borne by that tree, and it should not have been ruthlessly hewn down and cast into the fire." Meeting Mr. Clay and Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, together in the Capitol grounds one day, Mr. Clay urged him in a friendly way to support his bill, saying he thought it would give peace to the country for thirty years, and then he added to Mr. Berrien, "You and I will be under ground before that time, but our young friend here may have trouble to meet."

Mr. Davis replied: "I cannot consent to transfer to posterity an issue that is as much ours as theirs, when it is evident that the sectional inequality will be greater than now, and render hopeless the attainment of justice."

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This was his disposition—never to evade or shift responsibility; and that he did meet it is the reason why the issue is now settled, and that ourselves, not our children, were involved in civil war.

When Clay on one occasion bantered him to future discussion, "Now is the moment," was the prompt rejoinder. But these collisions of debate did not chill the personal relations of these two great leaders. Henry Clay was full of that generosity which recognized the foeman worthy of his steel, and frequently evinced his admiration and friendship for Jefferson Davis. Besides, there was a tie between them that breathed peace over all political antagonism. Lieutenant-Colonel Clay, the son of the Whig leader, had been slain in the battle of Buena Vista. "My poor boy," said he to Senator Davis, "usually occupied about one-half of his letters home in praising you." and his eyes filled with tears. When turning to him once in debate, he said: "My friend from Mississippi—and I trust that he will permit me to call him my friend, for between us there is a tie the nature of which we both understand."

Without following, as indeed I could not in this brief hour, the bearings of questions that came before the Senate during his service, or portraying the scenes of digladiation in which they were dealt with, I but pronounce the general verdict when I say that his great parliamentary gifts ranked him easily with the foremost men of that body. He was measured by the side of the giants of his time, and in nothing found unequal.

TWO SPEECHES IN CONGRESS ABOUT THE MEXICAN WAR—DAVIS AND LINCOLN, AGAIN.

In connection with the Mexican war, two speeches were made in the House of Representatives which were filled with the doctrines which all Americans have inherited from the fathers of the republic.

The one of them was made by a man who, with a mind as broad as the continent, advocated the railroad to connect the Mississippi valley with the West, and who poured out from a heart thrilling with the great tradition of his country inspiring appeals for fraternity and union.

"We turn," said he, "from present hostility to former friendship, from recent defection to the time when Massachusetts and Virginia, the stronger brothers of our family, stood foremost and united to defend our common rights. From sire to son has descended the love of our Union in our hearts, as in our history are mingled the names of Concord and Camden, of Yorktown and Saratoga, of Monetrio

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and Plattsburgh, of Chippewa and Erie, of Bowyer and Guilford, and New Orleans and Bunker Hill. Grouped together they form a monument to the common glory of our common country; and where is the Southern man who would wish that monument even less by one of the Northern names that constitute the mass? Who, standing on the ground made sacred by the blood of Warren, could allow sectional feeling to curb his enthusiasm as he looked upon that obelisk which rises a monument to freedom's and his country's triumph, and stands a type of the time, the men and event it commemorates; built of material that mocks the waves of time, without niche or moulding for parasite or creeping thing to rest on, and pointing like a finger to the sky, to raise man's thoughts to philanthropic and noble deeds?"

Scarce had these words died upon the air when there arose another in the House of Representatives, on February 12, 1848—one who had just voted that the war with Mexico was unnecessary and unconstitutional, and who now based his views of the rights attaching by the conquest on the rights of revolution. He said:

"Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better.

"This is a most valuable and most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world.

"Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it.

"Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize, putting down a minority intermingled with or near about them who oppose their movements.

"Such a minority was precisely the case of the Tories of the Revolution. It is a quality of revolutions not to go by old lines or old laws, but to break up both and make new ones."

Who, think you, my countrymen, were these spokesmen?

The one who thus glorified the Union was the Kentucky boy who had moved to Mississippi, and was about to lead her soldiers under the Stars and Stripes in battle, and who now fills the grave of a disfranchised citizen. The other who thus held up revolution as the right which was "to liberate the world" was Abraham Lincoln, the Kentucky boy who moved to Illinois, and who is now hailed as "the defender and preserver of the nation."

BOTH DAVIS AND LINCOLN REVOLUTIONISTS.

Success has elevated the one to a high niche in Fame's proud

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temple. But can failure deny to the other entrance there when we remember that the Temple of Virtue is the gateway of the Temple of Fame? Both of them in their speeches then stood for American principles; both of them in their lives afterwards were the foremost champions of American principles; both of them were revolutionists, and as such must be judged; and Jefferson Davis never advocated an idea that did not have its foundation in the Declaration of Independence; that was not deducible from the Constitution of the United States as the fathers who made it interpreted its meaning; that had not been rung in his ears and stamped upon his heart from the hour when his father baptized him in the name of Jefferson and he first saw the light in a Commonwealth that was yet vocal with the States'-Rights Resolutions of 1798.

A GREAT REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICAN PRINCIPLES AND OF ANGLO-SAXON CHARACTER.

We cannot see the hand on the dial as it moves, but it does move nevertheless, and so surely as it keeps pace with the circling sun, so surely will the hour come when the misunderstandings of the past will be reconciled, and its clamors die away; and then it will be recognized by all that Jefferson Davis was more than the representative of a section, more than the intelligent guide of a revolution, more than the champion of secession. He will stand revealed as a political philosopher, to be numbered amongst the great expounders of American principles and the great heroes and champions of the Anglo-Saxon race. When the turbid streams of war have cleared and flow evenly in their channels, it will also be seen that underneath the hostile currents which impelled two great peoples in collision there was a unity of sentiment which, operating from different poles of circumstances and interest, threw into separate masses those who by natural instinct would have cohered together.

It is easier to note the differences that float upon the surface of social organizations than to detect the congruities and identities that lie beneath them; and critics, in their analyses of character, are more prone to exhibit the striking antitheses of contrast than to linger upon the neutral colors which are common and undistinguishing.

GERMS OF CONTROVERSY NOT IN DIFFERENCES OF RACE, MORALS, OR CREED OF EARLY SETTLERS.

Some fancy that they discern the germs of the controversy of

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1861 in differences between the groups of colonists which settled in Virginia and in Massachusetts, and which they think impressed upon the incipient civilization of the North and South opposing characteristics. The one, they say, brought the notions of the Cavaliers, the other of the Puritans, to America, and that an irrepressible conflict existed between them. To so believe is to be deceived by the merest surface indications. The Puritans and the Cavaliers of England have long since settled their differences in the Old World, and become so assimilated that the traces of old-time quarrel, and, indeed, of political identity, have been completely obliterated; and it would be strange indeed if in little England they of the same race and language were thus blended, that in America, where social adaptation is so much easier and more rapid, they should have remained separate and hostile. Many Cavaliers went to New England, and many Puritans came to Virginia and the South, and their differences disappeared as quickly as they now disappear between disciples of different parties from different sections when thrown into new surroundings with common interests.

NORTH AND SOUTH CONTROLLED BY PREDOMINANT TRAITS OF RACE.

To understand the causes of conflict we must consider the unities of our race, and note the interventions of local causes which differentiated its northern and southern segments.

When this is done, it will be realized that each section has been guided by the predominant traits which it possessed in common, and which inhered in the very blood of its people, and that differences of physical surrounding, not the differences of moral and intellectual character led to their crystallization in masses separated by diversities of interest and opinion and their resulting passions. These diverse interests and opinions sprung out of the very soil on which they made their homes even as the pine rises to towering heights in the granite hills of the North, and the palmetto spreads its luxuriant foliage on the Southland. The bear of the polar region takes his whiteness from the cold sky, and the bear of the tropics turns dark under the blazing heavens. The same breeze upon the high seas impels one ship north, another south, one east, and another west, according to the angle in which it strikes the sail. Natural causes operating under fixed laws changed the civilization of the North and South; but though their people were moved in opposite directions, he who searches for impelling forces will find them nearly, if not quite, identical.

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THE UNITIES OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

What are the unities of our race? They are—first, aversion to human bondage; second, race integrity; third, thirst for power and broad empire; fourth, love of confederated union; fifth, assertion of local liberty, if possible, within the bounds of geographical and governmental union; sixth, but assertion of local liberty and individual right under all circumstances, at all times and at any cost. These traits are so strong as to be the natural laws of the race. One or another of them has lost its balance in the conflict between interest and instinct, but only to reappear with renewed vigor when the suppressing circumstances were removed, and he who follows their operation will hold the key to the ascendency of Anglo-Saxon character and to its wonderful success in grasping imperial domains and crowning freedom as their sovereign.

It will not do to dispute the existence of these natural laws of race because they have been time and again overruled by greed, by ambition, or by the overwhelming influence of alien or hostile forces. As well dispute the courage of the race because now and then a division of its troops have become demoralized and broken in battle. Through the force of these laws this race has gone around the globe with bugles and swords, and banners and hymn-books, and school-books and constitutions, and codes and courts, striking down old-time dynasties to ordain free principles; sweeping away barbaric and savage races that their own seed might be planted in fruitful lands; disdaining miscegenation with inferior races, which corrupts the blood and degenerates the physical, mental and moral nature; widening the boundaries of their landed possessions, parcelling them out in municipal subdivisions, and then establishing the maximum of local and individual privilege consistent with the common defense and general warfare of their grand aggregations; and then again, rising in the supreme sovereignty of unfearing manhood against the oppressions of the tax-gatherer and the sword, recasting their institutions, flinging rulers from their high places, wrenching government by the mailed hand into consistency with their happiness and safety, and proclaiming above all the faith of Jefferson—that "Liberty is the gift of God."

JEFFERSON DAVIS ENTITLED TO STAND IN THE PANTHEON OF THE WORLD'S GREAT MEN.

I shall maintain that the Southern people have been as true to these instincts as any portion of their race, and have made for them

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as great sacrifices; that the Southern Confederacy grew out of them, and only in a subsidiary degree in antagonism to any one of them; and I shall also maintain that Jefferson Davis is entitled to stand in the Pantheon of the world's great men on a pedestal not less high than those erected for the images of Hampden, Sidney, Cromwell, Burke and Chatham, of the fatherland, and Washington and Hamilton, Jefferson and Adams, Madison and Franklin, of the New World, who, however varying in circumstance or in personality, were liberty leaders and representatives of great people, great ideas, and great deeds.

UNITY OF THE SOUTHERN COLONIES AGAINST SLAVERY.

On what ground will he be challenged? Did not the Southern folk show originally an aversion to slavery more manifestly even than those of the North? South Carolina protested against it as early as 1727 and as late as 1760. Georgia prohibited it by law. Virginia sternly set her face against it, and levied a tax of ten dollars per head on every negro to prevent it. They were all overridden by the avarice of English merchants and the despotism of English ministers. "Do as you would be done by" is not yet the maxim of our race, which will push off on its weaker brethren that it will not itself accept; and thus slavery was thrust on the South, an uninvited—aye, a forbidden—guest. Quickly did the South stop the slave trade. Though the Constitution forbade the Congress to prohibit it prior to 1808, when that year came every Southern State had itself prohibited it, Virginia leading the list. When Jefferson Davis was born it was gone altogether, save in one State (South Carolina), where it had been revived under combination between large planters of the South and ship-owners and slave traders of the North.

Fine exhibition, too, was that of unselfish Southern patriotism when in 1787, by Southern votes and Virginia's generosity, and under Jefferson's lead, the great northwestern territory was given to the Union and to freedom.

UNITY OF AMERICAN COLONIES IN YIELDING TO SLAVERY.

But the South yielded to slavery, we are told. Yes; but did not all America do likewise? Do we not know that the Pilgrim fathers enslaved both the Indian and African race, swapping young Indians for the more docile blacks lest the red slave might escape to his native forest?

Listen to his appeal to Governor Winthrop: "Mr. Endicott and

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myself salute you on the Lord Jesus. We have heard of a division of women and children, and would be glad of a share—viz., a young woman or a girl and a boy, if you think good."

Do we not hear Winthrop himself recount how the Pequods were taken "through the Lord's great mercy, of whom the males were sent to Bermuda and the females distributed through the bay towns, to be employed as domestic servants"? Did not the prisoners of King Philip's war suffer a similar fate? Is it not written that when one hundred and fifty Indians came voluntarily into the Plymouth garrison they were all sold into captivity beyond the seas? Did not Downing declare to Winthrop, "if upon a just war the Lord should deliver them (the Narragansetts), we might easily have men, women, and children enough to exchange for Moors, which will be more gainful pillage to us than we can conceive, for I do not see how we can thrive until we get in a stock of slaves sufficient to do all our business"? Were not choice parcels of negro boys and girls consigned to Boston from the Indies, and advertised and sold at auction, until after independence was declared? Was not the first slave-ship in America fitted out by the Pilgrim Colony? Was not the first statute establishing slavery enacted in Massachusetts in 1641, with a certain comic comprehensiveness providing that there should "never be any bond slavery unless it be of captives taken in just war, or of such as willingly sold themselves or were sold to them"? Did not the United Colonies of New England constitute the first American Confederacy that recognized slavery? and was not the first fugitive slave law originated at their bidding? All this is true. Speak slowly, then, O! man of the North, against the Southern slave owners, or the Southern Chief, lest you cast down the images of your ancestors, and their spirits rise to rebuke you for treading harshly on their graves. On days of public festival, when you hold them up as patterns of patriotism, take care lest you be accused of passing the counterfeit coin of praise. Disturb not too rudely the memories of the men who defended slavery; say naught of moral obliquity, lest the venerable images of Winthrop and Endicott be torn from the historic pages of the Pilgrim Land, and the fathers of Plymouth Rock be cast into utter darkness.

UNITY OF AMERICA IN SLAVERY WHEN INDEPENDENCE WAS DECLARED AND THE CONSTITUTION ORDAINED.

When independence was declared at Philadelphia, in 1776, America was yet a unit in the possession of slaves, and when the Constitution

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of 1787 was ordained the institution still existed in every one of the thirteen States, save Massachusetts only. True, its decay had begun where it was no longer profitable, but every State united in its recognition in the Federal compact, and the very fabric of our representative government was built upon it, as three fifths of the slaves were counted in the basis of representation in the Congress of the United States, and property in it was protected by rigid provisions regarding the rendition of fugitive slaves escaping from one State to another.

Thus embodied in the Constitution; thus interwoven with the very integuments of our political system; thus sustained by the oath to support the Constitution, executed by every public servant and by the decisions of the supreme tribunals, slavery was ratified by the unanimous voice of the nation, and was consecrated as an American institution and as a vested right by the most solemn pledge and sanction that man can give.

Deny to Jefferson Davis entry to the Temple of Fame because he defended it? Cast out of it first the fathers of the republic. Brand with the mark of condemnation the whole people from whom he inherited the obligation, and by whom was imposed upon him the oath to support their deed. America must prostrate herself in sack-cloth and ashes, repent her history and revile her creators and her being ere she can call recreant the man of 1861 who defended the heritage and promise of a nation.

LINCOLN AND SLAVERY—"CHARITY TO ALL."

There is a statue in Washington city of him who uttered the words, "Charity to all, malice to none," and he is represented in the act of breaking the manacles of a slave.

Suppose there were carved on its pedestal the words: "Do the Southern people really entertain fears that a Republican administration would directly or indirectly interfere with the slaves or with them about their slaves?"

"The South would be in no more danger in this respect than it was in the days of Washington."

This was his utterance December 22, 1860, after South Carolina had seceded.

Carve again:

"I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it now exists. I believe I

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have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." These are the words of his inaugural address March 4, 1861.

Carve yet again :

"*Resolved*, That this war is not waged upon our part with any purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of these States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union." This resolution Congress passed and he signed it after the first battle of Manassas.

And yet once more :

"I did not at any time say I was in favor of negro suffrage. I declared against it. I am not in favor of negro citizenship."

This opinion he never changed.

These things show in the light of events—the emancipation proclamation, the reconstruction acts, the black suffrage, the anarchy that reigned—that the South read truly the signs of the irrepressible conflict.

They show, further, that by the right of revolution alone can Abraham Lincoln be defended in overthrowing the institution which he pledged himself to guard like Washington, and with it the Constitution which he had sworn "to defend and maintain." And if Jefferson Davis appealed to the sword and needs the mantle of charity to cover him, where would Lincoln stand unless the right of revolution stretched that mantle wide, and a great people wrapped him in its mighty folds?

DECAY OF SLAVERY IN THE NORTH AND GROWTH IN THE SOUTH DUE TO NATURAL AND NOT MORAL CAUSES.

As the time wore on, the homogeneous order of the American people changed. It was not conscience but climate and soil which effected this change, or rather the instinct of aversion to bondage rose up in the North just in proportion as the temptation of interest subsided.

The inhospitable soil of New England repelled the pursuits of agriculture and compelled to those of commerce and the mechanic arts. In these the rude labor of the untutored African was unprofitable, and the harsh climate was uncongenial to the children of the Dark Continent translated from its burning suns to these frigid shores. Slavery there was an exotic; it did not pay, and its roots soon decayed, like the roots of a tropic plant in the arctic zone.

In the fertile plantations of the Sunny South there was employ-

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ment for the unskilled labor of the African, and under its genial skies he found a fitting home. Hence natural causes ejected him from the North and propelled him southward ; and as the institution of slavery decayed in northern latitudes it thrived and prospered in the southern clime.

The demand for labor in the North was rapidly supplied by new accessions of Europeans, and as the population increased their opinions were moulded by the body of the society which absorbed and assimilated them as they came; while on the other hand the presence of masses of black men in the South, and the reliance upon them for labor, repelled, in both social and economical aspects, the European immigrants who eagerly sought for homes and employment in the New World. More than this, Northern manufacturers wanted high tariffs to secure high prices for their products in Southern markets, and Southern farmers wanted low tariffs that they might buy cheaply. Ere long it appeared that two opposing civilizations lay alongside of each other in the United States ; and while the roof of a common government was over both of them, it covered a household divided against itself in the very structure of its domestic life, in the nature of its avocations, in the economies of its labor, and in the very tone of its thoughts and aspiration.

Revolution was in the air. An irrepressible conflict had risen.

TWO REVOLUTIONS RISING ON PARALLEL LINES—THE REVOLUTION OF THE NORTH AGAINST THE CONSTITUTION.

There were indeed two revolutions forming in the American republic. The one was a Northern revolution against a Constitution which had become distasteful to its sentiments and unsuited to its needs. As the population of the East moved westward across the continent, the Southern emigrant to the new territories wished to carry with him his household servants, while the Northerner saw in the negro a rival in the field of labor which cheapened its fruits, and degraded, as he conceived, its social status.

Thus broke out the strife which raged in the territories of Northern latitudes, and as it widened it assailed slavery in every form, and denounced as "a covenant with death and with hell" the Constitution which had guaranteed its existence.

The formula of the Northern revolution was made by such men as Charles Sumner, who took the ground of the higher law, that the Constitution itself was unconstitutional, and that it was not in the

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power of man to create by oath or mandate property in a slave—a revolutionary idea striking to the root and to the subversion of the fundamental law which Washington, Adams, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, and their compeers had joined in making, and under which the United States had fought its battle and attained its wonderful growth for three-quarters of a century.

THE NORTHERN GIANT—FREE WHITE LABOR.

"The Impending Crisis," Helper's book, appeared, and, endorsed by sixty-eight abolition members of Congress, went far and wide. The spirit of the times is indicated in its doctrines. "Never another vote for a slavery advocate; no co-operation with slavery in politics; no fellowship in religion; no affiliation in society; no patronage to pro-slavery merchants; no guestship in a slave-waiting hotel; no fee to a pro-slavery lawyer; none to a pro-slavery physician; no audience to a pro-slavery parson; no subscription to a pro-slavery newspaper; no hiring of a slave; but the utmost encouragement of *Free White Labor.*" "FREE WHITE LABOR!" This was the Northern giant that stalked into the field.

THE SOUTHERN REVOLUTION.

Meantime the Northern revolution against the Constitution was being combatted by the rise of the Southern revolution looking to withdrawal from the Union whose Constitution was unacceptable to the Northern people.

But it was not hatred to Union or love of slavery that inspired the South, nor love of the negro that inspired the North. Profounder thoughts and interests lay beneath these currents. The rivalry of cheap negro labor, aversion to the negro and to slavery alike, were the spurs of Northern action; that of the South was race integrity. FREE WHITE DOMINION! The Southern giant rose and faced its foe.

THE SOUTH STANDS FOR RACE INTEGRITY.

The instinct of race integrity is the most glorious, as it is the predominant characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the sections have it in common. Fiercely did it sweep the red men before it; swiftly did it brush away the Chinese in the West and North, burning their homes, cutting their throats when they pressed too hard in rivalry, and then breaking treaties to hurl them back across the

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Pacific ocean to their native shores. Four million of black men lived in the South side by side with the white race; and race integrity now incensed the South to action.

Look further southward beyond the confines of our country, and behold how the Latin races have commingled their blood with the aborigines and negroes, creating mongrel republics and empires, where society is debased and where governments, resting on no clear principles, swing like pendulums between the extremes of tyranny and license.

On the contrary, the American element at the South—and I quote a profound Northern writer in saying it—"guarded itself with the strictest jealousy from any such baleful contaminations." But what a picture of horror rose before its eyes as it contemplated the freeing of the slaves. John C. Calhoun had drawn that picture in vivid colors which now, recalling the days of carpet-bag and negro ascendency, seems like a prophet's vision. "If I owned the four million of slaves in the South," said Robert Lee, "I would sacrifice all for the Union." And so, indeed, would the Southern people. But Lee never indicated how such sacrifice could obtain its object, nor was it possible that it could. It was not the property invested in the slave that stood in the way, for emancipation with compensation for them was then practicable, and was again practicable in early stages of the war, and was indeed offered. But free the slaves, they would become voters; becoming voters, they would predominate in numbers, and so predominating, what would become of white civilization?

This was the question which prevented emancipation in Virginia in 1832. Kill slavery, what will you do with the corpse? Only silent mystery and awful dread answered that question in 1861, while the clamors of abolition grew louder, and the forces were accumulating strength to force the issue. In fourteen Northern States the fugitive-slave law had been nullified. In new territories armed mobs denied access to Southern masters with their slaves. Negro equality became a text of the hustings, and incendiary appeals to the slaves themselves to murder and burn filled the mails.

The insurrection of Nat. Turner had given forecast of scenes as horrible as those of the French Revolution, and the bloody butcheries of San Domingo seemed like an appalling warning of the drama to be enacted on Southern soil.

The crisis was now hastened by two events. In 1854 the Supreme Court, in the Dred-Scott decision, declared the Missouri Compromise of 1820, which limited the extension of slavery to a certain line of

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latitude, unconstitutional. This was welcome to the South, but it fired the Northern heart. In 1859, John Brown, fresh from the border warfare of Kansas, suddenly appeared at Harper's Ferry with a band of misguided men, and, murdering innocent citizens, invoked the insurrection of the slaves. This solidified and almost frenzied the South, and in turn the fate he suffered threw oil upon the Northern flames. Thus fell out of the gathering clouds the first big drops of the bloody storm. In 1860 Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and in his inaugural address he proclaimed his party's creed that the Dred-Scott decision might be reversed. The Southern States were already in procession of secession The high tides of revolution were in their flow.

THE SOUTH AND THE UNION—ITS BATTLES.

Pause, now, upon the threshold, and geography and history will alike tell you that neither in its people nor in its leader was there lack of love for the Union, and that it was with sad hearts that they saw its ligaments torn asunder. Look at the Southern map. There may be read the name of Alamance, where in 1771 the first drop of American blood was shed against arbitrary taxation, and at Mecklenburg, where was sounded the first note of Independence. Before the Declaration at Philadelphia there had risen in the Southern sky what Bancroft termed "the bright morning star of American Independence," where, on the 28th of June, 1776, the guns of Moultrie at the Palmetto fort in front of Charleston announced the first victory of American arms. At King's Mountain is the spot where the rough-and-ready men of the Carolinas and the swift riders of Virginia and Tennessee had turned the tide of victory in our favor, and there at Yorktown is the true birth spot of the free nation. Right here I stand to-night on the soil of that State which first of all America stood alone free and independent? Beyond the confines of the South her sons had rendered yeoman service; and would not the step of the British conqueror have been scarce less than omnipotent had not Morgan's riflemen from the Valley of Virginia and the peerless commander of Mt. Vernon appeared on the plains of Boston? You may follow the tracks of the Continentals at Long Island, Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown, Valley Forge, Monmouth and Morristown by the blood and the graves of the Southern men who died on Northern soil, far away from their homes, answering the question with their lives: Did the South love the Union?

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THE LOVE OF THE SOUTH FOR AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Did not the South love American institutions? What school-boy cannot tell? Who wrote the great Declaration? Who threw down the gage, "Liberty or Death?" Who was chief framer of the Constitution? Who became its great expounder? Who wrote the Bill of Rights which is copied far and wide by free commonwealths? Who presided over the convention that made the Constitution and became in field and councils its all and all defender? Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Marshall, Mason, Washington, speak from your graves and give the answer.

THE SOUTH LEADS IN ACQUIRING THE NATIONAL DOMAIN.

Did not the South do its part in acquiring the imperial domain of the nation? When the Revolution ended the thirteen States that lay on the Atlantic seaboard rested westward in a wilderness, and the Mississippi marked the extreme limits of their claims as the Appalachian range marked the bounds of civilization. The northwestern territory north of the Ohio river, which now embraces Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, was conquered by George Rogers Clarke, a soldier of Virginia, under commissions from Patrick Henry as Governor. But for this conquest the Ohio would have been our northern boundary, and by Virginia's gift and Southern votes this mighty land was made the dowry of the Union.

Kentucky, the first-born State that sprung from the Union, was a Southern gift to the new confederation. The great territory stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Rocky mountains' gate and to far-off Oregon was acquired by Jefferson, as President, from Napoleon, then First Consul of France, and the greatest area ever won by diplomacy in history added to the Union. John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, offered the bill in 1812 which proclaimed the second war of independence. President Madison, of Virginia, led the country through it, and at New Orleans Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, achieved its culminating victory.

It is a Northern scholar (Theodore Roosevelt) who says:

"Throughout all the Northwest, where Ohio was the State most threatened, the troops of Kentucky formed the bulk of the American army, and it was a charge of their mounted riflemen which at a blow won the battle of the Thames.

"Again, on the famous January morning, when it seemed as if the

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fair Creole city was already in Packenham's grasp, it was the wild soldiery of Tennessee who, laying behind their mud breastworks, peered out through the lifting fog at the scarlet array of the English veterans as the latter, fresh from their victories over the best troops of Europe, advanced for the first time to meet defeat."

In 1836 Samuel Houston, sprung from the soil of that very county which now holds the ashes of Lee and Jackson, won the battle of San Jacinto, and achieved Texan independence. In 1845, under James K. Polk, of Tennessee, a Southern President, it was admitted into the Union, and a little later the American armies, led by two Southern generals, Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott, and composed more than half of Southern soldiers, made good the cause of the Lone Star State, enlarged its boundaries, and acquired New Mexico and California. Thus was stretched the canopy of the wide heavens that now spread over the American republic ; and, counting the constellation of forty-two stars that glitter in it, forget not, ye who have sentiment of justice, that over thirty of them were sown there by measures and by deeds in which Southern States and Southern soldiers took a leading part, and in which the patriotism and love of Union of the South never faltered.

SECESSION.

If the people with such a history could have adopted secession, mighty indeed must have been the propulsion to it. I shall not discuss its policy, for it would be as vain a thing to do as to discuss that of the Revolution of 1776. Each revolution concluded the question that induced it. Slavery was the cause of our civil war, and with the war its cause perished. But it should be the desire of all to understand each other and to think well of each other, and the mind capable of just and intelligent reflection should not fail, in judging the past, to remember the conditions and views that controlled the Southern people and their leader.

Remember that their forefathers, with scarce less attachment to the British government, and with less conflict of interest, had set the precedent, seceding themselves from the British empire, tearing down ancient institutions, revolutionizing the very structure of society, and giving proud answers to all accusers in the new evangel of the West that the people have a right to alter or abolish government whenever it becomes destructive to their happiness or safety.

I have found nowhere evidence that Jefferson Davis urged seces-

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sion, though he believed in the right, approved the act of Mississippi after it had been taken, felt himself bound by his State allegiance whether he approved or no, and then, like all his Southern countrymen, did his best to make it good. Remember that the Federal Constitution was silent as to secession; that the question was one of inference only, and that implications radiated from its various provisions in all directions.

If one argued that the very institute of government implied perpetuity, as Lincoln did in his first inaugural address, another answered that reservations to the States of powers not delegated rebutted the implication; another that the government and the Constitution had come into being in that free atmosphere which breathed the declaration that they must rest upon the consent of the government; and yet another answered, in Lincoln's own language, that any people anywhere had the right to shake off government, and that this was the right that "would liberate the world."

RIGHT OF SECESSION NOT DENIED UNTIL RECENTLY.

Remember that this right of secession had never been denied until recent years; that it had been preached upon the hustings, enunciated in political platforms, proclaimed in the Senate and in the House of Representatives, embodied in our literature, taught in our schools and colleges, interwoven with the texts of jurisprudence, and maintained by scholars, statesmen and constituencies of all States and sections of the country.

SECESSION AN OPEN QUESTION IN 1861.

Remember, furthermore, that secession was an open question in 1861. No statute had ever declared, no executive had ever proclaimed, no court had held, it to be unconstitutional. The States had declared themselves to be free and independent. American sovereignty was hydra-headed, and each State had its own statute, defining and punishing treason against itself. No man could have an independent citizenship of the United States, but could only acquire citizenship of the federation by virtue of citizenship of one of the States. The eminent domain of the soil remained in the State, and to it escheated the property of the intestate and heirless dead. Was not this the sovereign that "had the right to command in the last resort"?

Tucker had so taught in his commentaries on Blackstone, writing

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from old Williamsburg; so Francis Rawle, the eminent lawyer whom Washington had asked to be Attorney-General, writing on the Constitution, in Philadelphia; and so DeTocqueville, the most acute and profound foreign writer on American institutions.

NO ARBITER TO DECIDE THE QUESTION OF SECESSION.

Where could an arbiter be found? There was no method of invoking the Supreme Court; it had no jurisdiction to coerce a State or summon it to its bar. Nor could its decree be final. For it is a maxim of our jurisprudence uttered by Jefferson, and reiterated by Lincoln in his first inaugural address, that its decisions may be reconsidered and reversed and bind only the clients.

SECESSION PREACHED AND THREATENED IN ALL SECTIONS—THE NORTHERN RECORD FOR IT AND AGAINST EXTENSION OF THE UNION.

Recall the history of the doctrine; forget not that the first mutterings of secession had come from the North as early as 1793, in opposition to the threatened war with England, when the sentiments uttered by Theodore Dwight in his letter to Wolcott were widespread. "Sooner would ninety-nine out of a hundred of our inhabitants separate from the Union than plunge themselves into an abyss of misery."

Nullification broke out in the South in 1798, led by Jefferson, and again in 1830, led by Calhoun; but in turn secession or nullification was preached in and out of Congress, in State Legislatures, in mass-meetings and conventions in 1803, 1812 and in 1844 to 1850, and in each case in opposition made by the North to wars or measures conducted to win the empire and solidify the structure of the Union.

While Jefferson was annexing Louisiana, Massachusetts legislators were declaring against it as "forming a new confederacy, to which the States united by the former compact were not bound to adhere."

While new States were being admitted into the Union out of its territory, and the war of 1812 was being conducted, Josiah Quincy was maintaining the right of secession in Congress; the Eastern States were threatening to exercise that right, and the Hartford Convention was promulgating the doctrine.

When Texas was annexed, and Jefferson Davis was in Congress advocating it, Massachusetts was declaring it unconstitutional, and

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that any such "act or admission would have no binding obligation on its people."

While the Mexican war was being fought and the soldier statesman of Mississippi was carrying the Stars and Stripes in glory over the heights of Monterey, and bleeding under them in the battle shock of Buena Vista, Abraham Lincoln was denouncing the war as unconstitutional, and Northern multitudes were yet applauding the eloquence of the Ohio orator who had said in Congress that the Mexicans should welcome our soldiers "with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

CANDID VIEW FROM THE NORTH.

Consider these grave words, which are but freshly written in the life of Webster by Henry Cabot Lodge, who is at this time a Republican representative in Congress from the city of Boston, Massachusetts:

When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of States at Philadelphia, and accepted by votes of States in popular conventions, it was safe to say there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton, on the one side, to George Clinton and George Mason, on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States, *and from which each and every State had the right to peaceably withdraw—a right which was very likely to be exercised.*

CONTEMPORARY NORTHERN OPINIONS OF SECESSION.

Recall the contemporary opinions of Northern publicists and leading journals. The New York *Herald* considered coercion out of the question. On the 9th of November, 1860, the New York *Tribune*, Horace Greeley being the editor, said:

"If the cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary one, but it exists nevertheless, and we do not see how one party can have the right to do what another party has a right to prevent. We must ever resist the asserted right of any State to remain in the Union and nullify or defy the laws thereof; to withdraw from the Union is quite another matter."

This was precisely the creed of Jefferson Davis.

Again, on the 17th day of December, after the secession of South Carolina, that journal said:

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"If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British empire of three millions of colonists in 1776, we do not see why it would not justify the secession of five millions of Southerners from the Federal Union in 1861. If we are mistaken on the point, why does not some one attempt to show wherein and why?"

And yet again, on the 23d of February, after Mr. Davis had been inaugurated as President at Montgomery, it said:

"We have repeatedly said, and we once more insist, that the great principle embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of American Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, is sound and just, and that if the slave States, the cotton States, or the Gulf States only choose to form an independent nation they have a clear moral right to do so."

THE BALANCE OF POWER THE POLITICAL QUESTION UNDERLYING SECESSION.

The controlling truth was, that two incompatible and hostile civilizations were in ceaseless conflict, and the balance of power between them, like the balance of power in Europe, dominated the politics of the country. There was equilibrium between these rival powers and sections when their race began, and each in turn threatened secession as the equilibrium trembled to the one side or the other.

This was the cause of Northern hostility to the Louisiana, the Texas, and Mexican annexations, and this the cause of Southern contention for territorial rights in Kansas and Nebraska.

Having given the North generous advantages in the northwestern territory in 1787, and foreseeing the doom of her institutions and the upheaval of her society, with the balance of power lost to her, and unable to maintain herself in the Union on an issue which involved not only two thousand millions of property, but far more than that—the peace of society, the integrity, purity, and liberty of the white race—the South adopted in 1861 the measure which the Northern States had often threatened, but never attempted, against the Union—the measure which all Americans had not only attempted, but had consecrated as just in principle and vindicated by deed in 1776.

THE UNITED STATES TREATED SECESSION AS A POLITICAL QUESTION AND MET IT BY REVOLUTION.

The historian will note that while the United States declared war on the ground that secession was treason, they practically treated it

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as a political question of territorial integrity. They accorded belligerent rights to the Confederacy, exchanged prisoners, and gave paroles of war, and revolutionized all theories and constitutional mandates to carry their main point—the preservation of the Union. General Grant says of their legislation in his Memoirs: "Much of it was no doubt unconstitutional, but it was hoped that the laws enacted would subserve their purpose before their constitutionality could be submitted to the judiciary and a decision obtained." Of the war he says: "The Constitution was not framed with a view to any such rebellion as that of 1861–'65. While it did not authorize rebellion, it made no provision against it. Yet," he adds, "the right to resist or suppress rebellion is as inherent as the right of an individual to preserve his life when it is in jeopardy. The Constitution was, therefore, in abeyance for the time being, so far as it in any way affected the progress and termination of the war."

This is revolution.

Indicted for treason, Jefferson Davis faced his accusers with the uplifted brow and dauntless heart of innocence, and eagerly asked a trial. If magnanimity had let him pass it would have been appreciated; but they who punished him without a hearing, before they set him free, now proceeded to amend the Constitution to disfranchise him and his associates, finding, like Grant, nothing in it as it stood against such movement as he led.

It may be that but for the assassination of President Lincoln—most infamous and unhappy deed—which

> "Uproared the universal peace
> And poured the milk of Concord into hell,"

the country would have been spared the shame of President Davis's cruel incarceration and the maiming of the Constitution.

For I can scarcely believe that he who three times overruled emancipation; who appealed to "indispensable necessity" as justification for "laying strong hands on the colored element"; who candidly avowed Northern "complicity" in the wrongs of his time; who said, "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me"; who had preached revolution in 1848, and revolutionized all things to save the Union in 1862—I can scarcely believe it possible that one of his broad mind and generous heart would have persecuted an honorable foe. It has been a wonder to me that those who justly applaud his virtues have not copied his ex-

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ample ; wonder, indeed, that all men have not seen that the events which controlled him controlled also his antagonist.

THE COUNTRY UNIFIED BY NATURAL LAWS.

The United States have been unified by natural laws, kindred to those which unified the South in secession, but greater because wider spread. Its physical constitution, in 1861, answered to the Northern mind the written Constitution and the traditions of our origin to which the South appealed. The Mississippi river, the natural outlet of a new-born empire to the sea, was a greater interpreter to it than the opinions of statesmen who lived when the great new commonwealths were yet in the wilderness, and before the great republic spanned the father of waters.

The river, seeking its bed as it rolls oceanward, pauses not to consider whose are the boundaries of the estates through which it flows. If a mountain barrier stands in the way, it forms a lake until the accumulated waters break through the impeding wall or dash over it in impetuous torrents. So nations in their great movements seem to be swept out of the grooves defined by the laws of man, and are oftentimes propelled to destinies greater than those conjured in their dreams.

THE CONSTITUTION OF NATURE AND THE JURY OF THE SWORD.

The rivalry, not the harmony, of sections won the empire of the Union; its physical constitution proved more powerful than its written one; in the absence of a judge all appealed to the jury of the sword. We belong to a high-handed race and understand the law of the sword, for the men of independence in 1776 and 1861 were of the same blood as those who in each case cried, "Disperse, ye rebels." And were I of the North I would prefer to avow that it made conquest by the high hand, than coin the great strife that marshalled over three millions of soldiers into police-court technicalities and belittles a revolution continent wide into the quelling of an insurrection and the vicarious punishment of its leader. The greatest conqueror proclaims his naked deed.

THE SOUTH IN THE UNION AT HOME.

As we are not of the North, but of the South, and are now, like all Americans, both of and for the Union, bound up in its destinies, con-

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tributing to its support and seeking its welfare, I feel that as he was the hero in war who fought the bravest, so he is the hero now who puts the past in its truest light, does justice to all, and knows no foe but him who revives the hates of a bygone generation.

If we lost by war a Southern union of thirteen States, we have yet a common part in a continental union of forty-two, to which our fathers gave their blood, and upon which they shed their blessings; and a people who could survive four years of such experience as we had in 1861-'65 can work out their own salvation on any spot of earth that God intended for man's habitation. We are, in fact, in our father's home, and it should be, as it is, our highest aim to develop its magnificent possibilities, and make it the happiest dwelling-place of the children of men.

JEFFERSON DAVIS A LOVER OF THE UNION.

The Southern leader was no secessionist *per se*. His antecedents, his history, his services, his own earnest words often uttered, attest his love of the Union and his hope that it might endure. In 1853, in a letter to Hon. William J. Brown, of Indiana, he repudiated the imputation that he was a disunionist.

"Pardon," he said, "pardon the egotism, in consideration of the occasion, when I say to you that my father and uncles fought in the Revolution of 1776, giving their youth, their blood, and their little patrimony to the constitutional freedom which I claim as my inheritance. Three of my brothers fought in the war of 1812; two of them were comrades of the Hero of the Hermitage, and received his commendation for gallantry at New Orleans. At sixteen years of age I was given to the service of my country. For twelve years of my life I have borne its arms and served it zealously, if not well. As I feel the infirmities which suffering more than age has brought upon me, it would be a bitter reflection indeed if I was forced to conclude that my countrymen would hold all this light when weighed against the empty panegyric which a time-serving politician can bestow upon the Union, for which he never made a sacrifice.

"In the Senate I announced if any respectable man would call me a disunionist I would answer him in monosyllables. But I have often asserted the right for which the battles of the Revolution were fought, the right of a people to change their government whenever it was found to be oppressive and subversive of the objects for which governments are instituted, and have contended for the independ-

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ence and sovereignty of the States; a part of the creed of which Jefferson was the apostle, Madison the expounder, and Jackson the consistent defender."

REPUDIATION OF DISUNIONISM AND EFFORTS TO SAVE THE UNION.

Four years later, when Senator Fessenden, of Maine, said, turning to him: "I have avowed no disunion sentiments on this floor; can the honorable gentleman from Mississippi say as much?" Mr. Davis answered: "Yes; I have long sought for a respectable man to allege the contrary." And the imputation ended with the unanswered challenge to produce the evidence. Even when secession seemed a foregone conclusion, Mr. Davis stroved to avert it, being ready at any time to adopt the Crittenden measures of compromise if they were accepted by the opposition; and when the representatives and senators from Mississippi were called in conference with the Governor of that State, in December, 1860, he still advised forbearance "as long as any hope of a peaceful remedy remained," declaring that he felt certain, from his knowledge of the people North and South, that "if once there was a clash of arms the contest would be one of the most sanguinary the world had ever witnessed." But a single member of the conference agreed with him; several of its members were so dissatisfied with his position that they believed him entirely opposed to secession and as seeking delay with the hope that it might be averted; and the majority overruling his counsels, he then announced that he would stand by any action which might be taken by the convention representing the sovereignty of the State of Mississippi. Thus he stood on the brink of war, conservative, collected, appreciating the solemn magnitude of the crisis, and although the pencil of hostile passion has otherwise portrayed him, I do not believe there was a man living in 1861 who could have uttered more sincerely than he the words of Addison: "Is there not some chosen curse, some hidden thunder in the stars of Heaven, red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?"

PLEADING FOR CONCILIATION.

Pleading still for conciliation, on January 10, 1861, it was the heart of a patriot and not that of the ambitious aspirant from which flowed these words;

"What, senators, to-day is the condition of the country? From

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every corner of it comes the wailing cry of patriotism pleading for the preservation of the great inheritance we derived from our fathers. Is there a senator who does not daily receive letters appealing to him to use even the small power which one man here possesses to save the rich inheritance our fathers gave us? Tears are trickling down the faces of men who have bled for the flag of their country and are willing now to die for it; but partriotism stands powerless before the plea that the party about to come to power adopted a platform, and that come what will, though ruin stare us in the face, consistency must be adhered to, even though the government be lost."

Even as he spoke, though perhaps as yet unknown to him, Mississippi the day before had passed the ordinance of secession.

FAREWELL TO THE SENATE.

On the 20th of January he rose in the Senate to announce that fact, and that "of course his functions there were terminated."

In language characterized by dignity and moderation, in terms as decorous and in sentiments as noble as became a solemn crisis and a high presence, he bade farewell to the Senate.

"In the course of my service here," he said, "associated at different times with a great variety of Senators, I see now around me some with whom I have served long. There may have been points of collision, but whatever of offense there has been to me I leave here. I carry with me no hostile remembrance. Whatever offense I have given which has not been redressed, or for which satisfaction has not been demanded, I have, Senators, in this hour of our parting, to offer you my apology for any pain which in the heat of discussion I have inflicted. I go hence unincumbered of the remembrance of any injury received, and I have discharged the duty of making the only reparation in my power for any injury offered."

In clear statement he summarized his political principles.

"It is known to you, Senators, who have served with me here, that I have for many years advocated, as an essential attribute of State sovereignty, the right of a State to secede from the Union"; but he hoped none would "confound the expression with the advocacy of the right of a State to remain in the Union and to disregard the constitutional obligation by the nullification of the law. Such is not my theory. Secession belongs to a different class of remedies. It is to be justified upon the basis of State sovereignty. There was a time when none denied it."

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He pointed out that the position he then assumed was the same that he had occupied when Massachusetts had been arraigned at the bar of the Senate, and when the doctrine of coercion was ripe and to be applied against her because of the rescue of a fugitive slave in Boston. "My opinion then was the same as it is now. I then said that if Massachusetts chose to take the last step which separates her from the Union, it is her right to go, and I will neither vote one dollar nor one man to force her back, but will say to her God-speed, in memory of the kind associations which once existed between her and the other States."

In concluding, he said: "I find in myself, perhaps, a type of the general feeling of my constituents towards yours. I am sure I feel no hostility toward you Senators from the North. I am sure there is not one of you, whatever sharp discussions there may have been between us, to whom I cannot now say, in the presence of my God, I wish you well, and such, I am sure, is the feeling of the people whom I represent towards those whom you represent.

"I therefore feel that I but express their desire when I say I hope, and they hope, for peaceable relations with you, though we must part.

"They may be mutually beneficial to us in the future, as they have been in the past, if you so will it.

"The reverse may bring disaster on every portion of our country; and if you will have it thus, we will invoke the God of our fathers who delivered them from the power of the Lion to protect us from the ravages of the Bear, and thus putting our trust in God, and in our firm hearts and strong arms we will vindicate the right as best we may."

SECESSION AND VIRGINIA.

Well was that pledge redeemed. South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, Virginia, and North Carolina, Arkansas, and Tennessee, all seceded, while Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland were divided in sentiment. Jefferson Davis became by unanimous selection President of the Confederate States of America; the capital, first planted at Montgomery, was removed here to Richmond, and for four years the new republic waged for its life the mightiest warfare of modern times. "There was something melancholy and grand," says a Northern historian, "in the motives that caused Virginia at last to make common cause" with the South. Having made it, she has borne her part with a sublimity of heroism

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such as was never surpassed, and has uttered no cry in the majesty of her sorrows.

No State has done more for peace than Virginia, as none had done more originally for union; no State more reluctantly or more unselfishly drew the sword; no State wielded a brighter or sterner blade after it was drawn; no State suffered so much by it; no State used triumph with more generosity or faced defeat with greater dignity; no State has abided the fate of war with greater magnanimity or greater wisdom; and no State turns her face with fairer hope or steadier courage to the future. It seemed the very sarcasm of destiny that the Mother of States should have been the only one of all the American Commonwealths that was cut in twain by the sword. But it is the greatness of spirit, not the size of the body, that makes the character and glory of the State, as of the man; and old Virginia was never worthier the love of her sons and the respect of all mankind than to-day as she uncovers her head by the bier of the dead chieftain whose fortunes she followed in storm and trial, and to whose good fame she will be true, come weal, come woe.

THE ODDS AGAINST THE CONFEDERACY EXPLAIN ITS FALL.

I shall make no *post-mortem* examination of the Confederacy in search of causes for its fall. When an officer during the war was figuring on prospects of success, General Lee said to him: "Put up your pencil, Colonel; if we follow the calculations of figures, we are whipped already."

Twenty millions of people on the one side, nine millions (and half of them slaves) on the other; a great navy, arsenals, armies, factories, railroads, boundless wealth and science, and an open world to draw upon for resources and reinforcements upon the one side, and little more than a thin line of poorly armed and half-fed soldiery upon the other, pitted one man against two—a glance of the eye tells the story of the unequal contest. As my noble commander (General Early) said: "I will not speculate on the causes of failure, as I have seen abundant causes for it in the tremendous odds brought against us."

That President Davis made mistakes I do not doubt; but the percentage of mistakes was so small in the sum of his administration, and its achievements so transcended all proportions of means and opportunities, that mankind will never cease to wonder at their magnitude and their splendor.

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Finances went wrong, some say. Finances always go wrong in failures; but not worse in this case than in the revoluion of 1776, when Washington was at the head. So far did they go wrong then that not even success could rescue the worthless paper money of our fathers from repudiation and oblivion, and even to this day the very worst fling that can be made at the Confederate note reaches a climax in the expression, "It is not worth a continental."

JEFFERSON DAVIS CREATED AND MAINTAINED A NATION.

Blame Jefferson Davis for this or that; discount all that critics say, and then behold the mighty feat which created and for four years maintained a nation; behold how armies without a nucleus were marshalled and armed—how a navy, small indeed, but one that revolutionized the naval warfare of all nations and became the terror of the seas, was fashioned out of old hulks or picked up in foreign places; see how a world in arms was held at bay by a people and a soldiery whom he held together with an iron will and hurled like a flaming thunderbolt at their foes.

THE CABINET OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In his Cabinet he gathered the foremost civilians of the land—Toombs, Hunter, Benjamin, Bragg, Watts, Davis, Memminger, Trenholm, Walker, Randolph, Seddon, Breckenridge, Mallory, Reagan. Good men and true were these, regardful of every duty.

HIS GENERALS AND HIS ARMIES.

To the leadership of his soldiers whom did he delegate? If some Messioner could throw upon the canvas Jefferson Davis in the midst of those chiefs whom he created, what grander knighthood could history assemble?

Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, G. T. Beauregard, Samuel Cooper, and Braxton Bragg were generals of the full rank.

Stonewall Jackson, Forrest, Polk, Hardee, Ewell, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, Hood, Richard Taylor, Holmes, R. H. Anderson, Pemberton, Early, Kirby Smith, Longstreet, Hampton, S. D. Lee, A. P. Stewart, Buckner, Wheeler, and Gordon were their lieutenants.

Major-generals, brigadiers and field officers, cavalry leaders, artillerists, and infantry commanders who became world renowned,

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throng upon the memory. The names of Stuart, Ashby, Morgan, Cleburne, and their compeers spring from the full heart to the lip. Would that time permitted me to call that brilliant roll of the living and the dead; but why need the voice pronounce what all would speak?

Men judge Napoleon by his marshals; judge Jefferson Davis and his chosen chieftains, and the plea of words seems weak indeed by the side of Men and Deeds.

Troop behind them those armies of "tattered uniforms and bright musket"—but no, it is beyond the reach of either brush or chisel to redeem to the imagination such men, such scenes, as shine in their twenty-two hundred combats and battles. Not until some new-born Homer shall touch the harp can mankind be penetrated by a sense of their heroic deeds, and then alone in the grand majestic minstrelsy of epic song.

WAR.

And now that war is flagrant, far and wide on land and sea and river, over the mountains and the plain, rolls the red battle tide and rises the lofty cheer. The son falls, the old father steps in his place. The father falls, the stripling of the play-ground rushes to the front; the boy becomes a man. Lead fails—old battle-fields are raked over, children gather up bullets as they would pluck berries, household ornaments and utensils are broken, and all are moulded into missiles of war. Cannon fail—the very church bells whose mellow chimes have summoned to the altar are melted and now resound with the grim detonations of artillery. Clothes fail—old garments are turned over; rags and exercise are raiment. The battle horse is killed, the ship goes down; the unhorsed trooper and the unshipped tar trudge along with the infantry. The border States are swept away from the Confederacy; the remaining ones gird their loins the tighter. Virginia is divided; there is enough of her left for her heroic heart to beat in. New Orleans is gone; Vicksburg falls; Gettysburg is lost; armies wither; exiles make their home in battle; slender battalions do the duty of divisions. Generals die in the thick fight; captains become generals; a private is a company. Luxuries disappear; necessities become luxuries. Fields are wasted; crops and barns are burned; flocks and herds are consumed, and naught is left but "man and steel—the soldier and his sword."

The desolate winter lays white and bleak upon the land; its chill winds are resisted by warm and true affections.

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Atlanta, Mobile, Charleston, Savannah fall—the Confederacy is cut to pieces. Its fragments become countries with frontiers on skirmish lines and capitals on horseback.

Ports are sealed—the world and the South are parted. All the dearer seems the scant sky that hangs over her bleeding children.

On and on and on come the thickening masses of the North—brave men, bravely led, and ably commanded; and as those of the South grow thinner, theirs grow stronger. Hope sinks; despair stiffens courage.

Everything fails but manhood and womanhood. The woman cooks and weaves and works, nurses the stricken and buries her dead and cheers her living. The man stands to his gun behind Johnston, behind Lee. Petersburg and Richmond starve and bleed, and yet stand dauntless. And here amongst you—while the thunders shake the capitol and the window-panes of his home and the earth trembles—here stands Jefferson Davis, unshaken, untrembling, toiling to give bread to his armies and their kindred, toiling to hold up the failing arms of his veterans, unbelieving that Heaven could decree the fall of such a people.

At last the very fountains of nature fail. The exhausted South falls prone upon its shield.

LET HIM REST IN RICHMOND.

It is gone! All gone! Forever gone! The Confederacy and its sons in gray have vanished; and now at last, hoary with years, the Chieftain rests, his body mingling with the ashes of the brave which once quickened with a country's holy passion.

Hither let that body be borne by the old soldiers of the Confederacy. Here in Richmond, by the James, where was his war home, where his child is buried, where his armies were marshalled, where the Congress sat, where was the capitol, the arsenal, the citadel, the field of glory, and at last the tomb of the Confederacy—here let him be buried, and the land of Washington and Lee and Stonewall Jackson will hold in sacred trust his memory and his ashes.

THE FUTURE WILL HONOR HIM.

The restless tides of humanity will rush hither and thither over the land of battles. The ages will sweep on, and

"Rift the hills, roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the sun."

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The white sails of commerce will thicken on your river and the smoke of increasing factories will blacken the skies. Mountains will pour forth their precious metals, and fields will glow in the garniture of richer harvests. The remnants of lives spared from the battle will be interwoven with the texture of the Union; new stars will cluster upon the flag, and the sons of the South will bear it as their fathers bore it to make the bounds of freedom wider yet. Our great race will meet and solve every problem, however dark, that it now faces, and a people reconciled and mighty will stretch forth their arms to stay those of the oppressor. But no greater souls will rise than those who find rest under the Southern sod from Sumter's battered wall to the trailing vines and ivy leaves of Hollywood, and none will come forth of truer heart or cleaner hands or higher crest to lead them.

To the dust we give his body now; the ages receive his memory. They have never failed to do justice, however tardy, to him who stood by his people and made their cause his own.

The world does not to-day think less of Warren because he fell at Bunker Hill, a red-handed colonial rebel, fighting the old flag of his sovereign even before his people became secessionists from the crown, nor because his yeomen were beaten in the battle.

The great character and work of John Hampden wear no stigma, though he rode out of the battle at Chalgrove stricken to death by a loyal bullet and soon filled a rebel's grave.

Oliver Cromwell is a proud name in English history, though the English republic which he founded was almost as short lived as the Confederacy and was soon buried under the re-established throne of the Stuarts.

And we but forecast the judgment of the years to come when we pronounce that Jefferson Davis was great and pure as statesman, man and patriot.

In the eyes of Him to whom a thousand years are as a watch in the night, the war and the century in which it came are but as a single heart-throb in the breast of time, and when the myriads of this great land shall look back through unclouded skies to the old heroic days, the smoke and stain of battle will have vanished from the hero's name. The tall chieftain of the men who wore the gray will stand before them "with a countenance like the lightning and in raiment as white as snow."

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The Twelfth Georgia Infantry.

Papers, Chiefly Relating to That Command.

[With the following papers numbered 1–13, inclusive, the Editor has been favored by Dr. Francis T. Willis, now of Richmond, Va., late of Georgia.

They are from among papers left by his lamented son, Colonel Edward Willis, Twelfth Georgia Infantry.

This gallant and accomplished young officer was born August 10th, 1840, in Washington, Ga.; entered West Point Military Academy in June, 1857; left there to accept a commission as second lieutenant in the First Georgia State Infantry, February 1st, 1861; was appointed March 30th, 1861, second lieutenant Confederate States Army, and assigned to duty as recruiting officer at Fort Pulaski; he subsequently served, with zeal and efficiency, as adjutant of the Twelfth Georgia regiment of infantry; as Captain and Chief of Staff to General Edward Johnson; as Acting Chief of Artillery on the Staff of General Thomas Jonathan ("Stonewall") Jackson, and, finally, as Colonel Commandant of the Twelfth Georgia Infantry. His ability and judgment commanded confidence, respect, and regard with superior and subordinate.

His heart was warmed with the ardor of the generous Southern clime; he was nerved by a heritage of self-reliance and of affectionate Providence; he had all the pride of the inborn warrior; he had been under martial training, which made him the more, a disciplinarian.

Paramount to circumstance or education, he had intuition; discretion.

In any environment he would have risen in a chosen profession. Nay, more, with the insight given by his written expressions, and verified in the sphere vouchsafed him—he was possessed with the impulse which would have made him useful to his kind in whatever arena he might have been cast.

During the winter of 1863–'64, he was detached, with his command, by General Lee, in trusted service, in the Valley of Virginia. Of his conduct therein, Colonel Charles S. Venable, acting adjutant-general of the Army of Northern Virginia, wrote him, March 3d, 1864: * * * "He [General Lee] directs me to say to you that he is much gratified with your success and with the manner in which you have conducted your operations." In estimate further of the value

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in which General Lee held the qualities of Colonel Willis, Colonel Venable continues, "He wishes you to finish them [the operations] as soon as practicable so as to be able to report to your brigade in time for active operations."

The premature death of Colonel Willis, at the battle of Mechanicsville, at the head of his regiment, May 31st, 1864, deprived the army of an admirable and intrepid officer, when his services were claimed in a higher station, a commission of brigadier-general having been filled for him upon the recommendation of General Lee and others, his commanders.

His conspicuous gallantry in the battles of Alleghany, McDowell, Port Republic, Gaines' Mill, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Boteler's Mill, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg is noted in the personal reports of his several commanders.]

[1] FROM THE GEORGIA TWELFTH REGIMENT.

(Correspondence of the Savannah Republican.)

CAMP ALLEGHANY,
Pocahontas county, Va., 28 July, 1861.

Mr. Editor: Knowing that the people of Georgia feel a deep interest in the condition and movements of the soldiers that represent that State in the service of the Southern Confederacy, and that among your readers are many of the friends and kindred—the parents and children, brothers, sisters and wives—of those attached to the same command with myself, I respectfully ask the privilege of publishing in your columns such items of intelligence, facts, incidents and speculations connected with our own regiment, or the general cause, as may likely interest or instruct the reader.

The Twelfth regiment of Georgia volunteers was organized in Richmond, Va., on the 3d day of July, under the following officers: Edward Johnson, colonel; Z. T. Conner, lieutenant-colonel; Abner Smeade, major; Edward Willis, adjutant; Dr. H. K. Green, surgeon; Robert J. Lightfoot, quartermaster, and Richmond A. Reid, commissary.

The following companies compose the regiment, viz:

"Muckalee Guards," Sumter county, Captain Hawkins.
"Davis Guards," Dooly county, Captain Brown.
"Calhoun Rifles," Calhoun county, Captain Furlow.
"Lowndes Volunteers," Lowndes county, Captain Patterson.
"Davis Rifles," Macon county, Captain McMillan.

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"Central City Blues," Bibb county, Captain Rodgers.
"Muscogee Rifles," Muscogee county, Captain Scott.
"Marion Guards," Marion county, Captain Blandford.
"Putnam Light Infantry," Putnam county, Captain Davis.
"Jones Volunteers," Jones county, Captain Pitts.

On the day of our organization we received orders to march to Laurel Hill to unite with General Garnett's command at that place, and on Sunday, the 7th July, left Richmond, by railroad, to Staunton. Reaching this latter place a little before day Monday morning, we remained encamped there until Tuesday morning, when the order came to strike our tents and take up the line of march for Laurel Hill, distant about one hundred and twenty-five miles. Unaccustomed, as most of us were, to long pedestrian exercises, this was no very cheering prospect, and we could not exactly understand the good sense of selecting as a seat of war a point not accessible by railroad. (I trust the powers that be will remember this hint in any future orders they may issue to our regiment!) But good sense or otherwise, the order came, and we had but to obey.

Soon all was in motion, and the regiment, followed by its long train of wagons, began slowly to file along the tortuous turnpike. To many of us who had never before seen an army on the march it was an imposing spectacle. The long line of soldiers winding slowly along the mountain sides, with their varied uniforms and bright guns glistening in the sun, the heavy, monotonous tramp of feet upon the rock-paved road, and the confused hum of a thousand voices were novel sights and sounds, and seemed to bring us nearer to the realities of actual war. Our daily stages were from twelve to fifteen miles, and were usually accomplished early enough in the afternoon to allow us ample time to pitch our tents, procure wood, provide our suppers, and make the necessary arrangements for the security of the camp. These marches were more or less fatiguing to many of our men, yet they performed them with a spirit and courage that deserves praise and shows them equal to the privations and hardships that lie along the soldier's pathway.

Thus we marched for five days, accomplishing about seventy-two miles, when, on Saturday evening, at Greenbrier Creek, near the foot of Cheat Mountain, we received intelligence of the fight at Rich Mountain, the retreat of General Garnett and the probable occupation by General McClellan of Beverley, and his probable advance to the top of Cheat Mountain, on the road between us and Beverley, a point so fortified by nature that a small force could hold it against

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greatly superior odds. Here also we met a Virginia regiment under the command of Colonel Scott retreating from Rich Mountain.

It being thus rendered impossible for us to join General Garnett's command, and not having a force with which we could hope to occupy the country in the face of the enemy's greatly superior numbers, we had no alternative but to retreat. Humiliating as was this movement, it seemed obviously the dictate of sound policy.

The details of the fight at Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill, and of the retreat of General Garnett's command have already been published through so many channels (and more fully than I could furnish them) that I will not encumber your columns with a repetition of them.

After a brief rest and supper we began our retreat a little after dark Saturday night, and continued through that night and all the next day, encamping Sunday night at Monterey, about forty-five miles from Staunton. Long will we remember this retreat. Two days and a night of continuous marching was rather a severe ordeal for soldiers as young as we; and, though feeling it perhaps as keenly as any, having been on guard duty the night preceding, I could not withhold the sympathising tear as I saw my companions, some of them delicate and weakly, weary and foot-sore, painfully measuring these almost endless miles of mountain road. When we reached our camp at Monterey we needed no soothing opiates to lull us to rest. The earth, rugged and damp as it was, with stones or canteens for pillows furnished a most inviting couch; and never have we enjoyed sounder, more refreshing sleep than on that evening with only these accommodations. Here we remained two or three days, and had the pleasure of greeting many of General Garnett's command who had made good their escape through the mountains, though suffering many privations and hardships in their flight. Among them also we met several members of the First Georgia regiment who were with General Garnett, and were glad to learn from them that that regiment had not suffered so severely as we had at first heard.

On Thursday, the 18th, we were ordered to return and occupy this place (which I have called Camp Alleghany, as it has no other name and is on the top of the Alleghany mountains), where we are still encamped. How long we are to remain or to what point we may be ordered I cannot tell. At present we occupy the advance position in this direction, the enemy's camp being distant about twenty miles by the road, though perhaps not exceeding twelve on an air line. We occupy the summit of the Alleghany, they of Cheat Mountain, and their tents are in full view from several points around our camp.

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I have thus given you a sort of chronicle of our movements up to this time and our present position. I might intersperse it with many little incidents, personal and otherwise, of camp life, but they would make this letter too long and perhaps hardly repay the general reader for his pains. They are treasured, however, in our memories, and their recital will serve to enliven many an hour in the future when we shall have driven our invaders away and returned to our fondly remembered homes.

The country through which we have passed deserves some notice, possessing as it does many striking and interesting features. Making much of the travel from Richmond to Staunton in the night we, of course, had but limited opportunities to observe anything. One thing, however, we must record for the honor of the Virginia ladies (and we will not restrict it to the Virginia ladies, for the same thing met us at every step of our way from our homes in Georgia to Staunton), and that is the enthusiastic and graceful welcomes and greetings and God-speeds they showered upon us from the doors and windows, and even house-tops along the road. Old women and young women, girls and even babies (so young that it must have been an instinct with them), waved their handkerchiefs, or bonnets, or aprons, or *something*, in token of their enthusiasm whenever we passed them. If there is anything that will stimulate faltering courage to the fighting point it certainly is the cheering of the fair, and our boys seemed fully to appreciate it.

Staunton is pleasantly located in the midst of towering hills that overlook it on every side, and is a place of frequent resort during the summer for its healthfulness and pleasant surroundings. It is also the site of the insane asylum and the institution for the deaf, dumb and blind—two institutions under State patronage.

The road from Staunton to Laurel Hill (as far as we travelled it) is a turnpike cut into the sides and over the tops of the mountains. So tortuous is its course that you may travel for miles without gaining in actual distance more than a few hundred yards, and sometimes the extremes of our column, stretching out a mile or nearly so in length, would be within a stone's throw of each other.

These mountain heights over which we passed sometimes discovered to us the most magnificent views that ever greeted the eye of man. Stretching almost infinitely on either hand are alternations of valleys with their teeming fields of grain, and mountains with clouds hanging gracefully on their sides and floating lazily about their tops. But these have been so often described that I shall not

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attempt it. The soil, even upon the tops of the mountains, from its appearance and products, seems to be of the richest character, more like the low lands in Georgia than mountain soil. Vegetation that we are accustomed to see only upon "bottoms" grows here in rich luxuriance upon the highest points.

The agricultural products are mainly small grain, though corn is grown in the valleys, and they are most abundant.

The population is confined chiefly to the valleys, the winter cold being too severe upon the mountains. Even now, in the latter part of July, we have to sit much by the fire and with overcoats on.

Our regiment has suffered some from the diseases usual in camp, though not more perhaps than was to be expected.

We are cheerful and in good spirits and prepared for any service that may be required of us. Of the progress of the war we know but little, our mail facilities being very limited. We are just now getting the details of the great battle of Manassas, fought a week ago within one hundred and fifty miles of us. What its results may be upon our enemies or the future history of the war we cannot tell, but are sure it will convince them that the subjugation of the South will not be the work of a holiday. History hardly furnishes a parallel to that battle, but if the North desire it we will seek to furnish more of the same sort.

R. T. D.

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[2] OPERATIONS IN CHEAT MOUNTAIN, ETC.

ORDERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE.

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY MOUNTAIN,
8th September, 1861.

Special Order No. —.

The forward movement announced to the Army of the Northwest in Special Orders No. 28, from its headquarters, of this date, gives the commanding general the opportunity of exhorting the troops to keep steadily in view the great principles for which they contend, and to manifest to the world their determination to maintain them. The eyes of the country are upon you. The safety of your homes, the lives of all you hold dear depend upon your courage and exertions. Let each man resolve to be victorious, and that the right of self-

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government, liberty and peace shall in him find a defender. The progress of the army must then be forward.

(Signed,) R. E. LEE,
General Commanding.

Gen. HENRY R. JACKSON,
Monterey Line, furnished through Gen. Loring.

Official: GARNETT ANDREWS,
Lt. and A. A. A. G.

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[3] HEADQUARTERS CAMP ON VALLEY RIVER,
14th September, 1861.

Special Order No. —.

The forced reconnoissance of the enemy's position, both at Cheat Mountain Pass and on Valley river, having been completed, and the character of the natural approaches and nature of the artificial defences exposed, the Army of the Northwest will resume its former position at such time and in such manner as General Loring shall direct, and continue its preparations for further operations.

The commanding general experienced much gratification at the cheerfulness and alacrity displayed by the troops in this arduous operation. The promptitude with which they surmounted every difficulty, driving in and capturing the enemy's pickets on the fronts examined, and exhibiting that readiness for attack which gives assurance of victory when a fit opportunity offers.

(Signed,) R. E. LEE,
General Commanding.

Gen. H. R. JACKSON,
Monterey Line, through Gen. Loring.

Official: GARNETT ANDREWS,
A. A. A. G.

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[4] ORDER FROM GEN. H. R. JACKSON TO COL. E. JOHNSON.

HEADQUARTERS MONTEREY LINE, N. W. A.,
GREENBRIER RIVER, *September 10, 1861.*

Special Order No. 119.

1. Colonel E. Johnson will take command of the troops now at this point, and, after detailing a sufficient guard for the camp, will

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proceed with the remainder along the turnpike in the direction of Huttonsville, leaving the camp in sufficient time to reach the eastern summit of Cheat by break of day on Thursday, the 12th inst. In making this movement he will exercise extreme caution in approaching the enemy's pickets, so as to cause no alarm before hearing firing in his front. So soon as such firing shall be heard he will press as rapidly forward as possible without too much exposure to his command.

2. The troops of Colonel Johnson's advancing column will carry with them a full supply of ammunition and two days' rations of cooked provisions.

By command of

Brig.-Gen. H. R. JACKSON.

GARNETT ANDREWS,
Lt. and A. A. A. G.

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[5] REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY OF THE NORTHWEST. (VA.)

ORDER OF GEN. W. W. LORING.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE NORTHWEST,
CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., *December 31, 1861.*

General Order No. 20.

The following reorganization of the Army of the Northwest is published for the information of all concerned:

First Brigade, Brigadier-General S. R. Anderson.

1st regiment Tennessee volunteers.
7th regiment Tennessee volunteers.
14th regiment Tennessee volunteers.
Danville artillery.

Second Brigade, Brigadier-General E. Johnson.

12th regiment Georgia volunteers, Hansborough's battery.
25th regiment Virginia volunteers, Major George Jackson's cavalry
31st regiment Virginia volunteers, Captain Alexander's Tennessee cavalry.
44th regiment Virginia volunteers, Bath cavalry.
52d regiment Virginia volunteers, Anderson's battery.
58th regiment Virginia volunteers, Rice's battery.

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Third Brigade, Colonel William Gilham.

21st regiment Virginia volunteers.
42d regiment Virginia volunteers.
48th regiment Virginia volunteers.
1st battalion Provisional army.
Hampden artillery.

Fourth Brigade, Colonel [W. B.] Taliaferro.

1st regiment Georgia volunteers.
3d regiment Arkansas volunteers.
23d regiment Virginia volunteers.
37th regiment Virginia volunteers.

Returns for the month of December will be made agreeably to this organization.

By command of

Brigadier-General W. W. LORING.

C. L. STEVENSON,
A. A. General.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND ARTILLERY BATTALION,
17th October, 1862.

E. WILLIS, *Acting Chief of Artillery:*

The guns under Colonel Brown's command at present are as follows:

1. Captain Hupp's battery, consisting of two 6-pounders and two 12-pound howitzers (field).

2. Captain Dance has one 3-inch rifle, one 6-pounder and two 12-pound field howitzers.

3. Captain Brooks has two 6-pounders, one Napoleon and one 12-pound field howitzer.

4. Captain Poague has two 10-pound Parrott guns and two 20-pound Parrot guns (only twenty rounds to each of the latter guns).

5. Captain Smith has two 10-pound Parrott guns and two 12-pound heavy howitzers (Dahlgren).

6. Captain Watson has two 10-pound Parrott guns, one 12-pound heavy howitzer (Dahlgren), and one brass rifle (calibre 2 6-10).

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Captain Smith's two Parrott guns and Captain Watson's brass rifle and one Parrott gun were on picket at Charlestown on yesterday.

J. THOMPSON BROWN,
Colonel, &c., &c.

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[6] LOSS OF C. S. A. STORES AT HUNTERSVILLE, VA.

HUNTERSVILLE, *January 16th, 1862.*

GENERAL:

I enclose reports of loss of commissary and quartermaster's stores by the recent raid of the enemy, viz:

Commissary, - - - - - - - - -	$10,227 75
Quartermaster, - - - - - - - -	2,063 66
	$12,291 41
Add estimated loss of buildings owned by private individuals, - - - - - - - -	3,000 00
	$15,291 41

The whole loss cannot exceed the above amount, and will be reduced by the return of some of the stores.

I have now nothing of interest to communicate, and am very busy organizing the posts and restoring discipline, &c.

Respectfully,

WILLIAM L. JACKSON,
Colonel Commanding.

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[7] HUNTERSVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA.

COMMUNICATION FROM COL. WM. L. JACKSON TO GEN. ED. JOHNSON.

HUNTERSVILLE, *January 18th, 1862.*

GENERAL:

I enclose the monthly return of Captain Alexander for December, the best he can do. Upon my arrival here I found that General Davis, of Greenbrier county, had advertised that he would address the people of this county at this place on Thursday, the 16th inst., with the view of arousing them to resent Northern invasion. A

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number of the substantial citizens assembled, but the General failed to appear, and I made them a speech. I think I took the right ground with a view to your instructions, and the meeting adjourned after adopting a resolution recommending the formation in every neighborhood of companies to assist at a moment's warning in repelling any invasion. I am promised such assistance, but as the county is sparsely settled, with two volunteer companies in the service, I do not expect much assistance from that source, except in conveying information of the approach of the enemy. There may be forty men raised in the Little Levels, who will render efficient aid. I now scout to the blockade, and this company from the Little Levels, when organized, promises to scout beyond. I have adopted vigorous measures to bring in the absentees, and expect to have them all in in a few days. The two cavalry companies number seventy-two men fit for duty. The two infantry companies number forty-one men fit for duty. In all, I have now one hundred and thirteen men fit for for duty. I suppose the two companies from Colonel Goode's regiment will increase my force one hundred. When the absentees fit for duty are in I will have about forty more. My force then will be about two hundred and fifty. This force I regard insufficient for complete defense and to restore confidence. Although this county is one of those included in the bogus government, I do not expect the enemy to attempt any permanent occupation this winter, as they would be too far from their supplies. Yet they may, if a small force is left here, send enough force to rout us and then return to their strongholds. We have reliable information that at Beverley there is Colonel Ford's 32d Ohio regiment, numbering 700—no artillery. At Huttonsville, Colonel Jones' 25th Ohio regiment, 800 men—two pieces of artillery. At Crouch's, 2d Virginia regiment, Colonel Moss, six companies, 400 men—one piece of artillery. The other companies of the regiment are on an expedition having in view the rout of guerrilla parties. At Cheat, 9th Indiana, General Milroy, 700 men—two or three pieces of artillery. There is no account of the return of the Yankees at Elk since the recent raid. Scouts have returned who were as far as Marshall's Store, five miles beyond Valley Mountain. On the retreat of the Yankees they burned the houses in the region of Big Springs. This position cannot be sustained successfully with a small force unless there is a force at the bridge, seven miles from here. There is a necessity for a force here to protect the stores and the rear of a force at the bridge. Two hundred men with one piece of artillery at the bridge, to be rein-

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forced from this point, is necessary to prevent the enemy from making inroads. There should be at least two hundred men at this point, as well as that number at the bridge for the reasons above stated. There is considerable disloyalty in the county. The report was in circulation that the Confederate government was willing to treat for peace with the loss of Northwestern Virginia. This I stigmatized as false in the speech which I made. But the fear, while it makes some neutral, makes others false. By some means heretofore, every transaction in the camp has been communicated to the enemy. In the course of my speech I announced that no one except on particular business should come into my lines, and as I had the names of the suspected, none such should return if found inside. I allowed the meeting, as that was necessary, but since, I am enforcing rigid rules. The cavalry here cannot be dispensed with, as that is part of the force to fight. If I had more infantry one of the cavalry companies could be sent back. With the force now here, and the two companies marching to reinforce, I will be compelled to quarter them here in town, and have made all necessary arrangements. To quarter them elsewhere would scatter them too much, and they would not be available in a fight at any particular point. All applications for furlough I refer to you. I now enclose one. The applicant has shown me a letter referring to the destitution of his children. This is a common, and perhaps true, complaint, but it is an incident of the war in which we are engaged.

I understand that traitors in Northwest Virginia are disheartening the sound men by the wicked and false report that the Confederate States are willing to abandon them. This should be contradicted if possible. In the few minutes' conversation I had with you before I left for this post, the subject of the re-enlistment of our men at the expiration of this term was mentioned. That is a subject of difficulty and of very grave importance, and one giving me much anxiety. I travelled a few miles with a man by the name of Taylor, who has a wounded brother in my regiment. He informed me that the disposition on the part of my men was not to re enlist, but to return home and fight as guerrillas. This I had learned from other sources. To change this determination is my desire, and to exert myself for the object I should be present with the regiment. Owing to the peculiar relation I have always borne to the regiment, I believe I can do more to procure the re-enlistment desired than anyone else. If you agree with me I should be relieved and ordered back to my regiment. I do not wish to be understood as shirking the perform-

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ance of any duty; on the contrary, I feel complimented that you deemed me capable to command this post. I feel, however, I can do more good in the command of my regiment than at this post. There is an officer in your command better adapted for this position than I am. I allude to Major [A. C.] Jones, of the 44th Virginia regiment. He is from Northwest Virginia, a graduate of the Institute, a good disciplinarian, of good address and very ambitious, and is somewhat dissatisfied with his subordinate position in his regiment. I respectfully suggest that you give the command of this post to Major Jones. His command will be firm, conciliatory, and will give satisfaction. Major Jones knows nothing of this suggestion, and the conviction of his fitness alone has induced me to make it. Whatever your determination may be will be agreeable to me.

In the conversation with Taylor he expressed strong suspicion of a Mr. Kerr living near your camp. I feel it my duty to call your attention to Mr. Kerr. Taylor thinks he and Slaten are too intimate.

With the force now here and on the way, if the enemy advance, I will have to give them the main fight at the pass two miles beyond this. With a force at the bridge, there are several points at which stands can be made. If you send Major Jones here I would advise that you reinforce him by two companies from the 44th Virginia regiment.

This letter appears long, because the only paper here is on half sheets, and I put but a few words on a line. I would advise the establishment of an express line between here and Monterey.

Respectfully, &c.,

WILLIAM L. JACKSON,
Colonel Commanding.

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[8] THE PRISONER'S GUARD REVERSED.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF CAPT. EDWARD WILLIS TO HIS MOTHER

CAMP NEAR PORT REPUBLIC,
June 14, 1862.

On Saturday, the 7th inst., I was seized with a chill followed by high fever, when, about dusk, a courier arrived with a note saying: "The enemy are advancing in force on our left!"

General Jackson immediately ordered his horse, and each of his staff did likewise, and I with the rest, contrary to the advice of Dr. McGuire, medical director, and of all of the staff.

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But I could not bear the thought of missing a fight, so I went. We were out riding late in the night air, and as the enemy would not attack us, we all returned to headquarters, I feeling much worse.

The next morning I heard that the fight was about to commence, but I very sensibly determined not to go. After the general and his staff had gone I lay in bed with my breakfast near me, thinking about the matter, when I heard the thundering of the artillery not a half a mile off. I could stand it no longer, so jumped up (although I was so weak I could hardly stand), dressed and ordered my horse. Whilst the boy was getting him I was talking to a little girl on the porch, and among other things I asked her: "Which she would rather see a prisoner, General Jackson or myself?" Little did I think whilst uttering these idle words that I would be taken prisoner in less than ten minutes. Well, my horse was brought forth, I mounted him and started for the battle-field.

Port Republic was on my way, and in passing through it I met our cavalry retreating, followed by men, women and children. I ordered the cavalry to halt and tried to rally them, but all in vain. I was so disgusted that I rode on, and, as I saw more cavalry coming, I thought that I would draw my pistol and rally them by force. I rode on rapidly, the cavalry coming closer and closer, cheering, firing pistols, etc., etc. When right upon them (within thirty steps) I discovered that they were the enemy's cavalry. I was surprised that they did not fire on me, so I turned and tried to join them in the charge, thinking thus to deceive them. But they knew by my gray coat that I was a "Rebel," and I was soon surrounded by them. A Yankee with a sabre above my head ordered me to surrender. I knew that he was a private and refused. I had my hand on my pistol and my spurs to my horse, and I knew that he dared not cut, for I could have shot him easily and would have done so. He therefore allowed his sabre to fall harmless by his side.

A very gentlemanly fellow now rode up and said "Sir, I am a commissioned officer, hand me your arms." As I was surrounded by a regiment of Virginia (bogus) and Rhode Island cavalry, and seeing that resistance or even hesitation was folly, I, yes I, with all my love for the South and my contempt for the Yankees, handed him my pistol. It was the one Willie gave me and which I have shot at many a Yankee. That, I told him, was all the arms I had. I was then a prisoner, and I bore on with them in the charge. Our Confederate cavalry corps made a stand and drove us (Yankees) back, to my delight, though the balls whistled in rather close proximity to my

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head, and many a Yankee bit the dust. After this I was taken before the colonel, who, to my great joy and surprise, was an old friend—Sprigg Carroll, of Washington, D. C. He was very glad to see me, and his delight when I told him I was a member of Stonewall's staff was uncontrollable. He offered me a drink, which, by the way, I declined, and, after many friendly questions, he said: "Willis, if you will give me your word of honor that you will not try to escape you can go anywhere you please and I will relieve the guard which is over you." As I was being exposed to a very heavy fire, and as that fire was from our own men, I accepted the offer.

Just then our cavalry (Rebel) pressed down on the town; a regiment of our infantry opened a galling fire, and a stampede among my captors took place. They made for the river, and I saw that I could easily escape, as I was left comparatively alone. But it was too late, *I had given my word*, so, with a firm spirit but a sorrowing heart, I dashed into the river with the Yankee cavalry. A perfect sheet of fire blazed in my face; saddles were emptied; dead, dying and wounded men and horses were floating or sinking as we swam that beautiful stream. I expected every minute would be my last, but I put my trust in Him, who, in the darkest hour, has never deserted me, and who, I believe, will carry me safely through the war. If I should fall, 'tis His will, and no one should complain.

Reaching the opposite bank we entered a thick wood, which the Confederates shelled to such an extent that we were forced to leave it and join the main body of Shields' army. To do this we had to cross an open corn-field exposed to the musketry and artillery of the Confederates.

I advised the Yankees to run the gauntlet, which we did at railroad speed, and, as the saying is, "I worked in the lead," taking good care to try and keep a Yankee or two to my left so as to protect me as much as possible. We cleared the field and I passed the whole Yankee army in battle array. It was a splendid sight. They called me "Rebel," "Secesh," etc., etc., and one fellow hallooed out as I passed the "stars and stripes" gaily floating in the breeze, "I suppose you see the flag still floats?" "Yes," said I, "and another waves across the river still." They asked me hundreds of questions, none of which, of course, I answered satisfactorily.

In the confusion I lost sight of Carroll, and I was then put under charge of a guard, which, of course, absolved me from my parole given to Carroll. From that moment I began to try to make my escape. I was carried about seven miles to a nice house, the resi-

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dence of the widow Ergenbright. I determined, as I was a little sick, I would take that cue as a basis for escape, and, as the result shows, it worked well.

I knew I was in a secession house from the following incident: I was walking up and down the room with my hand to my head telling my guard how inhuman it was for them to keep me up when I was so sick, when I heard a sweet voice say: "Never mind, you will all pay for it." I turned and saw a handsome young lady with flashing eyes, addressing herself thus to my guard. I knew that she was my friend, and she so proved herself. In a few minutes old Mrs. Ergenbright came to me and said, "I can get you a bed," and asked my guard if I could use it. They said I could. I had a long, pleasant sleep; dreamed I had escaped and was in the Southern army again. When I awoke my heart almost sank within me. Different members of the family would come and cheer me up, but my guard was by me all the time. Miss Ergenbright was to help me escape by drawing for me a map of the country. The Federals brought wounded Yankees into the house, and some of them into my room. Miss Ergenbright protested that she had nothing for them to eat, although she brought me every luxury. My guard accused her of trying to get me to escape, but she answered them defiantly, and among things said she had two brothers in the 6th Virginia cavalry, Southern Army, and I had a great mind to say, "and a lover, too," but *I did not.*

Well, that night my window was closed, the door fastened, and two men slept right against it. I had no arms. After thinking of my lot for some time I dropped into a profound sleep, from which I was awakened early the next morning by the distant booming of artillery.

I knew Jackson had whipped Fremont the day before, and that today he was trying Shields. Upon the issue of this last fight my captivity and destiny depended.

I saw at once that my safety depended on this issue. If I could play my cards so as to remain at this house, and Jackson should whip Shields and pursue him beyond the house in which I was, I would be recaptured. Thus my escape rested on Jackson's success, and his distance of pursuit depended on *himself and his men.* My *staying at the house* depended on myself.

I was accordingly much worse. Oh! I got *very much worse!* I sent for a Yankee surgeon, had a lotion prepared, and the old lady put a horseradish poultice on my throat. All this time the artillery

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was heard in the distance; the young lady bringing me news from time to time. Finally she came up and told me (in fact I heard them) that the Yankee wagons were coming back. She said (and I thought, too,) that the Yankees were beaten.

I listened, and it seemed that the artillery then were getting further off. My spirits fell, but it was momentary only, for the wind varied around again, and I saw that they were nearer.

Then confusion began. Wounded Yankees were being brought in. Ambulances were rolling to and fro, and I could see from the expression of the faces of the attendant guard that something was wrong. They would, too, occasionally say, "They are too strong for us," etc., etc.

Just about this time a Yankee surgeon came in and examined me—groaning terribly—and he pronounced me unfit to be moved.

They then tried to make me take the parole "not to take up arms against the United States until duly exchanged." This I refused *very feebly* to do. My refusal exasperated them, and they said that I should go if it killed me. But they were warned by the artillery, which was thundering "nearer, clearer, deadlier than before." A dismounted dragoon rushed in and announced their troops beaten and the Rebels in hot pursuit. They all rushed headlong from the room. The rattle of the musketry for the first time could be heard, and directly the Yankees began retreating by. A regular Manassas stampede followed. My guard, paralyzed with fear, was afraid to go out—afraid to stay. I still played my role, grunting and groaning, but awaiting the auspicious moment to seize him.

Miss Ergenbright rushed up and told me that Colonel Carroll, with the Federal cavalry covering the retreat, was now opposite the house and that he would come up and tell me "good bye." Whilst I was waiting for him, Miss Ergenbright came in again, and with joy in every lineament of her face cried, "Our cavalry are here, right out at mother's garden! Get up, you are safe! Safe!"

A terrible fire from our cavalry carbines verified the truth of her assertion—the balls whistled by the windows, and I jumped up and dressed. Carroll hallooed out, "Tell Willis his cavalry is too close, I can't come up. Good bye!" Poor fellow! He was wounded a minute afterwards, and was rapidly carried off by two of his troopers.

I ran out, took my guard prisoner, and found that an adjutant of an Ohio regiment, who had pretended to be my friend the night before, had taken my three-hundred-dollar horse, with my saddle, bridle, shawl, etc., etc.

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I took the horse of my Yankee prisoner and made the latter get up behind me and rode back to our lines.

I soon met General Jackson, who was glad to see me, saying with a smile, "I guess you will stay in bed next time you are sick." I said I would; told him everything I knew, and went on with my prisoner, now as *his guard.*

When I met the Twelfth Georgia regiment such a cheer greeted me as I never heard before. They were in the advance, and said they were coming after me.

The Thirty-first and other regiments all cheered, to my delight and to the chagrin of my prisoner. I rode on. Everybody in the army seemed to know that I had been captured, congratulated me on my escape, and asked me an hundred questions.

I finally turned over my prisoner, who said to me: "I treated you well, now you do the same to me, will you?" I instructed the guard under whom he was placed to treat him well, rode off with his horse and equipments and joined the army, if not "a wiser or better," certainly a *more experienced* man.

I am in splendid health and spirits, and will not get caught again. I will be *more careful in everything.*

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[9] CHANCELLORSVILLE CAMPAIGN.

REPORT OF COLONEL EDWARD WILLIS, TWELFTH GEORGIA INFANTRY.

HEADQUARTERS TWELFTH GEORGIA REGIMENT,
May 8th, 1863.

CAPTAIN:

I have the honor to make the following statement of the part performed by the Twelfth Georgia regiment in the recent operations made to meet the enemy's advance on the south side of the Rappahannock:

I left the encampment of the Twelfth Georgia regiment near the Dickerson House about 8 o'clock A. M., April 29th, 1863, with about four hundred aggregate; reached Hamilton's Crossing, Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad, about noon, and remained there until about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 30th, when a line of battle was formed through the bottom, and at right angles to the railroad, my left resting about two hundred yards from the depot.

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A slight protection was hastily constructed, and we remained there during that day and night. About 3½ o'clock on the morning of the 1st of May we were set in motion upon the road leading westerly towards Chancellorsville. About 2 o'clock P. M. we formed a line of battle and advanced through the woods, our skirmishers coming upon those of the enemy. After an irregular and wearisome march of about an hour we returned to the road, having captured four prisoners, a few shelter tents, knapsacks, oilcloths, haversacks, &c., and the enemy's skirmishers having disappeared.

About sunset we again moved, and bivouacked on the left hand side of the plank road, about two miles from the scene of the day's skirmish. About 7 o'clock A. M. on the morning of the 2d of May we were again set in motion, my regiment leading the brigade, and after about one mile's advance, left the plank road, and following the head of the column, made a detour to the left; and about 1 o'clock P. M. took a dirt road leading, in an easterly direction from the Sims' House, towards Chancellorsville, upon which, after advancing about three-fourths of a mile, a line of battle was formed, at an angle of about 90°, and the left of the brigade resting on the road. About 5 o'clock P. M., May 2d, 1863, the line being formed, it was advanced for the attack. So rapid and irregular was the march, and such the topography of the ground, that it was almost impossible to preserve the continuity of the line, and my left became temporarily detached from Colonel Mercer's right. I made a very rapid and oblique march towards the left to fill up the interval, which was not done until the charge through the thicket. As we emerged from the woods into the open field, we were greeted with heavy discharges of grape, but the gallant regiment advanced unfalteringly. I now discovered for the first time that General Colquitt's brigade was not on my right. I received instructions from General Doles, under these circumstances, to guard carefully my right flank. I continued to advance rapidly, and threw my left forward, in order to protect my right. Not seeing any enemy, and deeming the right secure—at least for a time—I determined to advance and fall in upon the flank of the battery which was still firing.

To do this I advanced my right, retired the left, formed an oblique line of battle, and ordered a charge. Most gallantly did the regiment move forward, and as I reached the summit of the hill the enemy had abandoned his guns and position, and General Doles ordered me through the thicket to push the now flying enemy. I moved forward through the dense undergrowth about half a mile,

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not hearing the command "halt," which had previously been given, and finding I had advanced ahead of the line, and my right and left were unsupported, and night coming on, I determined to withdraw; the enemy, not knowing how small was my force, did not advance his infantry, but we were subjected to a most terrific shelling, when we were almost under the guns of the battery, and I selected a comparatively good position, and as we were over-shot, only a few men were injured. I will here state that I was almost under the guns of a Federal battery, and had a regiment (of General Trimble's division, I think,) gone with me, as I exhorted them to do, we could have captured another battery. I protected my men until the cessation of the shelling, which was truly terrific. About dark I quietly moved out by the left flank, and in about an hour had reported to General Doles, and resumed my position on the right of the brigade. About 6 o'clock A. M. on the morning of the 3d of May line of battle was again formed, and an advance ordered. In marching through the thick wood and over the uneven ground, Major Glover reported to me that he was cut off with four companies. I assumed command of the whole, and instructed Major Hardeman to take command of the regiment. I then halted, reformed the line, and went forward to find General Doles, which I soon did. He returned, took command, and I returned to my regiment. We continued to advance under a heavy musketry fire until we arrived at the breastworks, behind which McGowan's brigade was fighting. Here we remained until the command "charge," when we pushed forward, and passed the troops behind the works, and marching through the woods and up the hill. As we debouched I again found my right unprotected, but I had flanked the enemy and poured in a cross-fire, which he did not even return, but ran away in utter confusion. Had a brigade moved forward I could have marched by the right flank and cut off large numbers of prisoners in the woods. They held up their guns and hands to surrender, but there was actually nobody to take them.

Having reached the crest of the hill and finding the enemy utterly routed, I commenced to close in to the left and reform. I was then ordered to retire, which was done, and ammunition replenished, and the troops rested the remainder of the afternoon, except a part of the time when acting as provost guard.

About sunset we were again set in motion down the plank road towards Chancellorsville, marched about 1½ miles when we were halted and a line of battle formed upon the right hand side of the road. That night and the morning of the 4th May, 1863, was spent

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in constructing a slight field work to protect the troops. We remained in this position until about 3 o'clock P. M., when I left the regiment, being detailed for a special purpose.

Major Hardeman then assumed command. I returned about 3 o'clock P. M. May 5th, and found that the regiment had been moved off by the left flank and now occupied a partially entrenched position, at about 90° with its former position, though contiguous to it.

We remained here until about 3 o'clock P. M. May 6th, when we were ordered to move back towards our original encampment, near the Dickinson House, which was reached upon the 6th and 7th of May.

I deem it proper to state that great disadvantages were labored under in these battles, as I carried my men into action inverted and faced by the rear rank. A manœuvre, I believe, almost unprecedented.

The night march back to camp on the 6th was calculated, in my opinion, to subvert discipline and utterly demoralize troops. Not one-half of the men could keep up, and complete disorganization, disregard for authority, and perfect exhaustion were the inevitable results.

I think it right to mention for good conduct Lieutenants T. W. Harris and W. F. Lowe, Sergeant N. M. Howard, company "F," and Privates Clark, company "F"; Bullard, company "G." Also Corporal George W. Oliver, company "D," who lost his leg in the last charge.

I enclose Major Hardeman's report, marked "Exhibit A," until 3 o'clock P. M. May 5th, 1863.

I append, marked "Exhibit B," a list of the casualties.

I am, captain, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD WILLIS,
Colonel Twelfth Georgia Regiment.

Capt. F. T. SNEAD,
A. A. General.

Endorsed: "Edward Willis, Colonel Twelfth Georgia regiment, Second army corps, near Fredericksburg, May 8, 1863. Report and list of casualties in the Twelfth Georgia regiment in the battles of Spotsylvania county, Va."

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[10] LIST OF THE CASUALTIES IN THE TWELFTH GEORGIA REGIMENT.

Company A.

Private J. M. Taylor, killed.
J. Livingston, severely wounded.
H. Edwards, slightly wounded.
C. Redding, slightly wounded.
W. A. Pryor, slightly wounded.
R. Crawford, mortally wounded.

Company B.

Private D. Stripling, seriously wounded.
A. Middlebrooks, slightly wounded.
T. Brown, slightly wounded.
A. Russan, slightly wounded.
J. A. Jackson, slightly wounded.

Company C.

Private J. T. Coogle, killed.
C. C. Solomon, killed.
1st Lieut. T. W. Harris, slightly wounded.
Private W. A. J. Hall, slightly wounded.
D. W. Children, slightly wounded.
J. W. Brantley, slightly wounded.
T. C. Turner, slightly wounded.

Company D.

Private D. W. Dorsey, mortally wounded.
Corporal G. W. Oliver, severely wounded.
Private W. W. Forrester, severely wounded.
A. D. Ingram, severely wounded.
W. T. Jones, severely wounded.
N. D. Harris, slightly wounded.
James Godwin, slightly wounded.
Thomas Little, missing.
J. C. B. Clinton, missing.

Company E.

Second Lieutenant J. R. Simmons, slightly wounded.

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Sergeant J. W. Holmes, slightly wounded.
James Dawson, severely wounded.
Corporal J. H. Brooks, slightly wounded.
Private W. Smith, severely wounded.

Company F.

Sergeant J. H. Varnadow, killed.
Private James Clark, killed.
J. T. Redding, killed.
Sergeant H. L. Adams, slightly wounded.
Private E. Walton, slightly wounded.
J. R. Rogers, slightly wounded.
J. E. Butler, slightly wounded.
J. Sumner, slightly wounded.

Company G.

Private W. T. Pearman, killed.
Corporal T. A. Maddox, severely wounded.
Private J. N. Buldowd, severely wounded.
S. Batchelor, severely wounded.
D. D. McLeroy, severely wounded.
C. Batchelor, slightly wounded.
L. H. Thomas, slightly wounded.
R. Young, slightly wounded.
L. F. Luther, slightly wounded.
J. Davis, slightly wounded.

Company H.

Private James Conner, killed.
Corporal G. A. Browden, severely wounded.
J. P. Ross, slightly wounded.
Private J. McCarthy, slightly wounded.
J. V. Schrampoliver, slightly wounded.

Company I.

Private J. B. Harpe, killed.
Captain J. M. Briggs, severely wounded.
First Lieutenant A. Graham, slightly wounded.

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Private G. W. Boyd, slightly wounded.
J. T. Hester, slightly wounded.
W. D. Hardie, slightly wounded.
D. Fletcher, slightly wounded.
P. Shannon, slightly wounded.
G. W. Lewis, slightly wounded.
W. Jordan, mortally wounded.

Company K.

Second Lieutenant J. W. Cantrell, killed.
Private J. Ennis, killed.
G. W. Murphy, killed.
Sergeant J. H. Park, mortally wounded.
R. H. Peacock, slightly wounded.
Private J. L. Bruce, slightly wounded.
E. French, slightly wounded.

Recapitulation.

Killed, - - - - - - - - -	12
Wounded, - - - - - - - - -	58
Missing, - - - - - - - - -	2
	72

Respectfully submitted,

EDWARD WILLIS,
Colonel Twelfth Georgia Regiment.

Capt. F. T. SNEAD,
A. A. General.

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[11] REPORT OF MAJOR ISAAC HARDEMAN.

HEADQUARTERS TWELFTH GEORGIA REGIMENT,
May 9, 1863.

CAPTAIN:

I have the honor to report that at 3 o'clock P. M., May 4th, 1863, Colonel Willis being detailed for other duty, I assumed command of the regiment then occupying a position on the south side of the plank road near Chancellorsville. About 5 o'clock P. M. of that day, I was ordered by General Doles to move the regiment to a position in the wood opposite, contiguous to, and at right angles to the position we then held, and to construct works for the protection of the men, as an attack by the enemy was momentarily expected.

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On this line the Fourth Georgia was on my right and the Twenty-first Georgia regiment on my left.

With but one or two axes, and bayonets, I succeeded, in a very short time, in erecting a sufficient defense of logs and planks to protect from any attack from infantry. Later in the evening, being furnished with a few picks and spades, I improved the work so as to make it comparatively secure against artillery. A little after 6 o'clock P. M. I was ordered to detail a captain and forty men to act as skirmishers in front of the regiment.

Captain J. N. Beale, of Co. "B.," a gallant and efficient officer, was detailed for this duty, and assumed command of the entire line of skirmishers from this brigade. He was ordered forward at sunset, and held the advanced position assigned him until next morning about 8 o'clock, when the entire line of skirmishers was ordered forward. He advanced under a heavy fire of grape and musketry to within two hundred yards of the enemy's entrenched position when, being unable to advance further, or hold that point, he retired, having ascertained that the enemy was in great numbers, and strongly defended. In this skirmish Private W. W. Pearman, Co. "G," was killed, and Private W. Jordan, Co. "I," severely wounded. I occupied the position behind my hastily constructed works until 3 o'clock P. M. May 5th, when Colonel Willis returned and assumed command.

I am, captain, very respectfully,

your obedient servant,

ISAAC HARDEMAN,
Major Twelfth Georgia Regiment.

Captain F. T. SNEAD,
A. A. General.

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[12] BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

REPORT OF COL. EDWARD WILLIS, TWELFTH GEORGIA INFANTRY, DOLES' BRIGADE.

HEADQUARTERS TWELFTH GEORGIA REGIMENT,
NEAR DARKESVILLE, VA., *July 19th, 1863.*

CAPTAIN:

Upon Wednesday, July 1st, 1863, after an extremely fatiguing and rapid march, I formed my regiment in line of battle upon the ex-

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treme left of the brigade in a wheat field, on the right hand side of the Middletown road, and about 1¼ miles from Gettysburg, Penn. After shifting positions from time to time, a charge was ordered, and the troops moved up gallantly, driving the enemy from every position to and through the town. During the advance a portion of the enemy's troops overlapped, and I thought hardly pressed the right of the brigade. I moved my regiment by the right flank, and assisting the Forty-fourth and Twenty-first Georgia regiments, the enemy was soon dislodged with heavy slaughter. The enemy, being now in full retreat, were followed closely through the town, many prisoners being captured. Upon reaching the southern edge of the town a halt was ordered, and we remained in this position until about sunset upon the evening of the 2d. We then moved to the night attack upon the enemy's works, which superior officers saw fit to abandon, and a retrograde movement was made to a hill on the southwest side of the town and about equally distant between the seminary and the cemetery. A slight protection was constructed, and here the troops remained until the entire army fell back to the western and adjacent heights. Whilst in this position my regiment was shelled by our own artillery, and the officer in command should be made to pay the penalty for his criminal conduct. I do not know positively which batteries they were, so I mention no names, but I believe the general officers might ascertain.

The regiment acted throughout the entire engagement with its accustomed gallantry. Both officers and men deserve great praise. Major Hardeman was among the first to enter the town, as was Adjutant Thomas. Captain J. T. Carson and Lieutenants Crittenden and Waterman did their duty well and were of assistance to me. I append a list of casualties.

I am, Captain, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD WILLIS,
Colonel Twelfth Georgia Regiment.

Captain F. T. SNEAD,
A. A. General, Doles' Brigade.

List of Casualties in the Twelfth Georgia Regiment in the Battle of Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863.

Co. A.— *Wounded:* John Brown, mortally; Joseph Batty, slightly in the leg; Charles S. Darby, severely; Corporal J. E. Glune, slightly.

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Co. B—*Killed:* Corporal Julius J. Card. *Wounded:* Sergeant James B. Gantt, severely; Privates James Green and Francis Green, severely. *Missing:* Private R. C. Franks.

Co. C.—*Wounded:* Sergeant G. C. Smith, slightly; Private J. C. Bryan, slightly; Privates J. J. Easterlin and Wm. H. Killabrew, severely. *Missing:* Privates Wm. A. Bryan, B. H. Mathews, A. W. Shealey.

Co. D.—*Wounded:* Corporal James N. Robertson, severely; Privates W. A. Beckcom and Enoch Eubank, severely; Private W. J. Keel, slightly. *Missing:* James Godwin.

Co. E.—*Killed:* Private Jesse Quick. *Wounded:* Corporal W. H. Miller, severely; Privates J. W. H. Suthum, A. J. Autney, and R. E. Coulton, severely. *Missing:* Private G. W. Blankenship.

Co. F.—*Wounded:* Captain James Everett, severely; Lieutenants W. U. Thompson, James M. Brown, slightly; Sergeants H. J. Paul, H. L. Adams, severely; Corporal M. W. Brett, slightly; Private H. F. Penney, seriously; Private G. H. Rains, severely; Private G. W. Lewis, slightly.

Co. G.—*Killed:* Private James H. Beale. *Wounded:* Sergeant A. W. Gooley, severely; Private W. H. Winchern, severely. *Missing:* Sergeant H. H. Marshall, Corporal W. H. Waller.

Co. H.—*Wounded:* Privates Eli Brown, Eli W. Brooks, Joseph Johnson, severely. *Missing:* Privates Wm. T. Blanchard, Christopher Martin.

Co. I.—*Killed:* Private R. P. Rowland. *Wounded:* Sergeant N. J. Zeigler, severely.

Summary.

Killed,	4
Wounded,	35
Missing,	10
Total,	49

[13] LETTER FROM GEN. R. E. LEE TO COL. EDWARD WILLIS.

"Confidential."

"HD. QRS., *11th M'ch, '64.*"

"COL.:"

"Your letter of the 10th rec'd this eve'g. I think well of the enterprize you propose! I am only doubtful how far your inf'y could

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keep pace with the cav'y. At this time there is no danger from the East. Get all information & be guided by events.

Rosser has halted at Gordonsville, awaiting, for the present, the developments of Kilpatrick's movements. As, already advised, I desire you to rejoin your brigade at the commencement of active operations, & hope you will be able to have completed by that time the business that has occupied you during the winter.

"Very resp'y,

Your ob't serv't,

R. E. LEE,
Gen'l."

"Col. EDWARD WILLIS,
12. Geo. Reg't.

Envelope superscribed "Confidential," in left hand corner; franked "R. E. Lee, Gen'l," in right hand corner, and addressed "Col. Edward Willis, Command'g 12. Geo. Reg't." Letter and superscription entirely in the handwriting of General Lee.

The Monument to General Robert E. Lee.

HISTORY OF THE MOVEMENT FOR ITS ERECTION.

[Compiled from accounts in the *Dispatch* and *Times* newspapers of Richmond.]

In all our eventful history, perhaps, nothing has stirred the heart of the South like the death of General Lee. It came not as a shock; it had been expected for many months; the whole people knew that he had gone to Charleston for his health, and it was generally known, too, that there was little hope of benefit to the journey. It came in due season; the last few years of honored and honorable retirement had afforded to the o'erfraught heart of the Southern people an opportunity for relief in the expressions of love and reverence and consolation that crowded upon the hero in his mountain home from day to day. Lexington had become a shrine, and all sections of the country turned to it with veneration. Moreover, the life was complete; the work lay open to the world; the example had been shown; the precepts uttered; the blessing bestowed. The mourning, therefore, was without bitterness, but it was no less tender and deep; it was for the loss of a father rather than of a leader.

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General Lee died at 9 o'clock A. M. on the 12th of October, 1870. On that day there was a meeting in the town of Lexington, of citizens, and of those who had served under him in the field, who at once took steps to organize the

LEE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,

which prosecuted their labors and desires to a consummation at once noble and appropriate, in placing over the tomb of the hero, at Lexington, Valentine's majestic "Recumbent Figure," which is regarded by authority and held by general acclaim to be one of the grandest works of art in this country.

THE LADIES' LEE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

A few days after the movement at Lexington, a few ladies, members of that noble and devoted body, the Hollywood Memorial Association, met in a private parlor in Richmond and organized the Ladies' Lee Monument Association. Their design was to erect a monument to the great chieftain in this city, and to collect funds for the purpose throughout the South.

The organization was constituted as follows:

President, Mrs. William H. Macfarland; vice-presidents, Mrs. George W. Randolph, Mrs. James Lyons, Mrs. William Brown; treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Byrd Nicholas; secretary, Miss Sarah Nicholas Randolph.

Despite the prevailing poverty of the people of the South, and the entire prostration of their resources resultant from the war, the success of the ladies was highly creditable in their speedy collection of fully $15,000—a tribute of devotion met by personal sacrifice.

LEE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

The next move towards the monument was instituted by Lieutenant General Jubal A. Early, the senior surviving officer of the Army of Northern Virginia, in the following address, which appeared in the public prints October 25th, 1870:

"*To the Surviving Officers and Soldiers*
of the Army of Northern Virginia:

"Comrades—The sad tidings of the death of our great commander came at a time when, by the interruption of all the ordinary

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modes of traveling, very many of us were debarred the privilege of participating in the funeral ceremonies of attending the burial of him we loved so well, or by concerted action of giving expression to our feelings on the occasion. While the unburied remains of the illustrious hero were yet under the affectionate care of friends who were bowed down with a sorrow unutterable, the hoarse cry of "treason" was croaked from certain quarters for the vile and abortive purpose of casting a stigma upon his pure and exalted character. His fame belongs to the world and to history, and is beyond the reach of malignity; but a sacred duty devolves upon those whom, in defense of a cause he believed to be just, and to which he remained true to the latest moment of his life, he led so often to battle, and for whom he ever cherished the most affectionate regard, we owe it to our fallen comrades, to ourselves, and to posterity, by some suitable and lasting memorial, to manifest to the world, for all time to come, that we were not unworthy to be led by our own immortal chief, and that we are not now ashamed of the principles for which Lee fought and Jackson died. Already some steps have been taken by some Confederate officers and soldiers, assembled at Lexington, the place of General Lee's death and burial, to inaugurate a memorial association; and being, as I believe, the senior in rank of all the officers of the Army of Northern Virginia now living in the State, I respectfully suggest and invite a conference at Richmond, on Thursday, the 3d day of November next, of all the survivors of that army, whether officers or privates, in whatever State they may live, who can conveniently attend, for the purpose of securing concert of action in regard to the proceeding contemplated. I would also invite to that conference the surviving officers and soldiers of all the other Confederate armies as well as the officers, sailors and marines of the Confederate navy. The call would have been made sooner, but for my absence, up to this time, in a country where there are no railroads or telegraphs, and where I was detained by imperative duties.

"Your friend and late fellow-soldier,

"JUBAL A. EARLY.

"LYNCHBURG, VA., *October 24, 1870.*"

Pursuant to this call there assembled at the First Presbyterian Church, in Richmond, on Thursday evening, November 3d, 1870, the grandest gathering of Confederate soldiers which had met since the war. This church then stood upon the upper portion of the site now occupied by our imposing City Hall.

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Among the leading officers who participated in the meeting were Generals Early, John B. Gordon, Edward Johnson, I. R. Trimble, W. B. Taliaferro, William Smith, W. N. Pendleton, Fitz. Lee, M. Ransom, William Terry, Benjamin Huger, Robert Ransom, L. L. Lomax, George H. Steuart, C. W. Field, W. S. Walker, B. T. Johnson, J. D. Imboden, R. L. Walker, Harry Heth, Samuel Jones, John S. Preston, Henry A. Wise, George E. Pickett, D. H. Maury, M. D. Corse, J. H. Lane, James L. Kemper, J. A. Walker, and others; Colonels Thomas H. Carter, Hilary P. Jones, Thomas L. Preston, Robert S. Preston, William Allan, William Preston Johnston, Charles S. Venable, Charles Marshall, Walter H. Taylor, Henry E. Peyton, and Robert E. Withers; Commodore M. F. Maury, Captain R. D. Minor, of the Confederate States Navy, and scores of others of our leading officers, and hosts of the "ragged veterans" of the rank and file.

The meeting was called to order by General Bradley T. Johnson, General Jubal A. Early was appointed temporary chairman, and Captain Campbell Lawson and Sergeant George L. Christian, of Richmond, and Captain George Walker, of Westmoreland county, temporary secretaries.

Ex-President Jefferson Davis was made permanent chairman.

General Early, on taking the chair, delivered an eloquent and worthy address, concluding as follows:

"Monuments of marble or bronze can add nothing to the fame of General Lee, and to perpetuate it it is not necessary that such should be erected. But the student of history in future ages, who shall read of the deeds and virtues of our immortal hero, will be lost in amazement at the fact that such a man went down to his grave a disfranchised citizen by the edict of his contemporaries—which infamous edict, by the fiat of an inexorable despotism, has been forced to be recorded upon the statute book of his native State. We, my comrades, owe it to our own characters, at least, to vindicate our manhood and purge ourselves of the foul stain by erecting an enduring monument to him that will be a standing protest, for all time to come, against the judgment pronounced against him. The exact locality of that monument I do not now propose to suggest. When we are in a condition to erect it, it will, in my opinion, be the proper time to settle definitely the locality, and I merely say now that it should be where it will be accessible to all his boys and their descendants.

"Something has been suggested with regard to the resting-place

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of all that is mortal of our beloved commander. This is a question, at this time, solely for the determination of the immediate family of General Lee. I am sure that the soldiers who followed him through such dreadful trials, will have regard for the wishes of that noble Virginia matron, who, being allied to Washington, has through life been the cherished bosom companion of Lee.

"Comrades, I am more than gratified at the fact that the great statesman and patriot who presided over the destinies of the Confederate States—who selected General Lee to lead her armies, and gave him the entire confidence throughout all his glorious career—is here to mingle his grief with ours, and to join in paying tribute to the memory of him we mourn."

PRESIDENT DAVIS.

In these words the speaker introduced President Davis, and as that revered form arose to answer the summons, it was greeted with a burst of irrepressible enthusiasm. His address enchained the attention and thrilled every heart from the beginning to the end.

The following is fitly extracted from his touching utterances :

"*Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederacy,*
Countrymen and Friends :

"Assembled on this sad occasion, with hearts oppressed with grief that follows the loss of him who was our leader on many a bloody battle-field, there is a melancholy pleasure in the spectacle which is presented. Hitherto, in all times, men have been honored when successful, but here is the case of one who, amid disaster, went down to his grave, and those who were his companions in misfortune have assembled to honor his memory. It is as much an honor to you who give as to him who receives, for above the vulgar test of merit, you show yourselves competent to discriminate between him who enjoys and him who deserves success.

"Robert E. Lee was my associate and friend in the military academy, and we were friends until the hour of his death. We were associates and friends when he was a soldier and I was a congressman, and associates and friends when he led the armies of the Confederacy and I held civil office, and, therefore, I may claim to speak as one who knew him. In the many sad scenes and perilous circumstances through which we passed together, our conferences were frequent and full, yet never was there an occasion on which

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there was not entire harmony of purpose and accordance as to means. If ever there was difference of opinion, it was dissipated by discussion, and harmony was the result. I repeat, we never disagreed, and I may add that I never in my life saw in him the slightest tendency to self-seeking. It was not his to make a record, it was not his to shift blame to other shoulders ; but it was his, with an eye fixed on the welfare of his country, never faltering, to follow the line of duty to the end. His was the heart that braved every difficulty ; his was the mind that brought victory out of defeat.

"He has been charged with 'want of dash.' I wish to say that I never knew Lee decline to attempt anything that man may dare. An attempt has also been made to throw a cloud on his character because he left the army of the United States to join in the struggle for the liberty of his State. Without entering into politics, I deem it my duty to say one word in reference to this charge. Virginian born, descended from a family illustrious in the colonial history of Virginia, more illustrious still in her struggle for independence, and most illustrious in her recent effort to maintain the great principles declared in 1776 ; given by Virginia to the service of the United States, he represented her in the Military Academy at West Point. He was not educated by the Federal Government, but by Virginia ; for she paid her full share for the support of that institution, and was entitled to demand in return the services of her sons. Entering the army of the United States, he represented Virginia there also, and nobly performed his duty for the Union, of which Virginia was a member, whether we look to his peaceful services as an engineer, or to his more notable deeds upon foreign fields of battle. He came from Mexico crowned with honors, covered by brevets, and recognized, young as he was, as one of the ablest of his country's soldiers.

* * * * * * * * *

"When Virginia joined the Confederacy, and the seat of government was moved to Richmond, Lee was the highest officer in the little army of Virginia, and promptly co-operated in all the movements of the Confederate Government for the defense of the common country ; and when he was sent to West Virginia made no inquiry as to his rank, but continued to serve under the impression that he was still an officer of Virginia ; and though he had, in point of fact, been then appointed General by the Confederate Government, he was so careless of himself as never to have learned the fact, and only made inquiry when, ordered to another State, he deemed it necessary to know what would be his relative position towards other officers with

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whom he might be brought in contact. You all remember the disastrous character of that campaign in West Virginia, to which I have referred. He came back carrying the heavy load of defeat and unappreciated by the people whom he had served, for they could not know that had his plans and orders been carried out the result would have been victory rather than retreat. You did not know it, for I would not have known had he not reported it, with the request, however, that it should not be made public. The clamor which then arose followed him when he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary to write a letter to the Governcr of that State telling him what manner of man he was."

Mr. Davis then spoke of the straits to which the Confederacy was reduced, and reviewed her sad and glorious history through the advance into Pennsylvania, the battle of Gettysburg, the final surrender. He then proceeded:

"Here he now sleeps in the land he loved, and that land is not Virginia only, for they do injustice to Lee who believe he fought only for Virginia. He was ready to go anywhere, on any service for the good of his country, and his heart was as broad as the fifteen States struggling for the principles that our forefathers fought for in the Revolution of 1776.

* * * * * * * * *

"This day we unite our words of sorrow with those of the good and great throughout Christendom, for his fame has gone over the water—his deeds will be remembered, and when the monument we build shall have crumbled into dust, his virtues will live, a high model for the imitation of generations yet unborn.

OTHER ADDRESSES.

Mr. Davis was followed in eloquent addresses by Colonel Charles S. Venable, General John S. Preston, General John B. Gordon, Colonel Charles Marshall, General Henry A. Wise, Colonel William Preston Johnston, and Colonel Robert E. Withers.

Resolutions were then passed organizing an association to erect a monument in Richmond. The following officers of the association were elected:

President, General Jubal A. Early; Secretary, Colonel Thomas Mann Randolph Talcott; Treasurer, Colonel William H. Palmer; Auditor, Sergeant C. P. Allen.

There was an executive committee located in Virginia, and a

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chairman provided for an executive committee of each Southern State.

The co-operation of the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association was also invited.

HOLLYWOOD ASSOCIATION'S APPEAL.

The following is a copy of the circular by which this collection was made:

"The undersigned, connected with the Hollywood Memorial Association of Richmond, Va., respectfully request the friends and admirers of General Robert E. Lee, in our whole country and abroad, to unite with them in a contribution for an equestrian bronze statue of our chieftain, of the best workmanship, to be erected in the soldiers' portion of Hollywood cemetery.

"A most eligible site, overlooking the whole section and in the centre of the part appropriated to remains of the dead from the fields of Gettysburg, has been offered by the Association to his family for his final resting place, under our loving and continual care and that of Virginia and the South. If the body should be elsewhere, it is still eminently fitting to erect a monument to his memory in the midst of the heroes who fell fighting under his leadership. It is proposed that on the days of religious worship observed throughout the South, every congregation, Christian and Hebrew, make their contributions for this object.

"It is hoped the requisite amount will be secured at once.

"(Signed) Mrs. William H. Macfarland, Mrs. George W. Randolph, Mrs. James Lyons, Mrs. William Brown and Miss E. B. Nicholas."

The next day, and of the same materials, was formed the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, whose annual meetings have done so much to illustrate and to perpetuate the history of the South during the most brilliant and trying period of her existence.

Meantime the ladies' committee had not been idle. A request was made by them to all the churches in the South to take up a collection on the fourth Sunday in November, being the 27th of that month.

Still under the glow of the patriotic devotion that followed the death of General Lee, it did not occur to the committee that many clergymen might regard this as the intrusion of a worldly matter into the holy precincts of the sanctuary. Many did very naturally take this view of the case. Nevertheless, the appeal resulted in the

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collection of a considerable sum, the largest contribution ($3,000) coming from Savannah.

At the foot of the copy of the circular in the possession of General Early, the following is appended in the handwriting of Miss Randolph:

"The fourth Sunday (27th) has been appointed as the day on which the collection for the monument will be taken up. Please advertise as far as you can. Remit contributions to Miss S. N. Randolph, secretary of Ladies' Lee Monument Committee, Box 838, Richmond, Va."

WORK OF BOTH ORGANIZATIONS.

Both associations soon adopted the most practical and efficient way of raising funds, which was to send, on the part of each, an efficient and accredited agent to travel through the South and canvass the different States. In this way most of the funds have been collected for each of the two associations, though since the enterprise has developed into a practical and attainable object, several private gentlemen have given handsomely towards making up the deficiency in the fund necessary to cover its cost.

A COMPETITIVE EXHIBITION.

During Governor Kemper's term a competitive exhibition was held by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Association in one of the legislative halls in the Capitol, in Richmond, the governor being much interested in the success of the exhibition and anxious that some one of the models should be found worthy of acceptance. To this exhibition the Ladies' Association were invited as associate judges, and with the hope that they would unite their funds with those of the soldiers and sailors to make up the sum necessary for the statue. The artists competing in this effort were: Mr. Edward V. Valentine, of Richmond; Miss Vinnie Ream, of Washington; Mr. Ezekiel, an artist whom Virginia is glad to claim, although he calls himself a citizen of Rome.

None of the models offered by these artists were accepted.

No further steps were taken to secure a model or an artist for the statue during the terms of Governors Holliday and Cameron, although collections continued to be made. In the meantime, by deaths and removals from the State, the active members of the Ladies' Association were reduced to two, Miss Nicholas and Miss Randolph, although their surviving colleagues were occasionally consulted.

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Some confusion arising from several associations collecting money for the same object, the collections by each were doubtless somewhat retarded.

In March, 1884, by an act of Assembly, the Lee Monument Association and the Ladies' Lee Monument were consolidated, but the two did not at once act in unison.

During the administration of Governor Kemper a law was passed constituting the Governor, the Treasurer and the Auditor of the State a board of managers for the Lee Monument Association. The Soldiers' Association disbanded and turned over to this board their funds, and by the zeal and efficiency of the secretary, Colonel S. Basset French, collections were pushed and there was considerable additions to the fund. An unsuccessful effort was made to unite with the Ladies' Association.

This association being anxious to secure a model and an artist for the work, made inquiries of those well versed in such matters as to the best living sculptors; for we are authorized to say that the ladies were positive on two points: one was that they themselves were not competent critics in art, and the other, that nationality should have nothing to do with the selection of a sculptor—a statue of General Lee being considered worthy to command the best artistic talent of the world. As their inquiries have resulted in the selection of M. Mercie as the sculptor, and the completion of his statue, a history of them will not only be interesting, but it will prove, even to that large part of the public who will not view it with the artist's eye, that no pains have been spared, that the end justifies the means, and that we have secured for the statue of General Lee the best artistic talent of the world.

SEEKING A SCULPTOR.

With this object Miss Randolph opened a correspondence with the wife of a member of the American Legation in Berlin. This amiable and cultivated woman cordially gave her aid and sought information on the subject from a gentleman holding a high position in the household of the Princess Imperial and thoroughly informed in all matters of art. He named two distinguished German sculptors, Bagas and Otto, to either of whom the work might be safely entrusted, and photographs of their best work were sent for inspection. As the matter progressed and took shape, the ladies called in as consulting members Colonels Wilfred E. Cutshaw and Archer Anderson, by whose advice they profited greatly in all their subsequent measures.

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Some discussion now occurred as to whether there should be any competitive exhibition, and, as a compromise, it was decided that if either of the sculptors above mentioned would agree to enter the exhibition, it should be held. Only the younger of the two, Herr Otto, agreed to compete, and he was finally prevented from doing so by illness. Several of the leading sculptors of America, who were invited by special letter to enter the lists, declined, among them our distinguished fellow-townsman, Mr. Valentine.

A satisfactory circular was framed, which was used as an advertisement in all the leading art journals of Europe and America. The sums offered for the first and second prizes were put at high figures—$2,000 and $1,000—in order to tempt into the exhibition the highest talent—great artists, with all the work they want always at command, being naturally averse to run the risk of rejection by a commission of ignorant amateurs. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, being deeply interested in the success of the enterprise, kindly agreed that his art gallery should be named as the building in which the exhibition should be held. In due time the advertising of the competition and the issue of the circulars brought a flood of letters—mostly from abroad—asking for descriptions of the site of the proposed monument, photographs of the General, &c. Church Hill was the site most in favor, and all the models sent were intended for the elevated position they would have occupied if this decision had been adhered to. This fact did not seem to be generally taken into account by the critics who attended the second exhibition. The photographs sent were taken from Elder's portrait in the Corcoran Gallery. Through the kindness of General Custis Lee, photographs of the General's saddle and sword were sent to the artists.

THE MODELS.

When the models began to arrive it was found that there was not space in the Corcoran Gallery to accommodate them—some twenty in all—and then followed a wearisome search for a hall at reasonable rates. In this search Miss Randolph had the active assistance of Dr. Barbaim, one of the officers of the Corcoran Gallery, who finally secured one. Under his supervision and that of a superintendent for the purpose by the association, the different models were unpacked and placed in position, the hall itself being draped with cheap crimson stuff, that the models might be seen to the best advantage.

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DEATH MASK OF GENERAL LEE.

It should be noted that a foreign artist in writing about his model for the statue, asked for the death mask of General Lee. Miss Randolph could find no trace of such a cast, and General Custis Lee was confident that no such mask had been made. This seemed to settle the question. In selecting a commission to sit in judgment on the models, and to award the prizes, some gentlemen in Washington being consulted, suggested the son of Clarke Mills as a suitable judge, and remarked that he had his father's mask of General Lee. With this clue, Miss Randolph wrote to Dr. Barbaim, who purchased the mask for the Corcoran Gallery. It had been taken by Clarke Mills when he was summoned to Washington to appear before the congressional committee. A plaster cast of it was ultimately sent to M. Mercie, and, of course, was invaluable in getting the shape and proportions of the General's head.

AWARDING THE PRIZES.

The models obtained, the next step was to select a suitable committee to award prizes, and its importance was fully realized. It was finally decided that no amateur should be on it, and consequently the choice fell upon two of America's most distinguished sculptors, Messrs. St. Gaudens and I. Q. A. Ward. Mr. Clarke, the government architect, was associated with them. These gentlemen were asked and kindly agreed to perform the delicate task. It was soon apparent that the high prizes offered had done their work, and the judges confirmed this opinion by saying that it was, perhaps, the best competitive exhibition ever held in America. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Niehaus, of Ohio, and the second to Mr. Ezekiel. The Ladies' Association had not bound itself to give the work to the most successful competitor, and the exhibition having put them en rapport with artists of superior talent, they still had "the world before them where to choose," with this advantage added.

GOVERNOR LEE'S WORK.

In the meantime General Fitzhugh Lee was inaugurated Governor of Virginia, and being *ex-officio* president of the Lee Monument Association under the act of the General Assembly of March 13th, 1884, with characteristic energy he began to take measures to bring about, without further delay, the erection of the monument. He

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proposed that the two associations should unite in their action, and called a meeting at the office of the Governor of Virginia, in the Capitol at Richmond, on May 15th, 1886. Present: Governor Fitzhugh Lee, Colonel Archer Anderson, Miss Sarah N. Randolph, Miss E. B. Nicholas, Morton Marye, Auditor of Public Accounts, A. W. Harman, Jr., Treasurer of the Commonwealth.

The following resolutions are extracted from the minutes of this meeting:

1st. A board of managers to consist of six persons, to be constituted in the outset as follows: The Governor of Virginia, the Auditor of Public Accounts, the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, and three managers to be appointed by the Ladies' Lee Monument Association.

2d. Vacancies hereafter occurring to be filled by a vote of the board of managers, provided that the Governor of Virginia, the Auditor and the Treasurer of the Commonwealth for the time being shall always be members of the board *ex-officio*.

3d. The board of managers of the consolidated Lee Monument Association, organized under these articles, shall select the design, the artist who shall execute the work, and select the site on which the monument shall be erected, anything in any resolution or act heretofore passed to the contrary notwithstanding. * * * The members chosen on behalf of the Ladies' Association, as members of the board of managers, were: Miss S. N. Randolph, Miss E. B. Nicholas and Colonel Archer Anderson.

MERCIE'S FIRST MODEL.

Miss Nicholas, treasurer of the Ladies' Monument Association, turned over to the consolidated association $15,602.17 in different securities. Five thousand had been expended in a competitive exhibition. Colonel Archer Anderson and Mr. A. W. Harman, Jr., were appointed to confer with the City Council of the city of Richmond in regard to the foundation of the Lee monument.

Among the models submitted for inspection there was one that showed such evidences of genius that it attracted the first attention of every visitor, but the position of the horse and rider showed such a glaring misconception of the character of General Lee that no one thought of it as winning a prize. It was marked "Glory to the Hero." It represented a triumphant warrior careering over the battle-field waving a sword and shouting to his followers.

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It suggested nothing so strongly as "proud Cumberland prancing, insulting the slain"; and notwithstanding its artistic pedestal, which was universally admired, as a representation of General Lee it was as universally condemned. This was the first offering of Mons. Antonin Mercie. The beauty of his work and the great fame of the artist, however, were not overlooked, and, when the question of selection again came up, many persons, who were undoubted judges of art and had sincerely at heart the success of the statue, urged that the sculptor who sent the model marked "Glory to the Hero" should have another trial. This the board agreed to give him. He was told how he had misconceived his subject, and was asked to send another model of a horse in a less fiery attitude, and if it were not too great a sacrifice of artistic requirements, to have all four feet on the ground. The response to this was a small, but very beautiful, model of a horse with a man on him, not intended for General Lee, for he had no materials for a portrait statue and no likeness was attempted. The statue of the horse was entirely satisfactory, and the question of likeness only remained.

MERCIE'S FINAL MODEL.

Early in the summer of 1887, the best attainable photographs were sent to the sculptor, as well as the General's uniform and one of his shoes. It has already been mentioned that he received a plaster cast of the mask, weathered, as it were, at the last moment. Miss Randolph, who was in Paris that summer, impressed upon Mons. Mercie that it would be a bitter disappointment to the countrymen of General Lee if the likeness were not successful. He promised his best effort, and begged that he might not be asked to model the General with a hat on. Gazing at a very fine profile likeness, given him by Miss Randolph, he exclaimed: "Who would cover such a head?" On a second visit to Paris in 1889, Miss Randolph also carried a small spur, such as General Lee wore. Mons. Mercie told her that when General Lee's shoe was sent to him there was no one in his household with a foot small enough to wear it but his twelve-year-old son.

SKETCH OF THE ARTIST.

In working out the likeness to General Lee in the life-sized model, Mons. Mercie had the great advantage of working under the criticism of Miss Mary Lee, who was often at his studio. The history of Mons. Mercie and of his many triumphs in art has been published

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too often during the progress of his work to need repetition. It is much to be regretted that the artist cannot be present to witness the enthusiasm with which his statue is received. He is described as "a short, thick-set, squarely built man, with dark hair and eyes, and a short black beard." He is a native of Toulouse, and holding the eminence which he does in art, he is much sought in Parisian society; he has a handsome establishment, whose windows look out on the charming gardens of the Avenue de L'Observatoire, and in the rear of his house is his studio. One of the orders he received during the past year is for a tomb to be erected in Constantinople. Mons. Mercie is a painter as well as a sculptor. He is a rapid worker; and as an illustration of his merit, it may be mentioned that he generally has three works in the Gallery of the Luxembourg, that first camping ground of a work of art on its way to the Louvre, into which noble collection an one is admitted, until ten years after the death of the artist; and no artist is allowed to have more than three works at the same time in the Luxembourg.

ORIGINAL PLAN OF THE PEDESTAL.

Mons. Pajol, the architect of the pedestal of the Lee Monument, though short and dark-haired, is, in his slightly built, airy figure, the opposite in personal appearance to Mons. Mercie; but, like him, he is of easy and graceful address, with cordial manners. It should be noted, in reference to his beautiful pedestal, that, as it now stands, it does not do justice to his original design, in which its massiveness is in better proportion to the size of the colossal statue surmounting it. For lack of funds the two beautiful groups modeled for the front and rear of the pedestal could not be ordered. This being the case, Mons. Pajol was asked to suppress the two projections intended to support them, and to do it in such a way that the design might be carried out at some future day. It is most desirable that the money should be speedily raised to add these groups to the monument, and so to put the finishing touch to its beauty and grandeur. The rear group represents the Angel of Peace snatching the weapons from the hands of the Goddess of War. The front group originally represented the women of the South offering branches of laurels to General Lee.

With the authority of the board, Miss Randolph, in a personal interview, requested Mons. Mercie to replace this group with a figure of Liberty, taken from the coat-of-arms of Virginia, leaning on her

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spear, with one outstretched arm holding a wreath of laurel over the head of a Confederate soldier who is seated at her feet. The standing figure was intended for an impersonation of the South. These suggestions Mons. Mercie soon elaborated into a beautiful group. Let us hope that for the want of a few thousand dollars, this noble monument of General Lee will not be left in an unfinished state, as it must be while it lacks the two groups of sculpture which formed a part of the original design.

DISCUSSING THE SITE.

Libby Hill, Gamble's Hill, and the Allen lot, in the western part of the city, were successively discussed and voted on as the site of the statue. The Allen lot was at last chosen and accepted as the gift of Mr. Otway S. Allen, by the following resolution: "June 18th, 1887. *Resolved*, That in view of the original advantages of the location, the donation of Mr. Otway S. Allen, heirs and devisees, of the circle of 100 feet, radius as the monument site, and especially in consideration of the surroundings proposed by them and submitted to us in the plan and survey of Colonel C. P. E. Burgwyn, including the broad intersecting avenues and open area or place about the monument circle, which dedication and survey are to be parts of the deed and recorded therewith, the location and site upon the Allen property are hereby selected and determined upon for the monument to be erected to General Robert E. Lee by this association.

PREPARING THE SITE.

September 1, 1887, an engineer of the association was employed, and a contract was awarded to Messrs. Philips & Ford for excavating and grading, at $450. The engineer was directed to correspond with Mr. Caspar Buberl, a New York sculptor, and to employ him to cut the scroll work around the plinth of the pedestal, which was done.

On June 15, 1887, the treasurer reported that the funds in hand amounted to $55,972.56.

The following letter was laid before the committee in December of the same year by Governor Lee:

"*My Dear Governor*,—I send you a draft on New York for $1,000 as my contribution to the monument to General Lee. I have heretofore contributed, but the amount was not as much as I

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desired. I desire that this amount be devoted to furnishing a solid granite block for the equestrian statue to rest on, as shown in the enclosed rough sketch, provided it is sufficient for that purpose.

"J. A. EARLY."

Colonel Anderson was requested to write to Mercie informing him that it was the desire of the association to have the statue of Lee as large as the equestrian statue of Washington, to forward to him the drawing and the measurements of the same made by Engineer Burgwyn, and to ascertain the additional cost. After correspondence, it was agreed that the height of the statue, including the bronze plate, should be six and one-half metres (about twenty-one feet), and the price of the same increased to 90,000 francs, instead of the original price of 60,000 francs.

On March 13th, 1889, on the motion of General Lee, and by a unanimous vote of the board, Colonel Archer Anderson was invited to deliver the address at the unveiling of the Lee Monument.

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE.

The corner-stone of the Lee Monument was laid October 27th, 1887. Notwithstanding that the day was most disagreeably wet, being a continuation of a three days' rain, the procession was imposing.

The military from different portions of the State participated, whilst four hundred and fifty Marylanders were present under the command of General Bradley T. Johnson. All of Richmond turned out.

The column was led by Governor Fitzhugh Lee, accompanied by General Wade Hampton, followed by his regular aides, and General John R. Cooke, chief of staff for the occasion.

Members of the Lee family, Generals Joseph E. Johnston, Jubal A. Early, Joseph R. Anderson, William McComb, Geo. H. Stuart, L. L. Lomax, Surgeon-General Samuel Preston Moore, Generals C. M. Wilcox, W. B. Taliaferro, R. E. Colston, William H. Payne, William P. Roberts, Eppa Hunton, Daniel Ruggles, J. D. Imboden, Robert Ransom, B. D. Fry, R. L. Page, D. A. Weisiger, William R. Terry, Williams C. Wickham, Hon. John W. Daniel, and other distinguished men with many accomplished ladies were present in carriages.

The exercises on the grounds were as follows :

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Governor Lee called the vast crowd to order and said—

"*Citizens and Comrades,*—As Governor of Virginia I am by law a member of the Lee Monument Association, and by the action of the association I am its president. The duty, therefore, devolves upon me of calling this vast assemblage to order.

"The ceremonies now about to commence mark an event not only in the history of Virginia and its capital city, but are of great interest to all sections where the heroism of the Southern soldier is appreciated and remembered. The proceedings here will now be opened by a prayer from Richmond's distinguished divine, the Rev. Dr. Hoge."

PRAYER OF DR. HOGE.

Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, who has been for forty years pastor in Richmond, who rendered invaluable service in Confederate times, and who was the intimate personal friend of General R. E. Lee, had been most appropriately selected to make the prayer.

In clear voice and distinct enunciation he led the devotions of the vast crowd in the following fervent prayer:

Almighty God, Fountain of Life and Father of Mercies, there is no offering of gratitude, no tribute of thanksgiving which is not Thy due—none which we would not bring Thee at this very hour, as we bow before Thy footstool.

With humble reverence we invoke Thy blessing upon this great multitude gathered to unite in these impressive ceremonies.

Let Thy benediction rest upon the strangers within our gates, whom we welcome as friends; let it rest upon these organizations military and municipal; upon these associations representing the industrial pursuits of the people; upon these fraternities philanthropic and charitable; upon these institutions and societies whose aim is the advancement of sound learning and the material and moral welfare of the citizens of this State and of our common country.

We recognize Thy gracious providence over our Commonwealth from its foundation to this auspicious day. Thou hast made it not only the Mother of States, but of the men whose virtue and valor have been illustrated in the halls of legislation and on the fields of conflict—men whose names are the purest in human history—and whose memories are the heritage of all whose hearts beat in sympathy with exalted worth and unselfish devotion to freedom, truth, and

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justice throughout this great Union from North to South and from East to West.

Especially do we bless Thee for the life and example of the patriot soldier, sage, and servant of God, in grateful and loving honor of whose memory we unite in these solemnities.

In words wise and fitly chosen may he whose office it is this day to portray the character and worth of our great commander, so perform his high duty that our souls may be kindled afresh with the love of those virtues that make his life illustrious and his memory immortal.

Great God! as we stand in the midst of this vast and jubilant throng of the living, we pause in reverential silence to hear the voice of Thy providence reminding us that one who was to have borne his honored part in these services is now numbered with the dead. The poet dies—the undying song survives. The hand that tuned the harp is cold and still—the melody it awoke yet sounds to entrance the ear of the living. O God of pity! bless and comfort the family of our departed brother, and be Thou their strength, support, and consolation.

O Thou that hearest prayer, we beseech Thee receive and accept these our humble supplications; and help us all so to discharge the duties we owe to Thee and to our fellow-men that we may pass from lives of usefulness and honor into an immortality of rest and peace; and to God, most High, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, we will give the glory evermore. Amen.

The Grand Lodge of Virginia, over which Most Worshipful Master William F. Drinkard presided, then took charge of the corner-stone, and in "due and ancient form," and with the imposing rites of the order, proceeded to lay it according to the published programme.

The prayer of the venerable Right Worshipful Chaplain, Rev. Dr. G. W. Dame, was fervent and appropriate.

CORNER-STONE ACCEPTED.

In response to the Grand Master, Colonel Burgwyn said:

"Most Worshipful Grand Master, I hereby accept these implements of operative masonry, and I pledge my best ability and skill in seeing that this structure is erected according to the designs of the sculptor and plans of the architect. I trust that this monument

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may rest upon its foundation as firmly as the veneration of the great chieftain is rooted in the memory of our people."

The Grand Master closed the ceremonies by saying:

"Worshipful Brother, our Grand Marshal, you will take two of your aids with you and inform his Excellency the Governor of Virginia, president of the Lee Monument Association, that the corner-stone of the monument has now been laid with Masonic honors, and request his Excellency to descend with you, examine our work, and, if approved, to receive it from our hands."

Governor Lee was escorted to the corner-stone, and, after viewing the work, said:

"In the name of the Lee Monument Association I receive this work from the hands of the Grand Master and his associates. May it be as enduring as the reputation of the soldier whose memory it commemorates."

OTHER EXERCISES ADJOURNED.

At this juncture the rain became so heavy that the Governor announced that the further exercises would be suspended, and that the poem and oration would be delivered at night in the hall of the House of Delegates.

The crowd even then seemed reluctant to disperse, but finally sought shelter in the best of humor, and still ready to cheer the distinguished visitors and organizations.

AT THE CAPITOL—READING OF THE POEM—DELIVERING OF THE ORATION.

The hall of the House of Delegates was packed to its utmost capacity that night, while hundreds, if not thousands, turned away unable to find even standing room. It seemed a great pity that no larger hall could be had, for it is certain that one twenty times as large would not have held the people anxious to be present.

As Governor Lee, General Wade Hampton and General Early came into the hall they were greeted with loud cheers.

GOVERNOR LEE.

As Governor Lee arose he was welcomed with enthusiastic applause, and spoke as follows:

The death of the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia occurred at Lexington on the 12th of October, 1870, and the people

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of that section at once determined to organize an association with the intention of marking in an appropriate manner the place of his burial. Valentine's recumbent statue is there to-day to prove they have fully and faithfully executed their trust. In this city the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association, never weary in work for the Confederate soldier, living or dead, at once proceeded to take the necessary steps to collect money to erect a monument to General Lee in Richmond or its vicinity. Another society was formed for the same purpose a little later, and was the result of a call by General Jubal Early (the senior Confederate soldier in Virginia) for a meeting of his Confederate comrades for the purpose of testifying their sorrow at the death of their commander and perfecting an organization to build to his memory a monument. A memorable meeting on the 3d of November, 1870, was the result of General Early's action, and a monument association was promptly organized. The funds collected by this last body were, during Governor Kemper's administration, placed by them into the hands of a State board, consisting of the Governor, Auditor and Treasurer. At the request of the board of managers, of which General Early was president, this board then assumed the place of the former one, and this action was confirmed by law. These two associations, having the same objective point, then proceeded to carry out the object for which they were formed.

After my installation to office, efforts to consolidate the two organizations into one were successfully made. Now, with united purpose, we promise to continue this work of love, and in two years from this date I invite you here again to witness the unveiling, upon this spot, of an equestrian statue to General Lee.

We have in our midst to-day the officer who first organized the move to form within the ranks of the Confederate soldier an association to perpetuate the memory of the army commander, who was the first president of the Lee Monument Association, and whose heart to-day beats as steady and strong for the living as it throbs tender and true for the dead. I voice the unanimous wish of our association in asking General Jubal A. Early to preside over this meeting, and I now with great pleasure present him to this audience.

GENERAL EARLY.

The applause with which General Early was greeted showed the warm place he has in the hearts of old Confederates. In a few remarks he expressed his gratification at the large gathering in spite

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of the weather. He spoke of the great gathering which organized this monument association, over which President Davis presided.

General Early paid an eloquent tribute to Mr. Davis, expressed his deep regret at his absence, and said that he knew he expressed the sentiments of this vast crowd when he expressed the hope that President Davis would be here at the unveiling of the proposed monument. [This tribute to Mr. Davis was loudly applauded.]

General Early said that Lee needed no monument, but that we owed it to ourselves to erect it, and that, however certain men may go back on their principles, the noble women of the South would be ever true.

In fit phrase General Early introduced Captain W. Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg.

THE POEM.

The committee had been exceedingly fortunate in securing Captain W. Gordon McCabe, of Petersburg, to recite the poem prepared for the occasion by the gifted and lamented James Barron Hope, lately deceased. A gallant soldier, an accomplished scholar, a poet of no mean abilities himself, and the intimate personal friend of Hope, Captain McCabe was recognized by all as the man for the occasion. He introduced the reading of the poem by the following eloquent tribute to his lamented friend :

Nearly thirty years ago, when Virginia, in this beautiful capital of our Old Dominion, dedicated yonder noble and impressive monument to George Washington, she sent her bravest singer, James Barron Hope, then in first flush of his youthful genius, to swell the chorus of praise and reverence due her greatest son of our first Revolution.

Nobly did he perform the command laid upon him, and his stately poem with its sonorous eloquence and lofty epic inspiration still stirs the pulse's play and has become a classic to every Virginian not dead to the heroic past of his mother State.

Thus when the men and women of Virginia, despite their poverty, resolved to erect a statue in enduring bronze to Robert Lee on yonder spot overlooking those "labor'd rampart lines," where, after countless victories, at last "he greatly stood at bay"—thus it was that by acclaim the same brave singer, whose genius had grown but mellower and his touch the purer with the lapse of time, was once more summoned to celebrate in song the deeds and virtues of

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Virginia's greatest son of her second Revolution, the peer of Washington in military genius, patriotism, constancy and valor.

Again he wrought in noblest mood and as only the true poet can, but, alas! scarce had he finished his task when death struck the votic pencil from the busy fingers and hushed that deep, rich voice, whose manly cadences had made doubly musical for us this day the rythmic sweep of his stirring numbers.

Thus, in the service of his native State, in some sort, still serving his old commander, fell on sleep this knightly spirit, this accomplished man of letters, this loyal friend, who in his public as in his private life ever "bore without reproach the grand old name of gentleman."

At the request of his family and of the Lee Monument Association, I am here to-day to read in such poor fashion as may be allowed me his poem written in the very shadow of death.

MEMORIÆ SACRUM.

Great Mother of great Commonwealths
Men call our Mother State;
And she so well has earned this name
That she may challenge Fate
To snatch away the epithet
Long given her of "great."

First of all Old England's outposts
To stand fast upon these shores,
Soon she brought a mighty harvest
To a People's threshing floors,
And more than golden grain was piled
Within her ample doors.

Behind her stormy sunrise shore,
Her shadow fell vast and long,
And her mighty Adm'ral, English Smith,
Heads a prodigious throng
Of as mighty men, from Raleigh down,
As ever arose in Song.

Her names are the shining arrows
Which her ancient quiver bears,
And their splendid sheaf has thickened
Through the long march of the years,
While her great shield has been burnished
By her children's blood and tears.

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Yes, it is true, my countrymen,
We are rich in names and blood,
And red have been the blossoms
From the first Colonial bud,
While her names have blazed as meteors
By many a field and flood.

And as some flood tumultuous
In sounding billows rolled
Give back the evening glories
In a wealth of blazing gold;
So does the present from its waves
Reflect the lights of old.

Our history is a shifting sea
Locked in by lofty land
And its great Pillars of Hercules,
Above the shining sand,
I here behold in majesty
Uprising on each hand.

These Pillars of our history,
In fame forever young,
Are known in every latitude
And named in every tongue,
And down through all the Ages
There story shall be sung.

The Father of His Country
Stands above that shut-in sea
A glorious symbol to the world
Of all that's great and free;
And to-day Virginia matches him—
And matches him with Lee.

II.

Who shall blame the social order
Which gave us men as great as these?
Who condemn the soil of t' forest
Which brings forth gigantic trees?
Who presume to doubt that Providence
Shapes out our destinies?

Foreordained, and long maturing,
Came the famous men of old;
In the dark mines deep were driven
Down the shafts to reach the gold,
And the story is far longer
Than the histories have told.

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From Bacon down to Washington
The generations passed,
Great events and moving causes
Were in serried order massed :
Berkeley well was first confronted,
Better George the King at last !

From the times of that stern ruler
To our own familiar days,
Long the pathway we have trodden—
Hard and devious were its ways—
Till at last there came the second
Mightier Revolution's blaze ;

Till at last there broke the tempest
Like a cyclone on the sea,
When the lightnings blazed and dazzled
And the thunders were set free—
And riding on that whirlwind came
Majestic Robert Lee.

Who—again I ask the question—
Who may challenge in debate,
With any show of truthfulness,
Our former social state
Which brought forth more than heroes
In their lives supremely great ?

Not Peter the wild Crusader
When bent upon his knee,
Not Arthur and his belted knights
In the poet's song could be
More earnest than those Southern men
Who followed Robert Lee.

They thought that they were right, and this
Was hammered into those
Who held that crest all drenched in blood
Where the " Bloody Angle " rose.
As for all else ? It passes by
As the idle wind that blows.

III.

Then stand up, oh my Countrymen !
And unto God give thanks,
On mountains, and on hillsides,
And by sloping river banks—
Thank God that you were worthy
Of the grand Confederate ranks ;

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That you who came from uplands
And from beside the sea,
Filled with love of Old Virginia,
And the teachings of the free,
May boast in sight of all men
That you followed Robert Lee.

Peace has come. God gave his blessing
On the fact and on the name!
The South speaks no invective,
And she writes no word of blame;
But we call all men to witness
That we stand up without shame!

Nay! Send it forth to all the world
That we stand up here with pride,
With love for our living comrades
And with praise for those who died;
And in this manly frame of mind
Till death we will abide.

God and our consciences alone
Give us measures of right and wrong.
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong;
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song.

Human grief full oft by glory
Is assuaged and disappears
When its requiem swells with music
Like the shock of shields and spears,
And its passion is too full of pride
To leave a space for tears.

And hence to-day, my Countrymen,
We come, with undimmed eyes,
In homage of the hero Lee,
The good, the great, the wise;
And at his name our hearts will leap
Till his last old soldier dies.

Ask me, if so you please, to paint
Storm winds upon the sea;
Tell me to weigh great Cheops—
Set volcanic forces free;
But bid me not, my Countrymen,
To picture Robert Lee!

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As Saul, bound for Damascus fair,
Was struck blind by sudden light,
So my eyes are pained and dazzled
By a radiance pure and white
Shot back by the burnished armor
Of that glory-belted Knight.

His was all the Norman's polish
And sobriety of grace;
All the Goth's majestic figure:
All the Roman's noble face:
And he stood the tall exemplar
Of a grand historic race.

Baronial were his acres where
Potomac's waters run;
High his lineage, and his blazon
Was by cunning heralds done;
But better still he might have said
Of his "works" he was the "son."

Truth walked beside him always
From his childhood's early years,
Honor followed as his shadow—
Valor lightened all his cares;
And he rode—that grand Virginian—
Last of all the Cavaliers!

As a soldier we all knew him
Great in action and repose.
Saw how his genius kindled
And his mighty spirit rose
When the four quarters of the globe
Encompassed him with foes.

But he and his grew braver
As the danger grew more rife,
Avaricious they of glory
But most prodigal of life,
And the "Army of Virginia,"
Was the Atlas of the strife.

As his troubles gathered round him,
Thick as waves that beat the shore
ATRA CURA rode behind him—
Famine's shadow filled his door;
Still he wrought deeds no mortal man
Had ever wrought before.

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IV.

Then came the end, my Countrymen,
The last thunderbolts were hurled!
Worn out by his own victories
His battle-flags were furled,
And a history was finished
That has changed the modern world.

As some saint in the arena
Of a bloody Roman game
As the prize of his endeavor
Put on an immortal frame,
Through long agonies our Soldier
Won the crown of martial fame.

But there came a greater glory
To that man supremely great
(When his just sword he laid aside
In peace to serve his State),
For in his classic solitude
He rose up and mastered Fate.

He triumphed and he did not die!—
No funeral bells were tolled—
But on that day in Lexington
Fame came herself to hold
His stirrup while he mounted
To ride down the streets of gold.

He is not dead! There is no death!
He only went before,
His journey on when CHRIST THE LORD
Wide open held the door,
And a calm, celestial peace is his:
Thank God forevermore.

V.

When the effigy of Washington
In its bronze was reared on high,
'Twas mine, with others, now long gone,
Beneath a stormy sky,
To utter to the multitude
His name that cannot die.

And here to-day, my Countrymen,
I tell you Lee shall ride
With that great "rebel" down the years—

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Twin " rebels " side by side—
And confronting such a vision
All our grief gives place to pride.

These two shall ride immortal
And shall ride abreast of Time;
Shall light up stately history
And blaze in Epic Rhyme—
Both patriots, both Virginians true,
Both " rebels," both sublime.

Our past is full of glory,
It is a shut-in sea,
The Pillars overlooking it
Are Washington and Lee :—
And a future spreads before us
Not unworthy of the free.

And here and now, my Countrymen,
Upon this sacred sod,
Let us feel : it was " OUR FATHER "
Who above us held the rod,
And from hills to sea,
Like Robert Lee,
Bow reverently to GOD.

Captain McCabe's recitation of the poem was frequently interrupted with applause.

THE ORATION OF COLONEL CHARLES MARSHALL.

General Early then introduced Colonel Marshall, Lee's military secretary, who spoke as follows :

It is now more than twenty-two years since the last gun was fired in the war between the States, and more than twenty-one years ago the blessed return of peace was proclaimed throughout the land. All who hear my voice are citizens of the Union established by the war, and from the Potomac to the Rio Grande the authority of the Federal Government is undisputed, its laws are obeyed, its benefits are acknowledged, and to defend it against enemies at home and abroad is accepted as the first duty of every citizen of the mighty republic throughout its wide borders. And yet we are gathered here to-day to lay the corner-stone of a monument to one who is generally regarded as the most formidable enemy that the Federal Government ever encountered, and to make known to all men our veneration for his exalted character, our admiration for his great deeds, and our

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gratitude for his great services and sacrifices in the cause of the Southern people.

My chief object to-day shall be to explain this seeming inconsistency and make clear the significance of the work we have in hand, that we may be able to answer our children when they shall ask us, "What mean ye by this monument to an enemy of the Union which you teach us to cherish and defend?"

I have selected this subject as most appropriate to the occasion, because it seems to me that, however great the virtues and however exalted the character of him whose statue we propose to rear on this spot, and however great his deeds in war, his right to such a memorial will be tested also by the merits of the cause in which he was engaged.

It needs no eulogy to establish his title to the noblest monument that can be reared to great attributes of mind and soul, and to illustrious deeds of war.

But history tears down statues and monuments to great attributes and illustrious deeds, unless those attributes be devoted to some noble end, and illustrious deeds be done in a righteous cause.

THE MERITS OF THE CAUSE.

It seems to me, therefore, becoming to the occasion to set before you, as plainly as I can, the merits of the cause in which General Lee rendered his great services, to correct the errors and misrepresentations which have now obtained for so many years with reference to it, in some quarters, and to claim for it recognition as the cause of constitutional liberty, as understood and applied by our fathers in the Constitution framed by them.

When the facts come to be fairly stated and rightly understood it will be seen that this statute will perpetuate no memory of infidelity to the Union as it was, and will teach no lesson inconsistent with a loyal and cheerful obedience to the authority of the Union as it is.

No one accepted the results of the war more frankly and unreservedly than the illustrious man to whom we are now offering the tribute of our gratitude and love, and it would be impossible more grievously to mistake the teaching of his life and example than to draw from them encouragement to a renewal of sectional strife or a withholding of genuine fealty to the Federal Union as it is now established.

The exciting events of the great contest in which a peaceful people

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became suddenly involved, succeeded each other so rapidly and were so absorbing that it was difficult even for the actors in them to avoid confounding the causes of the war with some of its incidental consequences—consequences that had their origin in the exigencies of the struggle itself, one of which was so momentous that it has come to be regarded as the actual cause of the war and the object for which it was waged.

AFRICAN SLAVERY.

For example, it is almost universally assumed as a fact that the war was waged by the Federal Government for the overthrow of African slavery, and by the South for the maintenance of that institution.

But incalculable as is the benefit of that consequence of the war, if we may put faith in the solemn acts and declarations of the Federal Government it is easy to show that it did not make war to emancipate the slaves, but that it liberated the slaves to help it to make war.

President Lincoln's proclamation of September 22, 1862, declares:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves in any State, or designated part of a State, *the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States*, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

This proclamation was the forerunner of the famous emancipation proclamation of January 1, 1863, and it needs no commentary to show that it was not inspired solely by the desire to set the negroes free.

For the proclamation came at a time when the Federal army that had besieged Richmond in the beginning of 1862 had barely saved Washington from the grasp of the half-starved, half-naked soldiers of the Confederacy. It was issued when those soldiers stood on the frontier of Virginia, challenging their adversaries to try again the issue left undetermined on the bloody field of Sharpsburg. It came at a time when the Federal plan of campaign in Virginia for 1862 had failed, shattered at Manassas, shattered at Sharpsburg, and if there be not about it a painful suggestion of servile war as a possible aid to the restoration of Federal authority over the South, it is clear

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in the announcement that the South could escape the threatened emancipation of the slaves, and all the consequences of that measure, by returning to the Federal Union.

HOW EMANCIPATION CAME ABOUT.

Emancipation, therefore, was used as a threat to the States that should continue to resist the Federal arms after the 1st day of January, 1863, and protection to slavery by the Federal Government was the reward promised to such States as should cease to resist.

But Mr. Lincoln has left no room for doubt as to his views on this subject. One month before the warning proclamation of September 22d, he wrote to Mr. Greeley as follows:

"My paramount object is to save the Union and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would do that also. What I do about slavery and the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union."

It is apparent that Mr. Lincoln regarded the maintenance of the territorial integrity of the Union as the object of the war, regardless of all considerations affecting slavery or the colored race.

My subject, however, relates more nearly to the action of the people of the South with reference to secession and the war, and it is concerning this part of the history of the time that the greatest amount of ignorance and misrepresentation exists. They are all commonly designated as secessionists, their cause as the cause of secession, their object the disruption of the Federal Union, and the establishment of a Southern Confederacy as something in itself to be preferred to the Federal Union. And they are commonly represented as having adopted that cause and sought that object as a means of perpetuating African slavery.

LINCOLN MADE THE CONFEDERACY.

It shall be my aim to show you how entirely untrue to history this view of the conduct and action of the Southern people is, and for this purpose I propose to trace the events that led to the withdrawal of Virginia from the Union, as the action of Virginia determined that of General Lee.

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Before entering upon the narrative of those events I must remind you that the social, political, and constitutional changes brought about by the war are so vast, and have been effected so suddenly and completely, that it is not easy even for us who lived under the old order of things to judge the actions of individuals and communities in the light of opinions and institutions then almost universally received and respected, uninfluenced by the very different opinions and institutions of to-day. The task will become more difficult when the population of this country shall come to consist, as it will in a very few years, of people who never knew any Constitution but the present Constitution, or any Union but the present Union, and who will have no personal knowledge of the views and opinions that guided the conduct of men before the iron of war had entered the soul of our institutions. I can, perhaps, better draw your attention to the conclusions which are warranted by the facts about to be presented to you by the rather startling proposition that the actual Southern Confederacy, the Confederacy which for four years made head against the power of the Federal Government, reinforced at last by the slaves, was called into existence by Mr. Lincoln himself.

To explain what I mean it is necessary to mark the difference between the state of affairs before and after the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln of April 15, 1861—a difference so important and so generally disregarded in what is said and written on the subject of the war that I shall have to ask your indulgence if I present it somewhat in detail.

Although nearly the whole people of the Southern States became to all intents united after the proclamation of April 15th, it is generally forgotten that before that event the views of duty and of policy entertained in the cotton and in the border States were widely divergent. I shall try to show what that difference was.

SECESSION.

Soon after it became known that Mr. Lincoln had been elected, the cotton States, consisting of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, took measures to secede from the Union, treating his election as a sufficient cause for their action.

South Carolina led the way on the 17th of December, 1860, and was followed by the others—Texas having been the last to secede. Her representatives subscribed the provisional Confederate Constitution at Montgomery on the 2d of March, 1861. On the 11th of that month

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these States, through their representatives, adopted the permanent Confederate Constitution.

To understand the full effect of this important step, and how it was regarded by the great majority of the people of the border States, as we shall see, it must be remembered that nothing had occurred at that time to change the legal or political condition of the people of the seceding States. Mr. Lincoln had been duly elected, it is true, after a very exciting election, but the Republican party which elected him had not control of Congress. No law, therefore, on the statute-book at the time the cotton States seceded had been enacted by a Republican Congress or approved by a Republican President. A Democratic Congress and a Democratic President, both friendly to the opinions generally held in the slave States on Federal subjects connected with slavery, were responsible for the laws of the country as they stood when Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1861. But that there was nothing in Federal legislation obnoxious to the cotton States themselves at the time the Confederate Government was organized at Montgomery, is shown by the very first act of the Provisional Congress.

Statute 1, chapter 1 of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, adopted on the 9th of February, 1861, is as follows:

"An act to continue in force certain laws of the United States of America.

"*Be it enacted by the Confederate States of America in Congress assembled*, That all the laws of the United States of America in force and in use in the Confederate States of America on the first day of November last, and not inconsistent with the Constitution of the Confederate States, be and the same are hereby continued in force until altered or repealed by the Congress.

"Adopted February 9, 1861."

The exception named in the act I have quoted, included no law that had been among the causes of dispute between the two parts of the Union. The Confederate Constitution restricted the power of Congress with reference to duties on imports, but secession had not been resorted to in order to relieve the seceding States from legislation on the subject of duties.

A remarkable illustration of what I now say occurred during the discussion in the convention of South Carolina of the address proposed to be issued to the people of the slave-holding States, declaring the causes of the action of that State. Mr. Maxey Gregg, afterwards the brave General Maxey Gregg, who died nobly on the field

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of Fredericksburg, objected to the form of an address for that purpose submitted by Mr. Memminger because it did not set forth the causes of the secession of South Carolina correctly. He said:

"In the declaration not one word is said about the tariff, which for so many years caused a contest in this State against the Federal Government. Not one word is said about the violations of the Constitution in expenditures not authorized by that instrument, but the main stress is laid upon an incomparably unimportant point relative to fugitive slaves and the laws passed by Northern States obstructing the recovery of fugitive slaves. * * * * Many of the acts of the non-slave-holding States obstructing the recovery of fugitive slaves have been passed since 1852, I think the majority of them, but I do not regard it as a matter of any importance."

In reply to General Gregg, Mr. Keitt made a statement which illustrates what I have said with reference to the Southern representatives in Congress being responsible for the Federal laws as they stood at the time the cotton States seceded. He said:

"We have instructed the committee to draw up a statement of the reasons which influenced us in the present case in our withdrawal. My friend suggests that sufficient notice has not been paid to the tariff. Your late senators and every one of your members of the House of Representatives voted for the present tariff. If the gentleman had been there he would also have voted for it."

We are told that this reply of Mr. Keitt was greeted with laughter.

TWO GOVERNMENTS INSTEAD OF ONE.

It thus appears that the general result of the secession movement up to and including the time Texas became a member of the Confederacy, on the 2d of March, 1861, was to place the seceding States under the laws of the government from which they had seceded, the only change being that those laws were to be administered and executed by Confederate officers instead of Federal officers. As most of the old officials were continued in office, some of them, the customs officers for instance, by express statute, it required very careful attention to discover in what respect secession had substantially changed the actual legal and political condition of the citizens of the States composing the Montgomery Confederacy.

It gave no new protection to slavery, as every power over that institution denied by the Confederate Constitution to the Confederate Government had been expressly abnegated by the legislative, executive, and judicial departments under the Constitution of the United

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States. I think it will be apparent that so far as secession before the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln was concerned, its immediate practical effect was to establish two governments instead of one, to execute substantially the same laws.

The secession of the cotton States was known, in the language of that day, as "secession *per se*," and it found small favor in the border slave States, especially as we shall see in Virginia. Conceding that the States had the right to secede, it was generally regarded as a right which should only be exercised for a grave cause, and it was not easy for the people of those States to perceive a grave reason for secession which was followed by a re-enactment by the seceders of the whole body of the laws of the Union from which they had seceded.

LEE ON SECESSION.

It is of this secession that General Lee wrote from Fort Mason, Texas, on the 23d of January, 1861. He says:

"The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North, as you say. I feel the aggression, and am willing to take every proper step for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and her institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than the dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. *Secession is nothing but revolution.* The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it were intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy *at will.* It is intended for perpetual union, so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government (not a compact) which can only be dissolved by revolution, or by the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a government, by Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and all the other patriots of the Revolution. Still an Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charms for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved and the gov-

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ernment disrupted I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defense, will draw my sword no more."

This letter was written with reference to the secession of some of the cotton States on account of the election of Mr. Lincoln, and it expresses the views of the great majority of the people of Virginia at that time on that subject—views which were concurred in by large majorities in all the border slave States, and, as we shall see, by large minorities in the cotton States themselves. The opinion expressed in the letter, that secession should only be resorted to as a revolutionary measure, after every pacific and constitutional means of composing the difficulties that beset the country had been exhausted, and the feeling of attachment to the Union itself as preferable to any other government that could be established, provided the government of the Union itself should be placed upon the foundation of justice and equity, expressed the almost unanimous sentiment of the people of the border slave States and of a very large minority of those of the cotton States.

POPULAR OPPOSITION TO SECESSION.

The people of the cotton States were far from being agreed as to the wisdom and expediency of secession under the circumstances I have mentioned, as I shall now show. The ordinances of secession adopted by the conventions of the cotton States were not, as a general rule, submitted to the people for ratification, but we are not without the means of estimating the extent of the popular opposition.

HOW THE ORDINANCE WAS ADOPTED.

In South Carolina the ordinance was adopted unanimously by the convention, and while there is nothing to indicate that it met with serious opposition among the people, it was not submitted to them, but took effect by the action of the convention alone.

In Georgia a strong minority opposed the measure to the last, and a test resolution, declaring it to be the right and duty of Georgia to secede, passed the convention on the 18th of January, 1861, by a vote of only 165 to 130, and, after the adoption of this resolution, the ordinance of secession was opposed the next day by 89 members against 208 voting in favor of it.

In Alabama the ordinance was adopted by the convention on the 11th of January by a vote of 61 to 39.

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In Florida the ordinance was adopted on the 10th of January, 1861, by a vote of 62 to 7, but was not submitted to the people.

In Mississippi the ordinance was adopted on the 9th of January, 1861, by a vote of 84 to 15, and was not submitted to the people.

In Louisiana the ordinance was adopted in convention on the 25th of January, 1861, by a vote of 113 to 17, the convention refusing to submit it to the people by a vote of 84 to 45.

In Texas the ordinance was approved by a vote of the people, the Governor of the State standing stoutly in opposition. The popular vote stood 34,794 for and 11,235 against secession. The whole vote cast in the presidential election in November, 1860, by the people of Texas was 62,986, being nearly 17,000 more than the vote on the ordinance of secession. The 17,000 votes withheld from the ordinance added to the 11,235 cast against it indicate the strength of the popular opposition to secession in that State. If the vote of Texas be anything like a fair test of popular opinion in the States in which the people did not vote on the ordinance, I think I am warranted in saying that a large minority of the people of the cotton States were not in favor of secession in the early stages of that movement.

Such was the state of affairs when the Montgomery Confederacy was formed. It effected no immediate material change in the social and political condition of the people, a large minority of whom were opposed to the measures which had led to the establishment of the government. In the convention of South Carolina, at least, there was some doubt and some debate, as I have shown, about the causes of secession, the discussion occurring, curiously enough, after the act of secession had been consummated.

If we now turn to the border slave States we shall find a marked difference of opinion and feeling.

The people of Arkansas voted on the 16th of January, 1861, on the proposition to call a convention to decide upon the subject of secession. It was determined to hold a convention by a vote of 27,412 for and 15,826 against the measure, out of a voting population of 54,053, as shown by the vote cast at the presidential election in November, 1860, indicating that the people were nearly divided.

The convention assembled on the 4th of March following, and on the 18th rejected an ordinance of secession by a vote of 35 to 39 against it.

In North Carolina the Legislature passed a bill, on the 30th of January, 1861, to submit to a popular vote the question of calling a

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convention. The vote was taken on the 28th of February, 1861, and resulted in 46,671 for and 47,333 against holding a convention.

In Tennessee, on the 8th of February, 1861, the people voted against calling a convention, 67,360 against and 54,156 for the measure, the total vote being nearly 24,000 less than that cast at the presidential election in November, 1860.

In Virginia a convention assembled on the 13th of February, 1861, and devoted itself mainly to effect a peaceful adjustment of the troubles of the country and prevent the permanent disruption of the Union. The records of the convention abound with evidence of the devotion of the great body of its members to the Union, and of their earnest efforts to avert a resort to force as a means of preserving it. As late as April 4, 1861, the convention refused to submit an ordinance of secession to the people for their approval by a vote of 45 for to 80 against the proposition. On the 6th of April the convention rejected a resolution declaring that Virginia considered that the Federal Government ought to recognize the independence of the seceded States and enter into treaties with them. As late as April 11th three resolutions containing declarations in favor of the withdrawal of Virginia from the Union under certain conditions were rejected by decisive and significant majorities.

Without going into the details of the action of Kentucky and Missouri during the same time, it is enough to say that prior to April 15, 1861, the people of those States were, if possible, more decided in their opposition to secession than the people of Virginia.

In Maryland, before the date I have mentioned, practically the whole population was opposed to the action of the cotton States and desirous of a peaceful solution of the public difficulties and the maintenance of the Union.

You will thus see that the people of the border States were far from accepting the mere fact of Mr. Lincoln's election as a sufficient reason for a dissolution of the Union, and that their attachment to it was not seriously affected by the secession of the cotton States.

The border States contained ——— of the whole slave population of the South, and nearly double as many voters as the cotton States. The force and significance of their unbroken adhesion to the Union will become more apparent when it is remembered that they had a far greater and more immediate concern than the people of the cotton States, in any influence unfavorable to the South which the election of Mr. Lincoln might exercise upon interests connected with slavery.

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THREE QUESTIONS CONNECTED WITH SLAVERY.

The practical questions connected with that institution in its relations to the Federal Government which it was supposed might be affected by the accession of Mr. Lincoln to power were three: The rendition of fugitive slaves escaping to the Northern States, the prohibition of slavery in the Territories of the United States, and interference with slaves in the States by inciting them to insurrection.

It was concerning these three matters, and the relations of the Federal Government to them, that the angry controversy between political parties in the North and South on the subject of slavery had arisen, and the apprehension that the interests and safety of the people of the slave-holding States would be injuriously affected in these three particulars, by the election of Mr. Lincoln, was among the reasons alleged in justification of the secession of the cotton States. In all these matters, as I have said, the border States had a greater and more immediate interest than their Southern neighbors.

More slaves escaped annually from Virginia and Kentucky than from all the cotton States combined. Slave labor was more profitable and slave property most valuable on the cotton, rice, and sugar plantations of the extreme South, and the emigration of slaves from those States to the remaining territories of the United States was insignificant. On the other hand, many slave-holders in the border slave States who were unwilling to encounter the warmer and more enervating climate of the extreme South might find it to their interest to remove with their slaves to the rich, new Territories of the West, where the climate and productions resemble those to which they were accustomed. It was by this class of emigrants that Kentucky and Tennessee, and afterwards a great part of Missouri, had been mainly settled, and many of the same class would doubtless have removed further West with the advance of population in that direction. To these people the exclusion of slavery from the Territories was a real grievance, while it would probably have benefitted the people of the cotton States by increasing the emigration of slaves to those States and reducing the cost of that kind of labor.

As to interference with slavery in the States and inciting them to insurrection, the border slave States served as a protection to their Southern neighbors and were much more exposed to this appalling peril than they. Indeed, Virginia had recently been the scene of an attempt to incite insurrection among her slaves; an attempt, by the

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way, which Mr. Lincoln and the Republican party of his day denounced as "the gravest of crimes."

If the considerations to which I have referred were entitled to have any influence in determining the policy of the Southern States because of Mr. Lincoln's election, that influence should have been most strongly felt in the border States, where the danger of mischief was greater, and yet these were the States that adhered most steadfastly to the Union. This fact tends strongly to show the difference of opinion between the people of the cotton and of the border slave States, and serves to illustrate the sincerity of the attachment of the latter to the Union.

I have thus endeavored to show you how matters stood before the 15th of April, 1861, and to point out the important fact so essential to a correct understanding of the history of that eventful period, and yet so constantly overlooked, disregarded, or misrepresented, that with reference to a dissolution of the Union for any cause existing before the 15th of April, the difference between the people of the border States and those of the cotton States was as clearly marked as the difference between the North and South had been before the election of Mr. Lincoln.

THE EFFECT OF LINCOLN'S PROCLAMATION.

There remains but one other fact to be stated in order that you may understand the effect produced upon the people of the border States by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation.

Those States cast at the presidential election of 1860, 867,675 votes, as against 478,685 cast by the cotton States, and of those 867,675 votes, an overwhelming majority was opposed to secession and in favor of the maintenance of the Union. But firmly as this great body of citizens adhered to the Union, their attachment was one of affection and not of fear. Earnestly as they desired its maintenance, they desired that it should be maintained by American and not by Russian methods. Their confidence in the principles of the American system of government was unbounded. To them it seemed that these principles were strong enough to deal successfully with all the troubles of the country, if time were allowed for passion to cool, for the voice of reason to make itself heard, and for a calm and earnest appeal to the genuine attachment of the people to the institutions of their country. By those peaceful means they were confident that the people of the cotton States could be brought in time to the views

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and opinions held by such a vast majority of their fellow-citizens of the slave holding States, the Union minorities in the former States be converted into majorities, the ordinance of secession repealed, and the troubles of the country composed by what I have called the American method of dealing with political questions.

This mode of meeting the difficulties that beset the country did not require a recognition by the government of the right of secession. It concerned itself more with the mode of dealing with it as a fact than with the disputed question of its legality. It demanded only a recognition on the part of the government of the sound principle that power is not necessarily lost because its exercise is not pushed to an extremity. It demanded patience with human infirmities, and, above all, an unqestionable faith in the sufficiency of American institutions, acting upon the reason and not upon the fears of men, to make the government permanent and strong enough for all the purposes of a good and wise government. To carry out any plan of pacification based upon these principles, the border slave States were ready to give the Federal government the support of more than two-thirds of the votes of the whole South, and from the time Mr. Lincoln was elected, in November, 1860, the people of these States did not cease to urge upon the Federal authorities the policy of peace.

While affairs were in this critical state, the sound of the guns in Charleston harbor broke upon the ears of the anxious friends of the Union like the voice of doom.

It matters not, for my present purpose, upon whom rests the responsibility of that act. We are concerned only with its effect upon the government at Washington, to which all eyes were now anxiously directed.

Before the smoke had rolled away from Sumter, the answer to the guns of its assailants was delivered in the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln of April 15, 1861.

Let me read that momentous document, because it was Mr. Lincoln's answer to the people of the border States as well as to the assailants of Fort Sumter. The proclamation is as follows, omitting that part which summons Congress to meet in extraordinary session on the 4th of July following :

THE MOMENTOUS DOCUMENT.

"Whereas the laws of the United States have been for some time past and now are opposed and the execution thereof obstructed in

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the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshals by law:

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and do hereby call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress said combinations and to cause the laws to be duly executed. The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the War Department. I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and existence of our national Union and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured. I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union, and in every event the utmost care will be observed consistently with the objects aforesaid to avoid any devastation, any destruction of or interference wtih property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens of any part of the country, and I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days from this date."

The proclamation calls seventy-five thousand men to the field for several purposes:

First, to suppress certain alleged insurrectionary combinations in the States named, and to cause the laws to be duly executed.

Second, it invokes all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our national Union and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured.

It proceeds to say that the first service assigned to the force called forth by it will probably be to repossess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union, reserving the right, however, by implication, to use it for the other purposes.

WHAT IT MEANT.

What Mr. Lincoln called insurrectionary combinations was the withdrawal of the seven cotton States from the Union and the forma-

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tion by them of the Montgomery Confederacy. To suppress insurrections of that kind meant, in plain language, to compel those States to return to the Union and resume their former political relations with it. Not only was there no warrant to be found in any law of Congress for an invasion of a State by the Federal Government to compel that State by force of arms to perform any duty undertaken by it as a political body under the Constitution, but it had been too firmly established by the highest Federal authority to admit of question that no such power had been delegated to any department of the general government.

The executive department of the government, before the administration of Mr. Lincoln, recognized this principle, and it had been established by the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States, the final arbiter under the Constitution of all questions of Federal rights, powers, and duties.

The State of Kentucky sought to invoke the power of the Federal Government to compel the Governor of Ohio to perform a duty enjoined upon him by the Constitution and an act of Congress made in pursuance of it. The Supreme Court first determined that the Constitution and the law plainly made it the duty of the Governor of Ohio to perform the act in question, and then proceeded to use this language :

"And it would seem that when the Constitution was framed and this law was passed, it was confidently believed that a sense of justice and of mutual interest would insure a faithful execution of this constitutional provision by the executive of every State, for every State had an equal interest in the execution of a compact absolutely essential to their peace and well-being in the internal concerns as well as members of the Union. Hence, the use of the words ordinarily employed when an undoubted obligation is required to be performed, 'It shall be his duty.' But if the Governor of Ohio refuses to discharge his duty, there is no power delegated to the general government, either through the judicial department or any other department, to use any coercive means to compel him, and upon this ground the motion for the mandamus must be overruled."

This decision was rendered by the Supreme Court at its December term, 1860, after the election of Mr. Lincoln. You will observe that the proclamation sought to avoid the law as established by the Supreme Court, by affecting to treat the secession of the States as an act of insurrection on the part of their people. But it was too plain to mislead any one that the avowed objects of the proclamation could

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not be attained without successful war upon the States against which it was directed. In fact, we know that the attempt to attain these objects by the means proposed in the proclamation, resulted in the complete overthrow of those States as political organizations and their re-establishment as members of the present Union under conditions prescribed by the power acquired by successful war.

But the proclamation further declares that it is an effort "to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our national Union and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured."

Under such vague specifications there could be no limitation upon the use the President might make of the army he called into the field except his own will.

What, for example, did the proclamation mean by popular government? There were multitudes of people in the North who did not regard the governments of the slave States as popular governments.

THE PRESIDENT'S POWER UNLIMITED.

And, above all, what did he mean by redressing wrongs already long enough endured? What were the wrongs, and what the mode and measure of redress?

You will see that within the scope of the proclamation the President could do anything he pleased with the force he called to his aid, by any means he might think best. The proclamation is silent as to the powers which would be exercised by the President to attain the vague and undefined objects in view; but we are not left in doubt as to what those powers were. He enumerated some of them in his message to Congress on the 4th of July, 1861, nearly three months after the war began. He says:

"Recurring to the action of the government, it may be stated that at first a call was made for seventy-five thousand militia, and rapidly following this a proclamation for closing the ports of the insurrectionary districts by proceedings in the nature of blockade. So far all was believed to be strictly legal. At this point the insurrectionists announced their purpose to enter upon the practice of privateering. Other calls were made for volunteers to serve for three years, unless sooner discharged, and also for large additions to the army and navy. * * * Soon after the first call for militia it was considered a duty to authorize the commanding general in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas*

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corpus; or, in other words, to arrest and detain, without resort to the ordinary process and forms of law, such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety."

We must add to the powers just enumerated those set forth in a special message to Congress on the 29th of May, 1862, after the passage by the House of Representatives of a resolution censuring Mr. Simon Cameron for making contracts while Secretary of War without authority of law. Mr. Lincoln assumed the responsibility of the acts of Mr. Cameron, and informed Congress that in addition to the things enumerated in his message of July 4th, he had disbursed the public money at his own will, through government officials or private citizens, at his pleasure.

FULL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PROCLAMATION.

As I desire to impress upon your minds the full significance of the proclamation of the 15th of April, I shall take the liberty to add to it, in words, the powers which Mr. Lincoln assumed in order to carry it into effect, so that it shall read as if those powers had been inserted in the instrument itself. It would have been about as follows:

"And to accomplish the objects of this proclamation I do hereby declare that I shall proceed to increase the regular army and navy of the United States to such an extent as I may think necessary. I shall set on foot a blockade of the ports of the States mentioned in this proclamation; I shall take possession of the treasury of the United States and use the public money as I see fit, through such agents as I may select, whether they be agents known to the law or such as I may personally designate. And, finally, I shall arrest and detain, without regard to the ordinary processes and forms of law, all persons that I may consider dangerous to the public safety, meaning all persons who oppose the measures I hereby decree to be necessary for the public safety."

I know nothing that can be added to complete the picture of an absolute government.

The army, the navy, the treasury, the sword, and the purse all in the hands of the President, the security of personal liberty gone, what right that free government is intended to secure remained?

The picture needs but one more touch to give it the coloring of the most odious of all tyranny—the tyranny of numbers unrestrained by law.

And that touch is not wanting.

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Mr. Lincoln, in his message of July 4th, already referred to, after recapitulating some of the things he had done, says:

"Those measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon what appeared to be a popular demand and public necessity, trusting then as now, that Congress would readily ratify them."

Let me endeavor to sum up the whole matter as it was presented to the people of the border States for their acceptance, or rather, as it was announced to them, for their obedience.

ASSUMES ABSOLUTE POWER.

The President in effect said to them:

"I this day assume absolute power. I take into my hands the control of the purse and of the sword of the United States. I suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, and shall arrest and detain at my pleasure any person whom I may consider dangerous to the public safety.

"I assume all these powers, and shall use them to compel the States of the South, which have seceded, to return to the Union, to maintain popular government, and to avenge wrongs.

"All these things I do in obedience to a popular demand, and I now require your submission and support."

I think it is impossible to recognize in this picture of absolutism a trace of American constitutional government. I do not think that an attempt has been made to assert such powers over men of English speech and English blood since Charles the First passed from the royal banqueting hall to death. Certainly not since William of Orange landed at Torbay.

The President of the United States assumed absolute power in compliance with a popular demand, and called for an army to do what that popular demand required.

Among the things to be done was one which the Supreme Court had declared that the Government of the United States had no power to do, and another was something which, under all free governments, is left to the civil magistrate and not to the soldier—to avenge wrongs.

All who lived during those exciting times will bear witness to the truth of Mr. Lincoln's statement that what he did was in compliance with a popular demand.

The people of the North had been roused to fury and clamored for the blood of their political enemies. Every measure of the Ad-

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ministration, however extreme and however illegal, was received with acclamations, and a suggestion of opposition or dissent was treated as a kind of treason.

Before proceeding to describe the effect of this proclamation upon the people of the border States, I desire to call your attention to a circumstance well calculated to cause them to interpret it most unfavorably to their own security.

Mr. Lincoln had been elected by a minority of the voters of the United States, but by a majority of the people of the Northern States.

While his party expressed no purpose or desire to interfere with slavery in the States in which it was established, it was openly hostile to the institution and ready to resolve all questions concerning it, that might come within the scope of Federal power and jurisdiction, unfavorably to it.

Among his supporters were most of the Abolitionists, as they were then known, who were in favor of any measure that would lead to the destruction of slavery, and violent in their denunciations of the Southern people and their institutions.

This part of the supporters of Mr. Lincoln viewed, at least with complacency, such measures for the overthrow of slavery as the effort to incite servile insurrection in Virginia, and looked upon the leader of that attempt as a martyr. When, therefore, the border State people were called upon to obey the proclamation, they could not shut their eyes to the fact that in executing Mr. Lincoln's designs against the cotton States, and in maintaining popular government, and in avenging wrongs in obedience to a popular demand, the army to be employed might consist of those who did not regard the governments of any of the slave States as popular governments and who looked upon the execution of John Brown as a wrong. I do not, by any means, intend to imply that this was the reason they resented the proclamation as they did, but it is a circumstance to be considered in judging the conduct of those who took part in the events of that day.

ACTION OF THE BORDER STATES.

Let us now see the effect of this proclamation upon the people of the border States. Before its appearance they had been offering their support to the Federal Government in all pacific and constitutional measures for the preservation of peace and the restoration of the Union, and they were bound to accept and did accept the procla-

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mation as a response to this offer. They had pressed upon the President the support of nearly a million of votes and the influence of the great majority of the people of the whole South in aid of a policy of peace and conciliation. They found that offer rejected and the support of 75,000 armed men preferred. They had importuned the President to employ the American method of dealing with political questions, and he had chosen the Russian. They had appealed to him for peace, and he had proclaimed war.

But, more than all this, they found themselves required to submit to the exercise by the President of the United States of powers unwarranted by the Constitution and the laws and absolutely subversive of the existence of free government.

This sacrifice they were required to make to enable Mr. Lincoln to accomplish the objects of his proclamation, one of which, as I have shown, had been declared to be unlawful by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the others were so vague that the border States themselves might be embraced within their scope.

Their resolution was quickly taken upon the question thus suddenly forced upon them.

The convention of Arkansas, which on the 18th of March had refused to adopt an ordinance of secession by a vote of 35 to 39, assembled again on the 6th of May and passed that ordinance by a vote of 69 to 1.

In North Carolina, which had refused in February to call a convention, one was called immediately upon the appearance of the proclamation, which met on the 20th of May and passed an ordinance of secession the following day. In Tennessee, which had refused to call a convention in February, the people ratified an ordinance of secession on the 24th of June by a vote of 104,019 to 47,238, as announced by the Governor. In the Virginia convention, which had refused to adopt an ordinance of secession on the 4th of April, 1861, by a vote of 89 to 45, and which as late as the 11th of April had refused to adopt a conditional declaration in favor of secession, on the 17th of April an ordinance of secession was adopted by a vote of 88 to 55, and the majority vote was afterwards increased to 91.

The change in the feeling of the people of Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland was equally marked, although its free expression was prevented by force, and the action of the Federal Government was resented where the ability to resist was wanting.

The differences to which I have referred as existing among the people of the cotton States themselves upon the subject of secession

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disappeared, as did the differences between the advocates and opponents of the measure in the border States.

In a word, the people of all the slave-holding States, or a vast majority of them, were united as one man to defend the principles which they considered to be endangered by the proclamation. I think I did not state the case too strongly when I said that the Confederacy, which so long resisted the Federal arms, was brought into existence by the act of Mr. Lincoln. The cause of the South was now altogether different from that which was represented by the Montgomery Confederation.

LINCOLN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

I have shown that, in the opinion of the people of the border States, the secession of the States that formed that confederation was not warranted by the causes then existing.

But now Mr. Lincoln had given a new cause, which was worthy of the support of all men who preferred constitutional to arbitrary government.

The questions arising out of the slavery agitation had not united the Southern people. A great majority of them did not consider that anything affecting slavery had occurred to call for the extreme remedy of secession.

The desire to dissolve the Union for the purpose of forming a new Confederacy had not united them. On the contrary, a controlling majority of them had pronounced against secession for that purpose.

The election of Mr. Lincoln had not united them, for a like great majority had pronounced against secession for that reason.

But when the proclamation came, with its claim to arbitrary power on the part of the President, the people of the South, who were not prevented by force, united almost to a man to defend their free institutions against what they regarded as an attempt to establish a despotic government.

Virginia, as I have said, promptly took her place in opposition to the proclamation.

In the eyes of the people, it was the same place she had taken when George III. was king, and as in that struggle she placed her sword in the hands of her Washington, in the impending struggle she committed it to the no less worthy hands of her Lee.

Such was the actual cause of Virginia and her sister States, and such the cause in defense of which Robert Edward Lee drew his stainless sword and won his deathless fame.

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It has been said that the cause of the South was the worst that any people ever fought for. To those who measure national greatness by the acre, and know no national welfare that does not bear the stamp of the mint, the cause was bad, but not so in the eyes of the children of that holy covenant between the power of the State and the liberty of the people, the first lines of which were written at Runnymede, whose leaves are stained with the blood of countless martyrs, and to which the hand of Washington set the blood-red seal at Yorktown.

To them the cause was one for which it was an honor to fight and a glory to die.

TO-DAY.

We are here to-day to honor ourselves by doing honor to the memory of the foremost champion of that cause.

If we look for a moment at the result of the method of composing the troubles of the country in 1861, adopted by Mr. Lincoln, I do not think that much encouragement will be found to resort to it again.

It is true that it abolished slavery and removed the only serious cause of dissension between the people of the North and South, but as I have shown the overthrow of slavery was an accident of the war, and not its object.

Its object was the restoration of the cotton States to the Union, or, in the language of the proclamation, "to maintain the integrity and existence of our national Union and the perpetuity of popular government, and to avenge wrongs already long enough endured."

The last-mentioned object, it must be owned, was accomplished, whatever and however great the wrongs to be avenged may have been.

It did restore the cotton States to the Union, but it restored only the land and the wretched inhabitants of it.

Instead of maintaining the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our national Union, it destroyed that Union, in all but a territorial sense, more effectually than secession, by substituting conquered provinces for free States, and repeating in America the shameful history of Russia and Poland.

Instead of maintaining the perpetuity of popular government, it established a military government; instead of enforcing the laws of the Union, it established over nearly half the Union military and martial law.

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In fact, arbitrary power and force have proved themselves failures as agencies in establishing or maintaining the true principles of American government.

The actual re-establishment of the Union, with all the blessings we enjoy under it, has come through a reaction against the policy of force and despotism.

The wave of arbitrary power, with the public and private corruption that always attend it, swept on for many dreary years after the war, until it began to lap against the foundations of the independence of the Northern States.

They then found that to hold the South in subjection to governments imposed upon it by Federal bayonets would endanger their own liberties, and the advancing wave broke upon the good sense and patriotism of the Northen people.

Then began the work of restoring the Union by means of justice, good-will, conciliation, and fraternal kindness, and they have done their work well. But the great mass of the Southern people believed, and still believe, that the same agencies would have done the same blessed work in 1861, before a dark river of blood and tears was made to flow between the people of the North and South.

RICHMOND.

It is impossible for me to speak of the military history of General Lee, or even refer to it, except in the most general way.

Richmond itself is the monument of his military genius.

When I set before you the task he had to perform and the means he had with which to perform it, I think you will see that what he did needs no adjective. General Lee always objected to the use of adjectives in the description of what was admirable in itself.

I had occasion, early in the campaign of 1862, to write an account of a brilliant performance of some of his troops, and having been an eye-witness, and being new to such things, I naturally put a good many adjectives into the narrative. When I took the report to him he struck out every adjective, saying: "Leave them out, sir; is not a true account of what they did adjective enough?" I shall confine myself to a very general statement of what he did.

Richmond, after the destruction of the Virginia in April, 1862, became practically a frontier post, but its possession was necessary to prevent the loss of Virginia and the transfer of the war south of the Roanoke.

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It was as easy for the enemy to land an army within a few miles of the city without obstruction, as it was to transport one from Washington to Alexandria.

Richmond depended for the support of its inhabitants, and the army that defended Richmond depended for its supplies of all kinds, upon long and exposed lines of railway, the defense of which was necessary, if Richmond was to be held.

Now, if you will count the whole number of Federal troops employed for three years in trying to take Richmond, including, of course, those engaged in destroying supplies upon which Richmond and its defenders directly depended, and in breaking lines of rail by which Richmond received its supplies and the army defending Richmond received nearly everything it required, and then count all the troops engaged during that time in defending Richmond and its communications, you will find that the respective numbers were nearly or quite as four to one.

Then, if you remember that the defense of these communications, as well as the defense of the city, was imposed upon the smaller force, and that the larger had the aid of a powerful flotilla, and the assailants had a profusion of military supplies of all kinds, and that the defenders were armed mainly with the spoils of battle, and very often were nearly naked and always with little to eat, and that there were ten men to take the place of every Federal soldier lost, and often none to fill a vacancy in the Confederate ranks, I say, if you remember all these things and then reflect that Richmond was held triumphantly for three years, I think you will understand how it is that the consent of military opinion in our day accords a foremost place among the great soldiers of ancient and modern times to our chieftain of the glancing helm and stainless sword.

UNWISE LEGISLATION.

The statistics of production and population afford a very imperfect means of comparing the resources of the North and South. There remains yet to be written the history of the military legislation of the Confederate Congress, without which it is impossible to know how much of the resources of the South were wasted and how the hands of her soldiers were tied. But I cannot speak of this important subject now. I trust that the honored Chief of the Confederacy will not suffer what he knows of it to die with him. No one had better reason to know it, because the responsibility for the consequences of

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unwise legislation, and of unwise refusal to legislate, are now borne in noble silence by a noble soul.

Let me give you a single glimpse of the unwritten history of the war, and I give it the more willingly because it shows that self-denial was not confined to the men who bore arms.

The late Mr. Benjamin, at one time Secretary of War of the Confederate States, in a most interesting letter, gave me the following illustration of the destitution of the Confederacy in the beginning of 1862.

Mr. Benjamin was Secretary of War at the time of the loss of Roanoke Island.

The report of the officer in command of that post showed that its loss was due in a great measure to the supposed persistent disregard by the Secretary of his urgent requisitions for powder and other supplies.

Mr. Benjamin had directed General Huger to send powder from Norfolk to the garrison at Roanoke Island, and had been informed by Huger that compliance with that order would leave Norfolk without ammunition. The report of the commanding officer at Roanoke Island led to an investigation of the loss of the post by a committee of Congress, and I give you the result in the language of Mr. Benjamin:

"I consulted the President," he says, "whether it was best for the country that I should submit to unmerited censure or reveal to a congressional committee our poverty, and my utter inability to supply the requisitions of General Wise, and thus run the risk that the fact should become known to some of the spies of the enemy, of whose activity we were well assured. It was thought best for the public interest that I should submit to censure."

It was a saying of General Lee that all the heroism of the country was not in the army, and I think the Secretary of War deserved a decoration.

HEROIC NATURE OF LEE.

But I must hasten on to what I regard as the greatest exhibition of the heroic nature of General Lee. I have not time to speak of many incidents that came under my observation during the war illustrative of his character, and showing how he acquired his wonderful influence over the troops under his command.

I can best describe that influence by saying that such was the love and veneration of the men for him that they came to look upon the

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cause as General Lee's cause, and they fought for it because they loved him. To them he represented cause, country, and all.

The wonderful influence of Napoleon over his soldiers had for its foundation the love of military glory. It appealed to no nobler sentiment. It was as intense in wars of ambition as in war for the defense of the country.

Napoleon was the idol of his soldiers. Lee was the idol of his men.

I will relate an incident to show how the men regarded General Lee.

While the army was on the Rapidan, in the winter of 1863–'64, it became necessary, as was often the case, to put the men upon very short rations. Their duty was hard, not only on the outposts during the winter, but in the construction of roads to facilitate communication between the different parts of the army. One day General Lee received a letter from a private soldier, whose name I do not now remember, informing him of the work that he had to do and that his rations were not sufficient to enable him to undergo the fatigue. He said, however, that if it was absolutely necessary to put him upon such short allowance he would make the best of it, but that he and his comrades wanted to know if General Lee was aware that his men were getting so little to eat, because if he was aware of it he was sure there must be some necessity for it. General Lee did not reply directly to the letter, but issued a general order, in which he informed the soldiers of his efforts in their behalf, and that their privation was beyond his means of present relief, but assured them that he was making every effort to procure sufficient supplies. After that there was not a murmur in the army, and the hungry men went cheerfully to their hard work.

A FEDERAL SOLDIER'S INCIDENT.

You have all heard the anecdotes connected with his appearance in the midst of the charging columns at the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania Courthouse, and how the affection of his men forced him to avoid the dangers of battle. I shall not repeat any of these stories, which are familiar in all Southern households ; but there is one incident for which I am indebted to a Federal soldier, which I will venture to relate as illustrating the character of General Lee. I doubt if it has its parallel in the annals of battles.

Some years ago I received a letter from this Federal soldier informing me that, as I might desire to have personal incidents con-

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nected with General Lee, he would be glad to furnish me with one which had occurred under his own observation, and which he thought ought to be told, and at my request he narrated the following circumstance. That I may not detract from its interest, I will him tell it in his own simple way :

"*Dear Sir*,—Yours of late date received and contents noted. The information about the late lamented General Lee, which I wish to communicate to you, is as follows :

"On the 16th of August, 1864, I was engaged in battle with the Confederate army. I belonged to the Tenth corps, United States army, General Foster commanding division. About 1 o'clock, afternoon, the enemy drove us before them. Before that we had gained several lines of pits, &c., but at that time they swept down upon us, carrying all before them. We fought as brave as we could, but it was of no avail. I thought at the time that it had taken a sudden turn and could not account for it. I was taken prisoner with about three hundred others. I had not got but a hundred yards from the works when we saw General Lee standing beside his horse giving orders to his men. They would gallop off to different parts of the battle-field. He was cool and collected. A prisoner walked up to him and told him a rebel had stolen his hat. In the midst of his orders he stopped and told the rebel to give him back the hat, and saw that he done it, too. I wondered at him taking any notice of a prisoner in the midst of battle. It showed what a heart he had for them. I did not want his life to appear without notice of it, for I cannot forget it. These are the facts of the case. You may put them in what shape you wish.

"Yours respectfully,

JOHN E. DAVIS.

"*Hunt's Station, Knox county, O.*

I think this story worthy of a place beside that of Sir Philip Sidney and the wounded soldier. Sir Philip showed mercy, but here is the blessed union of mercy and justice on the battle-field.

There is hardly an incident in General Lee's life, great or small, when he was called upon to deal with the rights and the interests and the feelings of others, or to deal with matters affecting the public that does not present an illustration of some virtue.

DIGNITY AND GRANDEUR OF LEE.

I shall not refer now to the many instances that occurred during the war in his intercourse with his own officers and soldiers, or with

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the civil and military officers of the Confederate Government. I shall only say that there was not an officer in his army who did not feel bound to him by ties stronger than those of discipline, and to whom his approval was not a sufficient recompense for any service.

The dignity and grandeur of General Lee never appeared to greater advantage than on the occasion of the surrender at Appomattox. Others have described better than I can his appearance in the interview with General Grant. Let me say, however, as the only Confederate witness of that scene, that had General Grant and the officers who attended him studied beforehand how to conduct themselves so as to spare as far as possible the feelings of their illustrious enemy, and show their generous sympathy for him in the supreme moment of his trial, they could not have acted their parts better than they did when they obeyed the promptings of the noble heart of the true American soldier.

The scene was in no way theatrical, but in its simplicity it was dramatic in the extreme. It can only be painted by one who knows how to depict victory without triumph.

As General Lee stood confronting General Grant, before they began to speak of the business they had in hand, a number of Federal officers were near General Grant, listening to the conversation, and some of them taking part in it, and had a stranger entered the room ignorant of what was taking place, it would never have occurred to him that anything was going on but a pleasant conversation among friends. General Lee was as calm and collected, as dignified and gracious as I ever saw him in the hour of victory.

Through the pain and humiliation of his position, his great career about to close in defeat, and all that he had done about to be made unavailing, he saw the path of duty, and he trod it with as firm a foot and as brave a heart and as lofty a mien as if it had been the way of triumph.

GRANT'S TRIBUTE TO LEE.

Perhaps the highest tribute that was ever paid to General Lee was paid by General Grant himself at Appomattox.

After the meeting at McLean's house, where the terms of surrender were agreed upon, General Grant requested another interview with General Lee.

Upon his return to his quarters, General Lee informed myself and other members of his staff, that in his conversation with General Grant the latter had expressed the most earnest desire that peace

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should be instantly restored, and that not another drop of American blood should be shed. He then proposed to General Lee that the latter should forthwith meet Mr. Lincoln, and said that whatever terms of pacification Mr. Lincoln and General Lee might agree upon would be satisfactory to the reasonable people of the North and South, and should have his own earnest support. He told General Lee that his influence with the Southern people would secure their concurrence, and that Mr. Lincoln's counsel would be accepted by the whole North.

General Lee expressed the great pleasure which General Grant's noble and patriotic sentiments gave him, but declined to comply with his request, because he was an officer of the Confederate army, and could do nothing inconsistent with his duty to the Confederate government.

There remains the final act of his life, with which I will close what I have to say, and complete the explanation of the meaning of this monument.

LEE AFTER THE WAR.

When the war closed he found himself far past middle age and compelled to depend upon his own efforts for his maintenance. He had many offers from persons who desired to have the use of his name to promote their interests in business. All of these he declined. He had several invitations from wealthy admirers to accept their hospitality and pass the remainder of his days in repose. These he also declined.

You know that finally he accepted the position of President of Washington College, and in that dignified but useful retirement he closed his eventful life.

But he did not lose his desire to be of service not only to the people of the South, but to the people of the whole country; and he set to work to use his great influence to reconcile the people of the South to the hard consequences of their defeat, to inspire them with hope, to lead them to accept the government that had been established by the result of the war freely and frankly, and thus to relieve them from the military rule, and to relieve the people of the United States from the evil effects of a continuance of such a form of government in any part of the country.

A GRAND SENTIMENT FROM LEE.

After the surrender at Appomattox, and the cessation of hostilities, there was more or less doubt among those who had been in the army

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as to what they should do. Some, unable to reconcile themselves to submission to the Government of the United States, sought homes and service in foreign lands. Others doubted whether they should stand aloof and let things take their course, or whether they should, with good will and cheerfulness, perform the new duties that devolved upon them. The advice and example of General Lee did more to incline the scale in favor of a frank and manly adoption of that course of conduct which tended to the restoration of peace and harmony than all the Federal garrisons in all the military districts.

But I shall not attempt to put his noble sentiments in my unworthy words. You shall hear them in his own words—words that I think should be inscribed upon the pedestal of this statue as a more faithful representation of the man than the art of the sculptor can produce. Hear him, all ye sons of the Republic:

"*My experience of men has neither disposed me to think worse of them, nor indisposed me to serve them; nor, in spite of failures, which I lament, of errors, which I now see and acknowledge, or, of the present aspect of affairs, do I despair of the future. This truth is this: The march of Providence is so slow, and our desires so impatient, the work of progress is so immense, and our means of aiding it so feeble, the life of humanity is so long, and that of the individual so brief, that we often see only the ebb of the advancing wave, and are thus discouraged. It is history that teaches us to hope.*"

Colonel Marshall's able speech was listened to with profound attention, and was frequently and loudly applauded, while his allusions to General Early as the last to secede, his tribute to the military genius of Lee, his tribute to President Davis, some of the incidents which he related, and his peroration, elicited enthusiastic applause and cheers.

GENERAL HAMPTON.

In response to loud and persistent calls General Hampton came forward, was greeted with loud cheers, and made a few stirring remarks. He said that he regarded Lee as even greater than Washington, and spoke of the enthusiastic love which the people of the South Carolina bore for Lee.

General Early took occasion to correct Colonel Marshall in saying that he was "the last secessionist," and said that he had never seceded, but that when he signed the ordinance of secession it was with the statement entered on the record that Abraham Lincoln, his aiders

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and abettors, had dissolved the Union and substituted for it a military despotism.

And thus ended this brilliant occasion—a fit conclusion of a grand, historic day.

Incidents of the Parade.

PASSING LEE'S RESIDENCE.

When the procession turned up Franklin street from Eighth, Governor Lee and General Wade Hampton, who headed the line, uncovered their heads and held their hats in their hands until they had passed the house of General Robert E. Lee, No. 707 East Franklin street. The two generals were the recipients of loud cheers at this point. Their eyes rested steadily and reverently upon the house. The cavalry bugler blew a call and loud cheers went up from the multitude congregated at this, what seemed to be the centre place of interest to a large number. The Hanover cavalry received loud cheering as they passed the house and raised their hats. The eyes of every company rested upon the house in passing. The military companies were ordered to "Right shoulder arms," and Lee Camp Drum Corps and the Navy Post Band of Norfolk each played "Dixie." All of the veterans marched by with bared heads.

Each of the bands played upon this square and all of the cavalry buglers sounded a call. There seemed to be a solemn inspiration felt by the soldiers as they passed, for their movement was steady and dignified. While ascending the hill between Fifth and Seventh streets the companies made an exceptionally fine appearance and the regularity of the steps and position in line was the occasion of complimentary comment from those below.

The decorations on the porch of the "Lee House" included the coat-of-arms of Virginia and the Lee family. The legend of the former, *sic semper tyrannis;* that of Lee, *non in cautus futuri.* [Not unmindful of futurity.]

The scene as the head of the column left Franklin street and marched into the Lee Monument grounds was very inspiring. General Wade Hampton and "Our Fitz"—*par nobile fratrum*—riding at the head as lovingly as when in other days they commanded the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, the cavalry escort, the distinguished guests in carriages, and the veterans, military, &c., comprising the procession—all combined to make a brilliant pageant.

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The Confederate veterans from the Soldiers' Home surrounded the statue of Fame Crowning Lee, which they unveiled, and to which they fired a salute just as the head of the column came up.

It was touching to witness the enthusiasm of the veterans as they recognized so many of their old leaders, and greeted them with a regular old Confederate yell, which, if not as strong as when they used to proclaim their victories, was at least as hearty and sincere.

The grand-stand (to which only those especially invited were admitted) which held over one thousand people, was soon filled to its utmost capacity, while thousands stood in the mud and rain on the outside.

As the Marine Band played "We'll be Gay and Happy Still," "Dixie," "Star-Spangled Banner," &c., the veterans, the Grand Lodge of Virginia Masons, and other organizations marched to their places. Despite the constant drizzle, which soon came on to a hard rain, the people held their places with amazing patience throughout the exercises. A veteran voiced the sentiments of all when he said: "We used to follow 'Marse Bob' much worse weather than this, and surely we can cheerfully bear this to do him honor."

A Historical Flag.

[From the Richmond *Enquirer*, September 16, 1862.]

THE WINDER CAVALRY.

The gallant company of Marylanders, commanded by Captain William I. Rasin, has just been presented with a beautiful flag by the ladies of Kent county, Maryland, from which county many of the company have come to the Confederate service. The flag is a perfect *bijou*, almost too fine for our rough-and-ready cavalry. It displays the old Confederate colors—red, white, and red—dear to the hearts of true Maryland women. The union shown on one side the arms of Maryland; on the other a blue field with eleven golden stars and the legend, "Hope is Our Watchword and Truth our Guiding Star." It is richly ornamented with bullion fringe and tassels, and bears upon a silver plate on the flagstaff the inscription: "Presented to (the Winder cavalry), Company E, First Maryland cavalry, Confederate States of America, Captain William I. Rasin commanding, by the ladies of Kent county, Maryland. May its crimson folds burn

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fiercely through the storm of battle, till the brave men who bear it can wave it triumphantly over Kent county, Maryland."

For over twenty-two years this flag was folded away carefully by one of Virginia's daughters in Maryland, and yesterday one of the few survivors of Company E, Corporal George T. Hollyday, bore its folds proudly aloft through the streets of Richmond as one of the Maryland Line here to honor the memory of Virginia's great soldier, R. E. Lee. To the care and custody of James R. Wheeler and George T. Hollyday, both surviving members of this gallant company of Maryland cavalrymen, this relic of the past, valued beyond all measure, has been intrusted. This company was engaged in the last charge made by any portion of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Courthouse, Sunday, April 9, 1865.

Removal of the Statue from the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, May 7th, 1890.

The demonstration of the people of Richmond on the afternoon of Monday, May 7, 1890, was a most touching exhibition of reverence and affection. It was a self-honoring expression, in that it was a testimonial to the noble, pure and gentle in human nature, as impressed by grand example and held by instinctive impulse. No one may say that a single blemish dulled the pure and devoted life of Robert E. Lee, the leader of the heroic armies of the South in a struggle for life, right and fireside; and when the unequal struggle had failed, the consecrated educator of the youth of his prostrated people.

A simple announcement of the press that the statue of the beloved commander would be removed from the cars on the track of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad, at the head of Broad street, to its destined site, convoked on the afternoon of the bright May day a dense throng in our broadest thoroughfare, which extended from about the sacred objects through many squares within the city. It was a mass of both sexes, representing every age and condition. Woman was probably in the majority—grand-mother, mother, maiden, children by the hand, infant in the arms—all with flushed cheeks and warm eyes.

The crowd had begun to assemble before 3 o'clock, by 4:30 o'clock it was a mass more than a half a mile in extent. The street was packed, windows and balconies were thronged, housetops were covered.

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WASHINGTON AND LEE.

When Washington's statue arrived here from Munich, in 1858, it was placed upon a great wagon to which a large number of horses and mules were attached. They, however, didn't "pull together."

Hence the progress was poor. At times they threatened to come to a full stop.

It was then, responding to the popular enthusiasm and demand, that the draught-animals were taken away and ropes affixed to the vehicle, and with men and boys to man them the colossal statue (all of it except the tail in one piece) was easily, gracefully, and expeditiously hauled up the steep grade of Main street, up the steeper one of Ninth street, and around to Capitol street opposite the pedestal. Here a portion of the iron fence had been taken down, and the statue was through this opening drawn into proper position alongside the monument.

This was the precedent followed on this occasion—with these exceptions: There never was any idea or suggestion to use horses or mules to draw Lee's statue; it was determined not only to have the ropes "manned" with men and boys, but with ladies and girls also, and instead of one wagon there were to be four—one for each box in which the portions of the statue came from Paris.

THE LEADERS.

The people began to look for leaders in this undertaking, and there seemed to be none forthcoming, until Lee Camp about May 1st appointed a special committee to procure the assent of the Lee Monument Association and proceed to head the movement.

All the details were arranged by them.

The statue arrived here from New York Sunday. Monday and Tuesday the four boxes were taken from the two flat-cars on which they came, and were shifted therefrom upon immense wagons or trucks—wagons that are generally employed to move heavy iron safes, boilers, etc., etc.

These wagons were decorated and long ropes were fixed to the tongues, cross-trees and axles.

All that was now wanting was for the people to come forward and seize the ropes and wait for the word of command, "Forward!" to be given by Chief-Marshal Thomas A. Brander.

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THE DECORATIONS.

All of the boxes were concealed by drapery.

The Confederate colors were omnipresent except where space was found for Virginia's flag and coat-of-arms.

Box No. 1 in the procession was about eighteen feet long, seven feet high and six feet broad. It contained the horse's body (the largest piece), and weighed about 12,000 pounds. Wagon and load weighed 18,000 pounds.

On the front of this box was quite a good oil print of General Lee on horseback, with his head bare and hat in hand. Confederate battle-flags, stars and bars and the Virginia colors floated from the front and rear and from the sides, while numbers of little banners depended from the summit of this great box, inscribed "OUR COMMANDER, R. E. LEE," and containing a print of him.

To this wagon, as to each of the other three wagons, four long ropes were affixed.

Altogether there was a mile of rope.

THREE OTHER BOXES.

Wagon No. 2 in the procession bore the bronze platform which will cap the granite pedestal, and into which the horse's hoofs will be riveted.

No. 3 was ladened with the case containing the horse's legs.

Upon the front of this case another picture of Lee was displayed.

No. 4 wagon contained the head and body and sword of Lee.

All these boxes, and such portions of the wagons as could be thus dressed, were begirt with Confederate bunting tastefully arranged.

Altogether, the wagons and boxes presented a showy appearance.

THE START.

The hour fixed for the moving of the statue was 5 P. M. The place of rendezvous for the persons proposing to take part was on Broad street near Laurel—just a little west of where the horse-cars turn from Broad going towards Monroe Park—close to where the wagons were standing.

The young folks were very impatient for a start to be made. They and their elders had seized every inch of rope before 5 o'clock, and such was their jubilant mood they several times threatened to start off before the word was given.

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PROMPTNESS.

Upon the stroke of 5 o'clock the command "Forward, march!" was given, the band struck up a lively tune, cheers stirred the air, and off the patriotic pullers went.

At this time there were about one hundred school girls clinging to the ropes of No. 3 wagon.

The men and boys could only be numbered by thousands. Some of these stuck to their posts to the end; others soon dropped out and gave places to other eager aspirants.

The heaviest wagon was drawn with ease. Only the slightest touch of the ropes were required, so great was the number of people pulling.

POLICE TO THE FRONT.

The procession was headed by a platoon of twelve police, including Captain E. P. Hulce, who was in command.

There were also several policemen with each wagon to prevent depredations and meet any emergency that might arise, and others still were further back in the column.

Altogether there were thirty of the one hundred members of the force assigned to duty in connection with moving the statue, and Major Poe, the chief, was an interested spectator of the entire demonstration. He was accompanied by Mrs. Poe.

THE MARSHALS.

Next came Major Thomas A. Brander, the chief marshal (to whose efforts are largely due the perfect success of the undertaking,) and his fourteen aides (mounted).

The aides were Messrs. George A. Smith, J. H. Kracke, E. W. Martin, B. M. Batkins, J. W. D. Farrar, M. T. Phillips, D. H. Pyle, F. A. Bowry, Andrew N. Gill, Captain John A. Booker, J. T. Ferriter, George C. Mountcastle, D. W. Bowles, and Captain Charles H. Epps.

These gentlemen were splendidly mounted, and all wore the Lee Camp uniform. Mr. Mountcastle is one of the largest men in Richmond, and is a striking figure on horseback. He is very generally known, everybody likes him, and he received many good-natured salutations.

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THE MUSIC WAS GOOD.

One of the features of the evening was the excellent rendition of southern airs by the band of the First Virginia regiment.

The band consists of about fifteen well-trained musicians, and the music was very generally complimented. Chiefly marching tunes were played.

The band came just after the marshals and in front of the veterans, who were in the lead of the column proper.

The last piece played was "Dixie." This was begun just as the last command was given to "forward!" The leading pullers were then nearly up to the monument pedestal, and as the first notes of this delightful old southern melody floated out on the evening air cheer after cheer arose from thousands of throats. Some of the old veterans were especially demonstrative, and the populace generally joined in the cheering, which was genuine and vociferous.

VETERANS IN LINE.

The veterans of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, and George E. Pickett Camp, Confederate Veterans, were given the post of honor.

These bodies met at their respective halls earlier in the afternoon, and were at the point of rendezvous some time before 5. They did not march separately, but the two organizations blended, and were under command of Colonel W. P. Smith, commander of Lee Camp. There were about one hundred veterans in uniform, and perhaps double as many more members of the two camps, who appeared in citizens dress, not having had time after leaving business to go to headquarters to change their attire.

It was intended that the veterans of these camps should man one of the ropes of the foremost wagon, but when they arrived on the spot they found every inch of all four of the ropes taken and hundreds of persons, men and boys, scrambling for the honor of having their hands on the cords when the start was made.

MORE ROPE.

It was therefore decided that lead ropes should be attached at the corner of Franklin and First streets for camp members to pull by.

The veterans then marched down Broad street to First and thence to Franklin as escort to the column.

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Three hundred or more feet of rope was now added to the already long strings, and the men who followed Lee in the dark days of the civil war took hold and helped to pull his statue to the point where it will stand as an everlasting monument to his memory.

SOME OF THE PULLERS.

One of the most striking figures in the entire procession was Major B. W. Richardson, the venerable president of the Blues' Association, who, though about four-score years, marches in every Confederate parade. He was one of the first to take hold of the rope, and held to it with that persistence characteristic of the man until the wagon had reached its stopping-place. Major Richardson was a gallant member of the old Blues, and he takes a deep interest in the affairs of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues. He always turns out with the company unless he is too unwell.

Among others of the several thousand persons who aided in pulling Wagon No. 1 were: General Charles J. Anderson, Mayor J. Taylor Ellyson, Colonel Archer Anderson, Attorney-General R. Taylor Scott, I. Goddard, Captain E. P. Reeve, commander of Pickett Camp; R. S. M. Valentine, C. Irving Carrington, Andrew J. Berry, Jackson Guy, Charles W. Goddin, Edgar B. White, Joseph H. Shepherd, Colonel J. Bell Bigger, Colonel C. O'B. Cowardin, Tom Poindexter, Major Norman V. Randolph, Colonel W. P. Smith, Captain C. T. Loehr, Colonel J. V. Bidgood, Thomas Phillips, General D. J. Weisiger, R. A. Brock, Captain Thomas Ellett, Colonel John B. Purcell, David B. Jones, Captain E. J. Levy, Julien Binford, and James P. Wood, (who assisted in drawing Washington's statue up Main street); R. B. Munford, John K. Childrey, Daniel J. Turner, George Lumpkin, W. D. Chesterman, H. T. Ezekiel, E. B. Chesterman, P. R. Noel, S. B. Woodfin, E. Cuthbert, J. L. Hill, Edward J. Paynter, George Cornick, Captain George W. Jarvis, Carlton McCarthy, C. P. Winston, Sergeant R. N. Thomas, B. M. Angle, Dr. C. W. P. Brock, A. J. Wray, J. Taylor Stratton, Captain W. G. Waller, Daniel Weisiger, S. McG. Fisher, John F. Mayer, William Ryan, E. H. Spence, D. J. Weisiger, Hon. William Lovenstein, John S. Ellett, Dr. T. E. Stratton, Colonel Arthur G. Evans, E. D. Eacho, D. S. Cates, E. M. Crump, Captain C. P. Bigger, W. M. Hill, John A. Tyler, Major J. H. Capers, Colonel John Murphy, Judge E. C. Minor, Major A. W. Garber, Thomas Potts, J. Preston Cocke, Dr. R. G. Crouch, Thomas W. Byrne, W. S. Hutzler, John McGowan,

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Charles Battige, Charles P. Ferris, K. Palmer, George E. Richardson, Charles Warren, William Ellis Jones, T. J. Smither, Master Bennie Tyler Smither, and Annie Smither.

Mr. H. Theodore Ellyson, who was with the veterans, helped to pull up the statues of Washington, Clay, and Jackson. Henry K. Ellyson, Jr., Miss Bettie Ellyson, and Masters Douglas and Gordon Ellyson, the latter but five years old, had hold of the rope.

SONS OF VETERANS.

The ropes attached to the second wagon in the line were manned nominally by the Sons of Veterans, with First-Lieutenant W. Deane Courtney in Command. There were also a number of Richmond College students in this division, and young men generally. About five hundred small boys gave their services and completed the detail. Among those in this portion of the column were: Messrs. A. B. Guigon, S. L. Woodson, Tucker Carrington, T. A. Brander, Jr., E. H. Fergusson, Joseph L. Levy, W. T. Loving, W. H. Taylor, Polk Miller, Tim. Murphy, George Bannister, R. T. Davis, Evan R. Chesterman, Charles Taylor, A. J. Hurt, C. S. Dickinson, C. C. Yarbrough, C. W. Patterson, J. B. French, R. H. Bowden, H. W. Rudolpe, H. O. Allen, Philip O. Winston, David M. Lea, Aubrey Chesterman, G. F. Hamilton, R. J. Gilliam, Thomas Dabney, W. G. Spencer, Henry Ebel (two years old), H. T. East, S. A. Pyle, H. C. Lynn, J. J. Beavers, W. Maxwell, W. Mac. Jones, H. H. Werth, D. L. Morris, Bruce Chesterman, J. E. Rose, Henry Cohn, W. M. Lewis, Edgar Rose, Bruce Frost, W. H. Hill, C. J. Paoli, James Tyree, Bertram Chesterman, Samuel Ellett, R. R. Ralston, Percy Gray, and numerous others.

POLE-MEN.

Messrs. H. P. Angle, W. S. Angle, R. Miller, C. B. Jenkins, J. F. Waller, and W. F. Simmons were the pole-men to this wagon; that is, they manned the tongue and guided the vehicle. Their work was very arduous, in many instances they having to hold the wagon back by main force, especially on down grades, as there were no breaks

At various places along the route halts were made, and those who had tired of pulling made room for new comers. At First and Broad streets the jam was terrific. Vehicles were ordered out of the way, and Superintendent Cole had much trouble in the turning of the corners. It was done with skill, however.

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The march down First was somewhat of a relief for the many pullers. It was a down grade, but it was only a bright spot in the otherwise somewhat hard work.

At First and Franklin streets the procession met with a very enthusiastic reception. A tremendous crowd had gathered at that corner, and cheer after cheer rent the air as the veterans hove in sight.

A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT.

From that time on until the Lee pedestal was reached the drawing of the ropes was beautiful. On all the porches and at the windows the fair women of the city were to be seen. Confederate flags were waved, and the tiny flimsy handkerchiefs were kissed by the breeze as their owners, with enthusiastic acclaim, smiled upon the scene. To the groups of matronly ladies the picture brought back recollections of the terrific conflict, when the roar of deep-voiced cannon reverberated through the city, mingled with the sharp, quick rattle of musketry. To the fair girls the view stirred in their hearts the thoughts of war, and forced into their eyes the teardrop of sorrow as they remembered that brother or father had fallen following the footsteps of the immortal Lee. To the young men it fired their hearts with patriotism, and impressed more indelibly on their minds the facts that are recorded in the "Lost Cause." It was a beautiful, indescribable sight. No people were ever gathered with more genuine enthusiasm.

MANY GIRLS AND BOYS.

The third and fourth wagons were drawn almost exclusively by girls and boys. About five hundred of them had hold of the ropes to each wagon at one time and they kept constantly falling out of the line, while new recruits anxious to help took their places.

A very neat little white cotton rope was fastened to the third wagon for the use of such ladies as desired to help in pulling the load. When the procession started about 100 girls had hold of this string, and they tugged away as if they enjoyed the work. Behind them were two or three hundred boys. Some of the little fellows were not over five years old, and many of them were accompanied by one of their parents, who watched them closely to see that they were not hurt in the great mass of people.

Not over a dozen grown men had hold of the ropes to the third wagon when the procession turned into Franklin street. Among them

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were Messrs. Julius Straus, Jefferson Wallace, John Lively, W. M. Justis, Jr., William M. Hill, G. G. Minor, and Carter Wormley.

FRANKLIN-STREET BELLES.

Soon after the third wagon started down Franklin street several of the young ladies who were viewing the sight from their porches and yards went out into the street and took hold of the rope which was intended for the ladies, and went with the procession a short distance, and when they left it other belles came and took their places. By this way of changing several thousand ladies had hold of the ropes while the procession passed along Franklin street.

The fourth wagon was drawn almost exclusively by boys. A few men had hold of the ropes in order to guide the vehicle. Among the gentlemen helping to pull the last vehicle were Messrs. Willie Arsell, William Walker, Ben. T. August, J. C. Hannon, and Mann S. Quarles.

LADIES BY THOUSANDS.

The ropes to all of the wagons were besieged by girls, young ladies and matrons, as the vehicles passed up Franklin street. Mothers and nurses pressed eagerly to the ropes, that their infant charges might touch them with their tiny hands—that it be a treasured memory. Tiny toddlers were held on their feet, too, briefly with their hands upon the rope in the slower progress of the procession. Especially great was the rush of the fair sex just after the veterans' wagon passed Monroe street. The number swelled gradually until after Monroe Park was passed; and there was a liberal reinforcement just as the head of the procession was opposite the Richmond College campus. Hundreds of these, perhaps thousands in all, clung to the ropes until the trip was complete. They came to two muddy places in the avenue that caused some few to retire, but they soon came back.

AT THE MONUMENT.

Thousands of people awaited at the monument-grounds the coming of the procession.

OH! WHAT A MULTITUDE!

Never were such crowds seen in Richmond as thronged Broad and Franklin streets during the passage of the procession; but even this

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imposing spectacle dwindled into insignificance when compared with the assemblage at the monument grounds when the people in waiting there were joined by the procession.

Monument avenue is 140 feet wide, and it was filled from the pedestal to Lombardy street—three hundred yards—while out of the roadway upon the green fields there stood hundreds of crowded vehicles.

ON TOP.

A number of men and boys finding that there was a ladder on the eastern side of the monument, and nobody there to hinder them, began running up it. Some of these descended on the other side by means of a rope which was dangling down.

POLICE.

The police detail consisted of picked men from all three districts. Captaie E. P. Hulce was in command, with Sergeant Cosby as his assistant.

A detachment marched at the head, and officers were stationed at and near all the wagons to prevent accidents.

The details were as follows :

First District : R. E. Brown, W. H. Rex, Charles L. Butler, C. J. Folkes, J. F. Parkinson, J. S. Talman, L. Werner, L. D. Saunders, Charles Kelley, and J. Ogilvie.

Second District : Sergeant J. A. Cosby, W. C. Wilkinson, J. W. Williams, Thomas Wilkinson, George Mattern, E. H. Redford, J. J. Walton, John T. Enright, W. A. Shields, R. D. Austin, T. J. Wren, and John Ralston.

Third District : Captain E. P. Hulce, Sergeant W. L. Thomas, P. A. Gibson, R. D. Chesterman, John J. Powell, J. A. Barker, J. A. Priddy, Joseph Hulcher, C. W. Saunders, L. P. Frayser, J. H. McMullen, H. T. Amos, E. I. Brannan, J. H. Baker, and A. P. Sale.

PHOTOGRAPHING.

At 6:10 o'clock the wagons crossed Lombardy street and entered Lee circle.

Mighty cheers, and many rounds of them, greeted the people at the ropes.

Near the derrick the head of the procession was halted, and the marshals and aids ranged themselves in line, and two photographers,

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stationed on the platform on the pedestal, took pictures of them and of the scene in general. Mr. Thomas Christian also photographed the crowd on Broad street.

THE GIRLS AT THE ROPES.

The lively strains of Dixie had roused the enthusiasm of the people to a great pitch, and as Wagon No. 1 drew up to a point near the derrick the drawers of it received an ovation of cheers.

The parade was now dismissed as to these and they were desired to move on and clear the way for the approach of the pullers of No. 2 wagon. Here one of the ropes of No. 1 was cut; but all the same several hundred men continued to pull at it, and with it made the circuit of the monument before they discovered that they were drawing nothing but a rope.

The greatest enthusiasm of all the evening was manifested when the wagon drawn by ladies and girls approached, for then the huzzars were long and loud.

ROPE APPROPRIATION.

As soon as it was discovered there was no further use for the ropes for hauling purposes, the work of private appropriation began. A sudden light seemed to dawn upon the pullers that some souvenir was the appropriate thing for such an occasion, and as the rope was about the only available stuff, the cutting was at once begun. Pocket knives were drawn, and many men and boys began to sever the hemp. The rope, as soon as cut, was unravelled, and most of it distributed to those who happened to be near the possessor of it. Many persons got pieces fully a yard long, and then forming a company made a dividend to the shareholders. The ladies, as soon as they became owners of any of the precious strands, adorned their gowns with it by tying it through the button-holes, and the men either hid the hemp in their pockets, or followed the example of the fair sex. Some of the members of Lee Camp and the policemen at once began to stop the people from destroying the rope, but such acts as these can hardly ever be stopped, and popular approval was with the cutters. As soon as the idea had germinated, everybody wanted a piece of rope, and the majority were going to get it. This they did, and the man with a sharp pocket-knife was a lord among his fellows. About one-fourth of the ropes, which are the property of Mr. W. A. O.

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Cole, was rescued from the hands of the people, but the other three-fourths will be put away by its owners, and long after the pulling episode will have been forgotten the rope will be a reminder of the day just passed. Many of those who tugged at the rope, male and female, wore bits of rope on the breast on their return as badges of honor.

A SMALL BOY HURT.

While the extra rope for the veterans was being attached to wagon No. 1 at First and Franklin streets, the horses ridden by some of the marshals became restive and backed on the sidewalk. About this time a small boy fell, or was knocked down in some way, and one of the horses stepped on his leg. He was able to use the limb afterwards, and was not thought to be at all seriously injured.

So far as known this was the only person who was hurt.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

The decorations of wagons and boxes were made by Mr. Marx Mitteldorfer free of charge.

The school of Miss Sy. Roberts was in the procession.

Several men and boys climed telegraph poles on Broad street in order to get a good view of the passing crowd.

Every niche and cranny of the pedestal that afforded a foothold was utilized for stepping and climbing purposes, and in consequence received a rich coating of yellow clay.

Positions in the second-story windows on Broad street were in great demand, and the porches and windows of nearly all the Franklin street residences were filled with interested spectators.

Very few colored persons took hold of the ropes, and most of those who did were nurses attending children. A few colored men assisted in holding the wagons back on down grade, and others accompanied the procession.

No place on the route afforded a better view than the front yard of the Commonwealth Club, at Monroe and Franklin streets, and several hundred persons, chiefly ladies, congregated there.

The movements of a frightened mule in full harness, but without bridle and unhitched, attracted considerable attention and caused some alarm. The animal, which was endeavoring to dispossess itself o the harness, ran wildly into Franklin street at Monroe and up to the Park, but was headed off and returned at equally as rapid a gait Fortunately the street was clear of people and no collision occurred.

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A GUARD OF VETERANS.

The statue will be guarded until it is placed upon the pedestal by a detachment of veterans from the Soldiers' Home. Two or three old soldiers will be kept at the monument day and night.

To say who were in the line would be a task that will never be accomplished. On all parts of the rope could be seen men who carry on the business of the city—men who are in counting-rooms; men who are members of the Tobacco and Grain Exchanges; men who toil in the foundry of the city; men who, with nail and hammer, build the residences of the citizens, all were present, and though lookers on until the ropes came in sight, they caught the infection, and, with enthusiastic "yell," took hold of the hemp.

ESTIMATE OF THE CROWD.

To estimate the crowd who pulled the ropes is anything but easy. Throughout the whole time men and women dropped out of the line, only to make room for others. There were about 3,000 feet of rope used in the hauling, four lines to each wagon, and estimating one person to a foot and three new sets pulling the ropes, the total is about 9,000 people. Many ladies pulled for only a short distance to say they helped do so, but there were many old veterans in line who felt that it was their duty to pull the whole way, and they did so. All along up Franklin street bevies of girls rushed from the porches and helped for a half a square, and with merry laugh and cries, showed very well their enthusiasm. Some stayed longer, and a survey of the lines when the monument was reached showed that at least a thousand ladies had participated in the hauling.

BABY CARRIAGES.

At Monroe Park another large crowd had gathered, and it seemed as though all the baby carriages of Richmond had taken possession of the sidewalk. Over fifty occupied the corner of Belvidere and Franklin, and the wee little occupants were much delighted by the band playing. Further up the line, where a number of new residences are being built, numbers of persons had congregated on the buildings, and at these places also the photographer could be seen.

Following the train of the procession were fully two thousand people. They went out to the pedestal, some with the expectancy of

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hearing some one make a speech and others with a desire to see it. When the line reached the plot of ground just in front of the pedestal the sight was magnificent. Looking from the top of the stone floor over four squares down Franklin street the thoroughfare was one mass of human beings. There was no crush, no rushing. The grey uniform of the Lee Camp men could be seen; the plumes and ribbons on the hats of the girls brightening the effect. The green trees and the sky, painted by the soft tints of sunset, made up a combination of color that will never be forgotten.

THE CROWD.

It would be hard to estimate the number who had gathered when the grounds were reached. It could hardly have been less than twenty thousand, probably more. Every moment the crowd was augmented by new contingents. Nothing was done by the people but to secure strands of the ropes and look at other people. The band returned to the city, the small boys played ball on the fields adjacent, and the general mass of citizens, veterans and ladies, finding out by one common consent that no exercises or speech-making would be indulged in, slowly dispersed. In two's, three's, and in half-dozens, all left the scene, and with one thought, that they had at least contributed by their presence to the honoring of the great chieftain.

Thus closed the day that will long be remembered in Richmond. Never has there been at any public gathering more enthusiasm manifested or greater love shown, and from the baby, who, in nurse's arms, touched the rope, to the old veterans of the "Lost Cause," who helped to draw the bronze, the people of this city, with one accord, paid loyal tribute to their dead General; and that night there swelled in many hearts and minds the recollections of days that are no more—days when, with martial tread and polished steel, men went forth to meet the enemy; days when, in camp and field, they had suffered the pangs of hunger and thirst; days when, by overwhelming numbers, they had been forced to yield; the day when, at Appomattox, drawn up in line, they presented an appearance far from that they had made when they had marched forth in 1861; days of strife and misery; days of joy and gladness; days of sickness and death. These, and many more, were the thoughts that arose to many veterans, and with a deep, drawn sigh, did they remember their comrades who have passed over the river, and who are now sleeping their last sleep under the shade of the trees. The veterans paid Robert

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E. Lee tribute on the field of battle, while shot and shell awoke the echoing hills. With as much fervor and patriotism they paid equally as loyal tribute on this occasion; and the 7th of May, 1890, will go down through many ages as the day when, inspired by enthusiasm, they, with tender hands, hauled the bronze image of their leader to the ground of its permanent resting place.

The Unveiling of the Statue of General Robert E. Lee, at Richmond, Va., May 29th, 1890.

This demonstration in its spontaneity was unique in the history of our country. All hearts were in accord, and there was harmony and entire decorum, notwithstanding that pre-arrangement of organizations was precluded, through the absence of knowledge of intending participants in the procession. Many organizations without previous intimation to the directors in Richmond, arrived but a little while before the line was forming, and many joined it whilst it was in motion. Yet there was no confusion, only a little delay as bodies were marched through divided lines resting in the shade. The wants of the waiting were well attended with refreshments from the gracious hands of gentle women.

Memory was turned back to days of anxiety, of peril, of suffering, and of sacrifice. Veneration for a great-hearted and devoted leader—sublime in dutiful performance, was paramount in the breast of every participant. Bitterness had not lodgment. Amidst crowding images and incidents, patriotism and charity were brightly present. The fiat of the sword was unreservedly accepted at Appomattox. The South holds the common interest of our reunited country in its due regard. It earnestly invokes respectful consideration and fraternity.

It was a cloudless day. The atmosphere was balmy and all nature was in its gayest garb.

It was an inspiriting expression of a generous people. No serious accident occurred. Almighty God seemingly gave His countenance. Who should cavil? The day will never be forgotten by the participants and future generations will have its incidents recounted to them by successive treasurers of its memories.

Never before were so many troops gathered here on peaceful intent; never were decorations of business houses, dwellings, and public buildings so tastefully elaborate, and never before was there such a display of patriotic enthusiasm in this city.

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The following were the leading events of the day:

Morning: Reunion of the Fifty-Sixth Virginia regiment of Ninth Cavalry of Corse's brigade.

Noon: Military, Veterans, Farmers' Alliance and Firemen.

Afternoon: The ceremonies of the unveiling of the monument.

Night: Military banquet tendered in honor of visiting military; reception at Major F. M. Boykin's to officers of the Fifth Maryland regiment; banquet to Otey battery; reunion of Rosser's men, the Laurel brigade; entertainment by the Hon. J. L. M. Curry. The cool of early morning found the streets already lively with weary-looking individuals, who, reaching the city late, had spent the night on their feet instead of being sandwiched in crowded rooms or hallways. By 6 o'clock the trains began to unload their burthens at all the depots, and this was continued all day. All kinds of vehicles from places within a radius of twenty-five miles rattled into the city and landed their occupants at the places most convenient for breakfast.

It would have been a warm day under the clear blue sky had not a gentle breeze fanned the crowds which began by 9 o'clock to secure favorable positions under the trees along the route, while the pennants, banners and flags were set afluttering in ever-changing colors. From the first beat of the drum in the morning until long after midnight the gay scenes on the streets were prolonged by the fifty thousand visitors and the one hundred thousand population of Richmond, and everybody were satisfied with the great day of the South.

A careful estimate of those who came to the city by rail, boat, horseback, and in vehicles drawn by horses and mules, shows that it was the largest crowd ever assembled here for any occasion.

Militia from Southern States, veterans from States as far North as New York, representatives of the institutions of learning in the State, and ladies and gentlemen from far and wide.

The city filled up rapidly the day before, but there was still room for more. The early trains brought in thousands from various points, and the streets were alive with nearly a hundred thousand people, citizens and strangers. People from every point of the Union were present, but the representative element came from the land that Lee loved, and that honors itself in admiration for him. The Southern States were nobly represented. They could point with pride to ranks of veterans, to the men who commanded in war, and who obey now by serving them in high positions of trust in the peaceful affairs of State. Men and officers from Maryland to Texas came to old Vir-

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ginia once more to stand side by side with warm-hearted, old-time friends. "I always loved Virginia," said Colonel Zabell, representing the Southern division of the Army of Northern Virginia from Louisiana. "I never knew a Virginian to shut the door in the face of a Louisianian." That they never did, that they never will, nor in the face of any of the brave boys from the Rio Grande to the Pennsylvania line.

COMMENCED MOVING.

As soon as the sun was up, people commenced to move about. The stirring sound of martial music, the tramp, tramp of men in uniforms, the glitter of bayonets that had never been bathed in blood, the flashing sabres of officers, the shouts of command, the tap of the drum, the flaunting of flags, the clatter of cavalry, the rumbling of artillery, the dashing here and there of marshals and their assistants, the solemn step of gray-bearded veterans, the hurrying and scurrying of the restless crowd of humanity, the evidence of excitement all around, everywhere, told that the veterans of the South, the volunteer military and the civic dignitaries of the South, were about to obey expectation in forming a line of parade, which would pass along the principal streets of the capital of the Confederacy, and terminate at the grounds around a monument upon which had been placed a statue of Robert E. Lee, General of the Confederate States Army, which would be unveiled during the day.

General Anderson and staff were in position at Broad and Adams streets soon after 9 o'clock, and by that hour the marshals were galloping hither and thither getting their forces ready to fall in.

STARTING POINT.

Ample as the proportions of Broad street are, it was with difficulty that room for the movements of troops was secured. Every window from Adams street to Fourteenth on either side of the street, all the doorways, the sidewalks, and portions of the street, the house tops, and improvised seats were filled with spectators. On Main, from Nineteenth to Eighth, the same condition of affairs existed, and from Eighth up Franklin to the monument, there was the same generous recognition of the great event. Beautiful women, in the blush of maiden beauty, cheered the bullet-riddled flags of the Confederacy; matronly Virginia dames smiled their approval upon the brave survivors of the Confederacy, as with bent forms and heavy steps they again kept time to the tune of Dixie.

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It was a compliment to the marshals that the arrangements for moving the men were so admirably arranged as to ensure promptness in moving forward. For this (it required skill and experience both) General John R. Cooke, chief of staff, deserves great credit. At noon the order was given to move forward, and the great parade, the like of which will never be seen again in the history of events, took up the line of march.

Empty sleeves, crutch-supported figures, battle-scarred faces and gray locks showed the ravages of war and time. Few there were in that vast assemblage of the true and tried who had not climbed the hill of life and begun the descent on the other side.

The scene was unprecedented in the annals of the historic city. From early morn till night the tap of the drum and the tramp of soldiers forcibly reminded the elder citizens of the stirring days of 1861. Never were there so many people gathered within the gates of the city; never were decorations so elaborate; never were there so many old veterans and military organizations on the streets in the time of peace; and never was there such a genuine and general enthusiasm over any event. It would be an onerous task to describe in detail the many happy blending of colors, or describe the taste displayed by all in the harmonious grouping of flags, or repeat the fruitful and beautiful themes expressed on the mottoes that greeted the eye in the streets through which the magnificent pageant passed.

One of the most striking banners displayed bore this inscription: "Lee, the chieftain, peacefully sleeps; we honor his memory in living bronze." Many fine pictures of Washington, as well as Lee, were observed on every hand, while thousands of flags were wafted to the breeze; the national flag was displayed in proportion of fifty to one of the Stars and Bars. It was truly a Confederate day, however, as the presence of many Confederate veteran camps and airs played by the bands pertaining to the "Lost Cause" fully attested, and this was emphasized by the many manifestations of delight that they brought forth from the crowds all along the line. Often the young men of the military would gather into glee clubs, and with their fresh, happy, soulful voices, make the air musical with songs of love or home, of war or patriotism.

The scene along the whole route, from beginning to end, was a memorable one. Although the most extensive preparations had been made to receive the large number of visitors, no one expected to see the host that visited the city, yet they were all cared for, and no complaints were heard. It is asserted on all sides that the parade,

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decorations, and everything connected with the jubilee excelled anything every witnessed in the South.

THE MARSHALS.

General Fitzhugh Lee, chief marshal; General John R. Cooke, chief of staff.

Generals A. H. Colquitt, P. M. B. Young, Robert Ransom, Jr., Joseph R. Anderson, Cadmus M. Wilcox, James A. Walker, Robert F. Hoke, L. L. Lomax, W. B. Taliaferro, William R. Cox, Thomas L. Rosser, William H. Bate, Eppa Hunton, William H. Payne, James H. Lane, William McComb, G. M. Sorrel, T. M. Logan, E. M. Law, C. A. Battle, M. C. Butler, W. P. Roberts, Joseph Wheeler; Colonels William A. Morgan, William H. Palmer, Hilary P. Jones, Thomas H. Carter, R. H. Dulany, F. M. Boykin, H. Kyd Douglass, Henry T. Douglass, Wilfred E. Cutshaw, Thomas Smith; Majors W. J. Johnston, J. Van Holt Nash, N. V. Randolph, Percy Hawes, R. Taylor Scott; Captains E. J. Levy, John Cussens, Charles U. Williams, Thomas Pinckney, A. W. Garber, Drs. S. A. Goodwin, J. S. D. Cullen, J. B. McCaw, George Ross, C. W. P. Brock; Privates John Gill, W. J. Binford, Phil. Sutton, Thomas S. Walker, Joseph Parkinson, R. F. Vaughan, H. Clay Chamblin, John Gilliam, J. A. Lipscomb; U. S. Senator John H. Reagan, Hon. Charles T. O'Ferrall, Gen. D. A. Weisiger, Capt. C. F. M. Spotswood, C. S. Navy, Capt. R. B. Pegram, Gen. L. S. Baker, Hon. John Goode, Gen. H. H. Walker, Captains John Taylor Wood, John M. Booker, W. H. Murdaugh, and J. W. Pegram, Lt.-Gov. J. Hoge Tyler, Mayor J. Taylor Ellyson, Gen. B. D. Fry, Hon. J. W. Daniel.

GUESTS.

Among the guests who rode in open carriages were Generals James Longstreet, Dabney H. Maury, Marcus J. Wright, M. C. Butler, R. L. Walker, A. L. Long, Joseph E. Johnston, William B. Taliaferro, R. L. Page, J. A. Early, M. D. Corse, M. L. Bonham, G. W. C. Lee, Lawrence S. Baker, J. D. Imboden, George P. Harrison, Daniel Ruggles, John Echols, George H. Stuart, H. H. Walker, Joseph Wheeler, J. B. Kershaw, P. M. B. Young, W. P. Roberts, A. R. Lawton, Charles W. Field, George J. Hundley, Beverley H. Robertson; Governors Daniel G. Fowle, of North Carolina; F. P. Fleming, Florida; A. B. Fleming, West Virginia; John P. Richardson, South Carolina; United States Senators W. H. Kenna, Samuel Pas-

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coe ; Colonel William Lamb. Members of General Robert E. Lee's staff, Colonels Walter H. Taylor, Charles Marshall, T. M. R. Talcott, Colonel Charles S. Venable. Members of General Lee's family, Misses Mildred and Mary Lee, General W. H. F. Lee, wife and sons, Bolling and R. E. Lee, nephews.

General Fitzhugh Lee, the chief marshal, and his chief of staff, General John R. Cooke, rode into Broad street a few minutes before noon, and as the city bells sounded the first stroke of 12 the command to "Forward, march," was given, and the column, then quite short, moved down Broad amidst the cheers of the admiring throng on the sidewalks and in the street.

The line was headed by sixteen police officers under charge of Captain Hulce, of the Third district, and a short way further back was a platoon of thirty men on foot, Captain J. B. Angle in command. Major Poe, the chief, was in general charge of the police force.

Stonewall Band, of Staunton, with twenty-nine pieces, William H. Burkman major and F. R. Webb leader, had the post of honor as the first musical organization, and preceded Generals Lee and Cooke and the assistant marshals who were at this point.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The volunteers from South Carolina held the position of right and followed just after the marshals. Brigadier-General Hugvemin was in charge of the First division, in which were these companies from the Fourth and Third regiments :

Sumter Guards, Captain Brand ; Gordon Rifles, of Bennettsville, Captain J. L. McLaurin ; Butler Guards, of Greensboro, Captain W. A. Hunt ; the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, two platoons, fifty men, Captain Alexander W. Marshall. These commands formed a battalion with Major Gilchrist and Colonel B. J. Auld connected with it.

The Palmetto regiment (Second) came next, and was preceded by Brigadier-General James and staff. Adjutant W. H. Brennan was in command of this regiment, which was constituted as follows : Gordon Light Infantry, Captain Jordan ; Edisto Rifles, Captain Bull ; Palmetto Rifles, Captain H. H. Hall; Governor's Guard, Lieutenant E. E. Cairo, acting captain ; Jenkins Rifles, Captain W. B. Moore ; Richland Volunteers, Captain Nemnham ; and Catawba Rifles, Lieutenant J. F. Reid in command. This regiment had with it the old

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battle-flag which was carried by Hart's battery, Hampton's Horse Artillery, and which was in 153 engagements. It was carried by Mr. Lewis Sherfesee, the original color-bearer, who received it at Charleston. The flag floated in every battle from Bentonville to Gettysburg.

FROM MISSISSIPPI.

Mississippi, which was entitled to second place, this having been the second State whose troops reached Virginia in 1861, was represented by the Columbia Riflemen, twenty-four strong, Captain A. J. McDonald, and the Brown Cadets, forty in number, Captain William P. Brown, commanding. They have a very pretty dress uniform of olive green with old-gold trimmings and white helmets. They constituuted one of the handsomest bodies in the line and marched well.

ALABAMA'S TWO.

Alabama sent two infantry companies and they came in at this point. They were the Montgomery Grays, Captain W. J. Booth, 32 men, and the Sheffield Light Guard, Captain J. V. Allen, 32 men.

WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.

The Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, whose handsome appearance attracted the admiration of the lookers-on all along the line of march, represented the great State of Louisiana, and did it handsomely. The battalion, consisting of the veteran association and three active companies, was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Richardson. There were thirty-eight veterans commanded by Colonel B. F. Eshelman, assisted by Generals W. Miller Owen and W. J. Behan. Captain H. M. Isaacson commands Company C, Captain E. M. Underhill Company A, and Captain Eugene May Company B. The battalion numbers 127, including the band. Its membership is about 300.

IN SIXTY BATTLES.

The Mexican-war flag carried by the Washington Artillery, marked X, and bearing the names of sixty engagements in which the command participated during the war of 1861-'65, is of red silk, with embroidered centre of the coat-of-arms of the United States. It is a handsome piece of needle-work, showing the same on both sides,

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and executed by the Misses Spearing, of New Orleans, and presented to the command forty-five years ago on its departure to the Mexican war. The silk Confederate flag, carried by the command in service, was made and presented by Miss Constance Carey (Mrs. General Pegram). An embroidered silk Virginia State flag, presented by Governor Cameron some years since to the battalion upon his return to Richmond after a visit to the New Orleans Exposition. The battalion national colors of silk presented by a committee of prominent ladies of New Orleans. Two artillery guidons embroidered with the tiger head, emblem of the command, the handiwork of the same ladies who made the Mexican-war flag, mentioned above, who in the meantime had become grandmothers.

FROM TEXAS.

Texas, the next State in rotation, was represented by the Paris Pickets, of Paris, who made the longest trip of any organization coming here, having travelled nearly 4,000 miles. Captain A. S. Braden is in command of the company, which has twenty-six men along. The uniform of white pants, blue coat and white helmet with white and blue plumes is very attractive. The colors borne are those of the State of Texas, with the name of the command on it. Colonel Charles M. Ragland, a native of Richmond, accompanied the company here.

NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

North Carolina had quite a full military representation.

The Fourth regiment is commanded by Colonel J. T. Anthony, Adjutant H. H. Orr, and comprised the following: Iredell Blues, Captain J. F. Armfield, 33 men; Southern Stars, Captain W. W. Motts, 33 men; Hornet's-Nest Riflemen, Captain T. R. Robertson, 33 men; Asheville Light Infantry, Captain Duff Merrick, 35 men. The Hickory Military Opera Band, 21 pieces. Drum-Major, F. A. Grace, accompanied the regiment, which is well drilled, and a fine body of men.

The Third North Carolina regiment, Colonel W. T. Gray, headed by the Wilmington drum-corps, embraced the Granville Grays, of Oxford, Captain W. A. Bobbitt, 40 men: Forsyth Rifles, Captain R. B. Glenn, 35 men; Durham Light Infantry, Captain W. A. Gattis, 25 men; Guilford Grays, of Greensboro', Captain John C. Tipton, 40 men; Burlington Light Infantry, Captain E. E. Holt, 26 men; and Vance Guard, Captain H. Perry, 36 men.

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The First regiment band of seventeen pieces—Drum-Major, C. E. Brockett, leader Emmerson Davis—played martial music, by which the companies of the First and Second North Carolina regiments, under command of Colonel Willie Jones, kept step in their march. The companies in the battalion were: Goldsboro' Rifles, Captain W. T. Hollowell, 36 men; Warren Guards, Captain P. J. Macon, 25 men; Edgecombe Guards, Captain Foxhall, 35 men. This company, which bears the regiment colors, is the only one from North Carolina that was here at the corner stone laying. Two of its members have won the prize once, if not oftener, as the best drilled men in North Carolina.

The Governor's Guard, Captain J. J. Bernard, had 25 men; the Pasquotank Rifles, commanded by Second Lieutenant W. C. Glover, 54 men; Wilmington Light Infantry, Captain Keenan, 38 men; Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry, Major McLaughlin in command, 40 men. The last-named company, which carried the old battle-flag of the Fifty-first North Carolina, is one of the oldest in the country, having been organized in 1793.

THE FIFTH MARYLAND.

This crack regiment, one of the handsomest military organizations in the country, was the leading feature of the procession. It was the largest uniformed body in line, and the dress-suit is very clean, nice-looking. Applause was showered on it from all quarters, and it was the "observed of all observers" throughout the march.

They were led by their splendid band of thirty-five pieces, and drum-corps of twenty-eight pieces. F. Czarnosky is drum-major, and A. Itzel the leader of this great musical combination.

Colonel William A. Boykin was in command, and was accompanied by his staff—Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Markoe, Major Lawrason Riggs, Captain William Gilmor Hoffman, Jr., adjutant; Major William H. Crimm, surgeon; Captain Robert J. Miller, quartermaster; Captain E. C. Johnson, commissary; Captain J. R. Trimble, assistant surgeon; Captain B. T. Stokes, ordnance officer; Captain Columbus O'D. Lee, inspector rifle practice; Captain S. Sterritt McKim, paymaster.

There were ten companies, as follows: Company A, Captain William D. Robinson, 45 men; Company B, Captain R. Dorsey Coale, 40 men; Company C, Captain Robert P. Brown, 60 men; Company D, Captain George C. Cole, 40 men; Company E, Captain Harry

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Pennington, 45 men; Company F, Captain J. Frank Suppler, 55 men; Company G, First-Lieutenant J. Frank Phillips, commanding, 45 men; Company H, Captain Charles F. Albers, 40 men; Company I, Captain N. Lee Goldsborough, 35 men; Company K, Captain Robert Riddell Brown, 35 men.

Non-commissioned Staff: Sergeant-Major A. Frederick, Quartermaster-Sergeant Alexander Hassentamp, Commissary-Sergeant E. B. Duval, Paymaster-Sergeant Herbert W. Anderson, Ordnance-Sergeant Harman S. Bell, Hospital-Steward W. B. Moneson, Right-General-Guide Sergeant W. S. Lilly, Left-General-Guide-Sergeant Horace McEldery.

WEST VIRGINIA.

The Gatesville Cornet band led the Second regiment West Virginia volunteers, which was composed of the following companies, Colonel J. W. A. Ford commanding: Monroe Guards, 24 men, Captain A. S. Johnston; Hinton Light Infantry, 20 men, Captain M. F. Mykoff; Ronceverte Rifles, 25 men, Captain W. D. Sloan; Jefferson Guards, 37 men, Captain C. E. Baylor; Huntington Light Infantry, 26 men, Captain J. E. Hodges.

WASHINGTON SHOOTERS.

The city of Washington sent down two companies, and they were assigned the positions just in front of the Virginia infantry. The Rifles, commanded by Captain W. E. Beagle, have 40 men, and the Sharp-Shooters, whose sack coats, cartridge-belts, and unique uniforms attracted universal attention, had about 25, and were under Captain E. G. Benson.

The Lynchburg Zouaves came in with the Washington boys and also claimed very general notice. The Zouaves are a well-drilled lot.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE CADETS.

The cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, a magnificent-looking lot of young fellows, assembled on Broad street—right resting on the east side of Seventh. There were 190 cadets in line.

This section of the column was headed by the Institute band of eight pieces—H. Krause leader. Major Duncan, commandant of cadets, was in command, and the other Institute officers were Captains Ford and Mason and Adjutant Lewis. The four companies were immediately in charge of Cadet-Captains Angel, McCormick, Harden, and Taliaferro.

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The cadets attracted attention all along the line of march, and were heartily applauded for their beautiful marching and drilling.

VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Virginia brought up the rear in the line of infantry, and her four regiments made a strong background for what had passed in exhibition before. The uniforms were not as attractive perhaps as some others, but each regiment made a creditable showing, and their movements were very soldierly.

The Fourth regiment came first, and was commanded by Colonel H. C. Hudgins. There were ten companies in all, two of which marched as one, and about 380 men. The companies were: Old Dominion Guard, of Portsmouth, Captain J. M. Binford, 41 men; Lee Rifles, of Norfolk, Captain George W. Taylor, 37 men; Old Dominion Light Infantry, of Smithfield, Captain E. A. Morrison, 26 men; Petersburg Grays, Captain F. R. Lassiter, 43 men; Nottoway Grays, Captain J. M. Harris, 24 men; Farmville Guard, Captain W. S. Paulett, 23 men; Portsmouth Rifles, Captain W. C. Williams, 43 men; City Guard, of Norfolk, Captain H. Hodges, 36 men. The ambulance corps—Dr. Bilisoly, surgeon—accompanied the regiment.

Captain Pigg commanded the Third regiment, which was headed by the Alexandria drum corps, and the companies: Alexandria Light Infantry, Captain G. A. Mushback, 36 men; Culpeper Minute-Men, Captain A. McDonald Green, 36 men; Monticello Guards, Captain T. S. Keller, 30 men; Fredericksburg Grays, Captain R. B. Berry, 31 men; Lynchburg Home Guard, Captain E. A. Biggers, 40 men; Pittsylvania Guards, Captain L. H. Pigg, 29 men.

The Second Virginia regiment had about 250 men in ranks, and it was commanded by Colonel Joseph A. Milton, who, with his staff, was mounted. His staff consists of Captain J. C. Wheat, Major C. E. Peyton, Captain Henry St. John, Captain W. S. Pole, Captain John T. Harris, Chaplain J. P. Hyde, Adjutant William G. Kenney. The companies in line were: Roanoke Light Infantry, Captain Brooks; Jeff. Davis Rifles, of Salem, Captain Strause; Luther Anderson Guards, of Woodstock, Captain J. C. Baker; Pulaski Guards, of Pulaski City, Lieutenant Stone in command. This regiment is in a large measure the perpetuation of the Stonewall brigade, of which gallant organization Colonel Milton and several of the officers are survivors. The regiment was led by the Roanoke Machine-Works band of thirty pieces.

The First regiment, Richmond's crack organization, turned out

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with pretty full ranks. All six of the companies, from A to F inclusive, were commanded by their respective captains except F, which was under Lieutenant Tompkins. The captains commanding were Bossieux, Spence, Christian, Gasser, M. Jones and Lieutenant Tompkins. There were about 225 men in line, and an ambulance corps brought up the rear. The regiment band of twelve pieces, Mr. Voelker leader, headed the column, and Colonel Henry C. Jones, who was in command, had his full staff mounted.

FIRST BATTALION VIRGINIA ARTILLERY.

Major, William E. Simons; Adjutant, with rank of Captain, W. G. Harvey; Inspector, with rank of Captain, James E. Phillips; Ordnance Officer, with rank of First Lieutenant, H. L. Turner; Quartermaster, with rank of First Lieutenant, R. F. Patterson; Commissary of Subsistence, with rank of First Lieutenant, R. L. Vandeventer.

Battery "A"—Richmond Howitzers, Captain John A. Hutcheson.
"B"—Norfolk Light Artillery Blues, Captain M. C. Keeling.
"C"—Staunton Artillery, Lieutenant David O'Rourke.
"E"—R. E. Lee Battery (Petersburg), Captain John Trusheim.
The battalion had about 250 men.

GOVERNOR GORDON AND STAFF.

Governor John B. Gordon, of Georgia, and staff had the next position, and the Governor's Horse Guard, mounted, followed as his escort.

Governors Farwell and Richardson, and A. B. Fleming, of West Virginia, and staffs, were also in the procession.

VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

There were five companies in the First regiment of Virginia cavalry, under command of Colonel Thomas R. Marshall, whose staff embraces Lieutenat-Colonel Bidgood, Major Percy G. Hawes, Surgeon Lewis Wheat, Assistant-Surgeon Edward McGuire, Adjutant Kirk Mathews, Chaplain Gates Downman, Commissary Captain Fred. Scott. The commands in the regiment were Surry Cavalry, Captain J. A. M. Gwathmey; Hanover, Captain Williams F. Wickham; Chesterfield, Captain Moore; Prince George, Captain A. F. Hobbs; Stuart Horse Guards, Captain Samuel Register; Fitz Lee Troop (Lynchburg), Captain Joseph B. Pace.

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COUNTERMARCHING.

This embraces the whole of that part of the procession which formed on Broad street, and the above is the order in which the march was taken up.

The veterans and some other organizations had formed on Main street between Eighth and Seventeenth, and when the head of the column turned into Main from Nineteenth the veterans sent up a tremendous yell, which the assembled throng on the sidewalks supplemented with unstinted applause.

The veterans were formed on the north side of Main street and had a perfect view of the passing militia. When the left of the column was brought up the veterans and different societies fell into line as they were reached, and an opening presented itself, and the column was gradually lengthened. It was never in a complete state, for before all of the veterans had fallen in the head of the Military division had reached a point way upon Franklin street, where they stacked arms on the north side and sat in the shade and waited for the veterans to pass in review. The best opportunity, therefore, to see the pageant in its greatest beauty was on Main street, or Franklin east of First.

A LONG INTERVAL.

The Chief Marshal and aides and the guests in carriages reached the monument grounds a few minutes before 2 o'clock, and a quarter of an hour later the Wickham brigade, heading the long division of veteran cavalry, rode up. There were a large number of commands represented in the several hundred old cavalrymen, among them the Tenth cavalry and the Ninth, which was to the left, and the survivors from several counties.

VETERANS.

The veteran organizations were under the command of General Harry Heth.

The survivors of Mosby's command came close behind the horseback veterans, but there was a very long gap before any other body could be seen marching westward. When those who started down reached Belvidere street the veterans could be seen coming in the dim distance.

The South Carolina veterans came first, and were followed by those from North Carolina.

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Next came J. C. Stancill Camp, then the Rowan County (N. C.) Veteran Association of 120 men, carrying the flag which the Thirteenth North Carolina regiment carried from Williamsburg to Chancellorsville.

Second Virginia battalion with full ranks.

R. L. I. BLUES' ASSOCIATION.

The Blues' Band, Blues' Association, under command of Major Benjamin W. Richardson, president, and Light Infantry Blues (which acted as escort for Lee Camp), and the following war and association members of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, who paraded with the Company, Captain Sol. Cutchins commanding:

Isaac S. Newman, James Medlicott, Charles H. Epps, William James Epps, Andrew J. Berry, Captain Charles P. Bigger, Captain E. J. Levy, Captain George W. Jarvis, Frank Johnston, John Tyree, J. Bell Bigger, William H. Snook, Lieutenant W. S. Dashiell, vice-president.

R. E. LEE CAMP, NO. I.

Lee Camp with three flags and the following members, Commander W. P. Smith, mounted, commanding:

Officers—Commander W. P. Smith, First Lieutenant-Commander Joseph V. Bidgood, Second Lieutenant-Commander A. G. Evans, Third Lieutenant-Commander Alexander W. Archer, Adjutant J. Taylor Stratton, Sergeant-Major D. S. Redford, Officer of the Day A. J. Wray, Quartermaster D. A. Brown, Jr., Treasurer James T. Ferriter, Chaplain Thomas S. Riddick, Surgeon R. B. Stover, Assistant-Surgeon Polk Miller, Vidette T. J. Roper, Color-Sergeant Thomas J. Smith, First Color-Guard Gus E. Delarue, Second Color-Guard L. N. Berry, Janitor Thomas F. Moseley, Trustee M. T. Rider, Trustee J. W. D. Farrar, Trustee Miles T. Phillips.

Members—Colonel Archer Anderson, M. A. Allen, T. L. Alfriend, B. M. Angle, W. C. Adams, Charles J. Anderson, General Joseph R. Anderson, John Addison, W. S. Archer, Lieutenant E. R. Archer, A. C. Atkinson.

A. G. Babcock, George W. Batkins, A. J. Berry, T. Roberts Baker, Henry Bodeker, R. T. Briggs, G. H. Baughman, C. C. Baughman, E. A. Baughman, A. J. Blackburn, Lewis Booker, T. J. Bowles, W. U. Bass, Major Thomas A. Brander, D. W. Bowles, Thomas Booker, W. J. Baker, L. N. Burwell, Colonel A. S. Buford, B. M. Batkins, Charles P. Bigger, Julien Binford, W. A. Blanken-

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ship, Lewis F. Bossieux, Captain R. M. Booker, George Booker, John Booker, Joseph Bryan, B. J. Black, Lieutenant V. Bossieux, W. J. Baker, F. A. Bowry, Thomas Byrne, Lieutenant A. P. Bohannon, John A. Booker, John G. Burrows, Surgeon Dr. Blair Burwell, E. F. Barnes, Samuel D. Buck, Captain W. M. Bridges, L. R. Barnes, H. B. Boudar.

F. W. Cunningham, T. L. Courtney, W. Miles Cary, Lieutenant R. B. Chaffin, H. Clay Chamblin, E. M. Crump, W. A. O. Cole, R. B. Chandler, James H. Capers, C. V. Clash, J. J. Cordle, Alex Coke, Dr. Isaac Curd, John R. Cary, Thomas P. Campbell, General John R. Cooke, Major A. R. Courtney, D. S. Cates, Major John B. Cary, B. D. Core, G. L. Christian, Charles Clinely, John H. Childrey, Maurice Claggett, E. S. Cardozo, W. D. Chesterman, W. Roy Coleman, Captain John Cussons, E. A. Catlin, Lieutenant James D. Craig, H. L. Carter, W. E. Cutshaw, R. L. Christian, James W. Craig, Captain D. S. Craddock, James F. Chalmers, M. C. Cannon, A. B. Cheatham, W. H. Cullingworth, G. D. Crittenden, E. C. Crump, Captain T. E. Coffin, F. E. Church, A. L. Crouch, J. C. Clifton, John A. Curtis.

W. Harper Dean, W. P. DeSaussure, D. O. Davis, H. Dubel, Captain E. E. Depriest, George T. Deane, Clay Drewry, M. J. Dimmock, J. C. Dickinson, P. G. Doyle, Lieutenant G. A. Davenport.

Lieutenant William M. Evans, A. Eichel, J. Taylor Ellyson, Captain Thomas Ellett, J. H. Edmonds, H. Tate Evans, George W. Epps, Charles H. Epps, Charles Euker, W. S. Eubank, J. H. Ellerson, F. B. Elliott, H. Theodore Ellyson.

General B. D. Fry, H. W. Flournoy, William J. Ford, J. F. Furcron, Robert I. Fleming, F. A. French, E. A. Fulcher, A. S. Faudree, H. Fitzgerald, J. M. Fourqurean, E. S. Ferneyhough, David Francis, S. P. Fitchett, H. C. Ferguson, James F. Flournoy, Lewis T. Frazier.

John E. Griffiths, E. T. Gray, Isaac A. Gentry, Isaac Goddard, William Gibson, James R. Gordon, D. P. Gulick, J. C. Goolsby, George W. Grant W. C. Grady, William Gibson, H. Gunst, James T. Gray, John W. Gilham, L. H. Gates, A. W. Garber, A. N. Gill, John Gilliam, Lieut. John W. Gordon.

Charles Herbert, G. Percy Hawes, Lieutenant E. G. Hollis, Frank D. Hill, Philip Haxall, Charles M. Hopkins, S. H. Hawes, John T. Hartman, F. Hebring, Colonel Randolph Harrison, Charles H. Hasker, Major Charles Howard, D. C. Hill, J. B. Harvie, R. H. M. Harrison, Luke Harvey, L. W. Hannon, Alexander Hierholzer, J.

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Booton Hill, James Haines, John Hunter, Jr., W. R. Hall, Jerome Hill.

William Ellis Jones, A. Jennings, J. William Jones, John B. Johnson, Thomas W. Jones, James Leigh Jones, Alfred O. Jones, W. J. Johnson, G. W. Jarvis, J. T. Jobson, Henry C. Jones, Colonel Hilary P. Jones, W. R. Jones, F. N. Johnson.

A. Krouse, William Kinloch, J. Henry Kracke, J. R. Kenley.

William Lovenstein, E. B. Loving, Leopold Levy, Samuel Leidy, Watkins Lindsay, Lieutenant L. L. Lacy, J. W. Lockwood, Dr. W. Augustus Lee, C. T. Loehr, W. P. Lawton, General Fitzhugh Lee, S. H. Liggon, H. S. Luffsey, General L. L. Lomax, William J. Leake, George W. Libby, A. M. Lawrence.

Captain W. Gordon McCabe, George C. Mountcastle, John Murphy, E. W. Marable, H. G. Miller, John A. Meanly, P. H. Mayo, D. S. McCarthy, T. F. Minor, J. D. Moncure, John F. Mayer, George W. May, Henry Meyer, J. B. McKinney, E. C. Minor, J. D. McIntire, J. R. Mountcastle, C. D. McIndoe, Lieutenant John Maxwell, R. B. Munford, James McGraw, Thomas J. Moore, J. J. Montague, John K. Molloy, E. W. Martin, John A. Mosley, Captain P. W. McKinney, James R. Medlicott, Otto Morgenstern.

Virginius Newton, George W. New.

C. T. Outland, J. H. O'Bannon.

John W. Pearce, Thomas G. Peyton, John B. Purcell, Kennedy Palmer, W. G. Puller, B. A. Pillow, George H. Pointexter, Captain Richard G. Pegram, Captain Thomas P. Pollard, John T. Parkinson, Captain James Pleasants, Lieutenant George William Peterkin, S. T. Preston, W. S. Pilcher, Major James W. Pegram, A. L. Phillips, Charles H. Page, D. H. Pyle, James E. Phillips, Mann Page, William F. Pumphrey, E. E. Perkinson, John L. Parr, O. E. Phillips, Colonel Edward Pendleton, W. M. Parsley.

N. V. Randolph, James T. Ried, Captain Charles P. Rady, W. L. Royall, Charles Davis Rice, Robert Ralston, T. M. Rutherfoord, Captain E. P. Reeve, John H. Rogers, D. C. Richardson, F. J. Riley.

D. L. Smith, Alfred Sheild, Joseph H. Shepherd, Major Charles R. Skinker, John J. Sullivan, R. C. Selden, P. A. Sublett, George Savage, George A. Smith, F. T. Sutton, Joe Lane Stern, W. C. Smith, W. D. Snead, Colonel E. B. Smith, A. J. Simmons, Joseph Stukenburg, E. B. Snead, A. A. Spitzer, C. A. Spence, Captain E. Leslie Spence, William E. Simons, Thomas William Stagg, Thomas W. Scott, C. H. Sutton, Robert J. Smith, Lewis H. Stern, Edward

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Sully, Henry Schad, Charles E. Simons, Thomas C. Swann, J. L. Sydnor, Philip Samuels, W. F. Snider, H. J. Schlosser.

H. B. Taliaferro, George W. Taylor, R. N. Thomas, E. G. Tompkins, James E. Tyler, E. B. Taylor, L. B. Tatum, Joseph P. Thomas, William E. Turner, Robert W. Thompson, Erasmus J. Tyler, Joseph W. Thomas, General William R. Terry, George W. Tolby, William H. Tatum, C. B. Tennant, John Tyler, John N. Talby, John R. Tyree, John S. Talman.

B. B. Van Buren, Lieutenant N. H. Van Zandt, A. Jeff. Vaughan, Shelly Vanhorn.

Major David N. Walker, P. P. Winston, Lieutenant W. H. Weisiger, Lieutenant Peyton Wise, J. W. White, E. Waddy, H. M. Walthall, W. Minor Woodward, Levi Wassermann, Philip Whitlock, James R. Werth, Dr. Isaiah White, Major Thomas Whitehead, Isaac Wood, Captain John H. Ware, Captain Charles U. Williams, General D. A. Weisiger, David Wilson, A. S. Watkins, C. E. Wingo, R. G. Wilson, Montgomery West, P. A. Wellford, Lieutenant R. C. Wortham, Bolivar Ward, E. J. Weymouth.

Thomas A. Young, John P. Yancey.

Members of R. E. Lee Camp on detached service at Hampton, Va.:

R. M. Booker, George Booker, John Booker, G. W. Caine, W. T. Dougherty, W. T. Gatewood, B. K. Curtis, R. S. Hudgins, C. T. Holtzclaw, John S. Howard, W. F. Ford, William Gennett, J. S. Jones, D. W. Mahone. H. F. Phillips, R. H. Richardson, J. C. Richardson, E. A. Semple, Charles Selden, L. H. Sclater, W. W. Roche, G. M. Peck, E. K. Peek, H. C. Whiting, T. B. Wood, W. T. Westwood, George Wray, A. D. Wallace, G. W. Watts, G. O. Mears, John Howard, A. S. Segar, J. H. Ham, J. T. Outtan, N. Williams, W. J. Stores, J. W. Richardson, E. C. Wood, W. S. Hankins, J. B. Wheeler, John R. Patrick, Lewis Hansford, J. W. Saunders, J. M. Richardson, William J. Sims, R. J. Massenburg, Thomas R. Wheeler. [421]

PEGRAM BATTALION ASSOCIATION.

This Battalion of Artillery was commanded during the war by Colonel William Johnson Pegram, who fell mortally wounded at Five Forks, April 1st, 1865. Upon its battle-flag can be inscribed sixty-four engagements, and the battalion was truly, as General Heth's men said, "*the fighting battalion!*" The old war battalion flag and the battle flag of Crenshaw Battery were carried by comrades

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Goolsby and Ferneyhough, and created great enthusiasm along the line of march. These flags were also used as escort to General Joseph E. Johnston when he marched to the monument to unveil the statue of General Lee. Major T. A. Brander commanding, and the following members were in line:

Crenshaw Battery.—Captain Thomas Ellett, Captain William G. Crenshaw, Lieutenant E. G. Hollis, Sergeants T. T. Johnson, B. W. Vass, Walter J. Ratcliffe, Hugh D. Smith, John R. Redford, Corporals W. T. Ratcliffe and E. S. Ferneyhough, privates Thad. M. Jones, Thomas G. Walker, D. W. Gibson, John Walker, George E. Ware, E. L. Nuckols, John Lewis, Jeff. Ruffin, W. P. Morgan, W. R. Johnson, William Ellis Jones, J. C. Goolsby, William D. Snead, R. C. Walden, Charles P. Young, and M. T. Rider.

Purcell Battery.—Privates Thomas Byrne, James Stywater, R. T. Totty, Joseph Uren, Valentine Brown, J. W. D. Farrar, E. M. Cayce, John T. Callaghan, B. F. Hackman, and D. S. Redford.

Letcher Battery.—Major Thomas A. Brander, Lieutenant John Tyler, Corporal D. S. Cates, privates F. Kell, James T. Ferriter, and C. T. Outland.

Fredericksburg Battery.—Privates E. T. Chesley, H. Cabell Tabb, and John Ferneyhough.

Staff.—Captain W. Gordon McCabe.

SONS OF VETERANS.

R. S. Chew Camp Sons of Veterans, 40 strong, from Fredericksburg, preceded by Bowery's band, numbering 20 pieces, who were guests of Sons of Veterans of Richmond.

Sons of Veterans, Captain Louis Rawlings, with 115 men in line.

VETERAN CAMPS.

Maury Camp of Fredericksburg, composed of the survivors of the Thirtieth infantry, Corse's brigade, Colonel D. M. Lee commanding, composed of 15th, 17th, 30th and 32d regiments, General M. D. Corse commanding.

Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Norfolk, Commander Samuel Hodges, 250 men.

Stonewall Camp of Portsmouth, 125 men, General W. R. McDonald commander.

R. E. Lee Camp, No. 2, of Alexandria, 61 strong.

A. P. Hill Camp of Petersburg, 200 strong, Colonel H. R. Smith.

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Clinton Hatcher Camp of Loudoun, First-Lieutenant Sterling.
Murray Association, 60 strong.
Manchester veterans, including Elliott Grays and artillery.

OTEY BATTERY ASSOCIATION.

The Otey Battery Association commanded by Major David N. Walker, and the following members:

J. H. Binford, Robert T. Briggs, R. E. Butler, A. W. Ball, Julien Binford, H. C. Burnett, C. C. Baughman, C. C. Bridges, Samuel C. Clopton, R. S. Drewry, Richard W. Flournoy, Julius C. Frederick, Parke P. Flournoy, James F. Flournoy, S. L. Flournoy, A. Grant, R. B. Gunn, R. W. Gwathmey, John N. Gordon, B. W. Hooper, William F. Harwood, A. K. Henry, S. M. Harvey, J. Floyd King, George W. Libbey, Richard W. Maury, W. G. Miller, H. E. Gay, R. D. McCoy, Daniel H. Mahoney, William Munford, J. B. McKenney, J. M. Nolting, W. S. Pilcher, John S. Pollard, J. B. Page, J. R. Perdue, J. C. Painter, J. C. Roberts, James H. Reid, Howard Saunders, O. B. Simms, George Savage, John A. Sharp, Thomas Rutherfoord, Charles A. Spence, Channing M. Smith, William H. Spence, A. W. Smith, T. E. Stratton, W. H. Stratton, W. S. Tabb, G. W. Taylor, Wilson Tompkins, R. W. Thompson, Thomas R. Thompson, W. T. Thompson, J. P. Webster, D. N. Walker, Charles Watkins, M. West, Robert Wood, John H. Weymouth, Jud. B. Wood.

PICKETT'S MEN.

There were several genuine old Confederate uniforms worn, but not as many anywhere else as among Pickett's men, who came next and made a long procession of themselves, Colonel F. H. Langley commanding. They carried the First regiment flag which was first used at Blackburns Ford; then Corse's brigade, survivors marked off by companies, with Colonel Morrison in command, and carrying the flag of the old Caroline Grays; the Cabel Grays of Danville, Colonel Cabell in charge, 125 strong; J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Albemarle; Ewell Camp, Prince William county, Colonel J. E. Hurrell commander; New York Confederate Veterans, who made a rod extending acsoss the street by lapping their walking-sticks and presented a presented a splendid appearance. There were 115 in the line, Colonel A. G. Dickinson commander.

Next came the Louisiana Division Army of Northern Virginia,

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under Colonel David Zable; representatives from the Benevolent Association of the Army of Tennessee, under Colonel Frederick Washington, the president; survivors of the Twenty-third Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel J. P. Fitzgerald, of Farmville, 35 men; Stuart Hairston Camp of Henry county, Colonel Hairston, 70 strong; Simpson Camp, Confederate Veterans; Winchester Veterans, Captain John Williams; Scott Legion Veterans of the Mexican war; survivors Twenty-third Virginia; Company I, Sixth Virginia Cavalry; Louisa Veterans.

HOWITZER VETERAN ASSOCIATION,

under Captain Frank D. Hill. The following is the roster of the Association:

First Company Howitzers.—Captain William P. Palmer, Lieutenant Daniel S. McCarthy, Lieutenant T. D. Moncure, Lieutenant Robert Armistead, Edward F. Barnes, Henry C. Barnes, Henry B. Boudar, George R. Crump, F. N. Crouch, William M. Dame, David S. Doggett, Preston Ellerson, Charles N. Friend, James T. Gray, Edward Gray, Edward C. Goddin, Martin L. Harvey, W. L. Harrison, Charles A. Harrington, Charles W. Harwood, George B. Harrison, William C. Kean, Sr., Robert D. Knight, J. Benjamin Lambert, S. Taylor Martin, John T. McKenna, J. V. L. McCreary, Hodijah Meade, Jesse B. Minor, Robert W. Powers, Charles Poindexter, A. M. Richardson, Robert E. Richardson, R. W. Royall, Lem Sclater, Howard Saunders, Robert Stiles, W. H. Tatum, John C. Tatum, Charles L. Todd, John Todd, Richard C. Wortham, J. Peter Williams, Frederick H. Williams, Thomas B. Wyatt, Charles E. Wingo.

Second Company Howitzers.—Lieutenant William L. Shephard, Lieutenant Wallace McRae, Lieutenant Lewis Booker, E. J. Bosher, Thomas Booker, T. Roberts Baker, Luther R. Barnes, H. Y. H. Barnes, Robert S. Bosher, George L. Christian, Samuel S. Carter, Charles T. Crane, Henry Crane, Alexander Duval, John S. Ellett, L. B. Franklin, James A. Grigg, Samuel Gouldin, George P. Hughes, Stephen B. Hughes, Frank D. Hill, S. Horace Hawes, Julian McCarthy, William H. McCarthy, Carlton McCarthy, Polk Miller, William J. Mann, Joseph E. Maxey, J. Blythe Moore, James G. Tinsley, Lucien B. Tatum, John Waldrop, Joseph G. Williams, J. A. Yates.

Third Company Howitzers.—Capt. B. H. Smith, Capt. Henry C. Carter, A. J. Andrews, T. V. Brooke, R. Brooke, Heber Bullington,

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William B. Courtney, E. S. Cardoza, E. M. Crump, C. B. Fourquean, Joseph M. Fourquean, Henry W. Flournoy, Miles H. Gardner, W. W. Green, A. O. Jones, W. R. Jones, Thomas S. Jones, Samuel H. Liggan, J. M. Manders, T. T. Mayo, R. T. Sydnor, John T. Sizer, E. H. Sublett, William J. Sydnor, George A. Smith, Oscar V. Smith, E. G. Tyler, William L. White.

Powhatan Artillery; Sturdivant's Battery, Captain William H. Maxwell, Lieutenant William H. Weisiger, and other members; Cobb Legion of Georgia.

PARKER'S BATTERY.

Alexander's Battalion Artillery, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, was represented by Parker's Battery, carrying with it banners representing the battalion and each of the six batteries composing the battalion, to-wit: Parker's, Jordan's, Moody's, Taylor's, Rhett's, and Woolfolk's. On these banners were the names of the seventeen pitched battles in which they were engaged. At the head of the column were five tattered battle-flags carried by Private S. P. Weisiger and companions, from Georgia. The battery was headed by the former commandants of the battalion, to-wit: General E. P. Alexander, Colonel Frank Huger, Major W. W. Parker, and Captain John Haskill, adjutant of the battalion. The battery following the field officers was Parker's Battery, composed of the following: Captain J. Thompson Brown, Lieutenant J. C. Parkinson, First-Sergeant Thomas L. Alfriend, and Sergeants William Cogbill, John Cogbill, Matt Condrey, Thomas W. Pemberton, Frank Turnley, D. C. Richardson, and Quartermaster-Sergeant of the battalion S. Carter Weisiger; Corporals D. C. Howard, John W. Moody, Thomas J. Todd; Privates Robert Bidgood, Andrew Barker, Winchester Belvin, Lafayette Bolton, David A. Brown, John Creary, R. M. Clark, William E. Evans, George W. Folks, Clarence Flournoy, Marion Francisco, George Goff, John W. Glenn, Joseph Hayes, W. J. Mays, Thomas Perdue, William Parr, Charles Perkins, James Roach, Thomas Royall, Silas Stubbs, P. B. Scherer, Spencer Wooldridge, Samuel P. Weisiger.

Parker's Battery was followed by Woolfolk's Battery, represented by Lieutenants Willam Terrell and Vaughan, and Taylor's Battery, represented by Lieutenant Leake, and Jordan's Battery, represented by Sergeant James C. Read.

But few of these old soldiers were without honorable scars.

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Wise's brigade, Thirty-fourth Virginia, General Peyton Wise in command; A. P. Hill veterans; Great Southern's Band and veterans of the Fifth Maryland regiment; Ed. Murry Camp of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, commanded by J. B. Trulock; Confederate Veterans of Alexandria, with flag of Alexandria Light Infantry; Carpenter's Battery and Stonewall Brigade.

MEXICAN VETERANS.

The following is a list of the Mexican veterans who joined in the parade: Robert G. Scott, captain Company A, First regiment Virginia volunteers; John Poe, private, Company A, First regiment Virginia volunteers; Josiah Heller, Company H, First regiment Virginia volunteers; James H. Barnes, Company E, First regiment Virginia volunteers; Theoderick Nunnally, Company G, First regiment Virginia volunteers; William M. Yates, Company M, First regiment Virginia volunteers; W. H. Britt, Company D, First regiment Virginia volunteers; Charles A. Jones, Company C, First regiment Pennsylvania volunteers; Robert Thomas, Ruggle's battery, United States army; John Rutter, Voltigeur regiment, United States army; Henry J. Richardson, United States navy; James Levar, Company A, Eleventh Pennsylvania volunteers; Andrew L. Crouch, First Alabama regiment; Charles J. Jones, Company I, First regiment Virginia volunteers.

These veterans were commanded by Captain Scott, first captain of the Richmond Grays, and who volunteered for the Mexican war. There are few of them residents of this city, but among them are Generals D. H. Maury, B. D. Fry, D. A. Weisiger, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, and Major John Poe, all of whom were in the procession.

J. Bowie Strange Camp, Confederate Veterans, 200 men, General T. L. Rosser commanding, Charlottesville, Va.

Camp Garrett Veterans, 30 men, Captain C. L. Thompson commander, Huntington, W. Va.

Winchester camp, Colonel E. Holmes Boyd commander, Winchester, Virginia.

Louisa county, Virginia, 82 men, Colonel T. Smith commander.

Frederick county Maryland camp, Rev. C. Randolph Page commander.

Thirteenth Virginia Infantry, 210 men, Major R. O. Peatross commander, Caroline county, Virginia.

Randolph Thirtieth Virginia Infantry, 30 men, Lieutenant M. H. Wilson commander, Beverley, West Virginia.

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Person county, North Carolina Veteran Association, 30 n
Long Prescott commander, Roxboro', North Carolina.

Ninth Virginia cavalry, 200 men, General R. L. T. Be
mander, Westmoreland county, Virginia.

COMPANY "K," THIRTY-FOURTH VIRGINIA.

Among the troops gathered here to honor the memory o
parted chieftain none displayed greater alacrity or enthusi
this gallant old company. Thirty-four strong they mustere
unveiling ceremonies, with letters of regret from the absent
spring of 1861, full of hope, they went into service. All th
fiery ordeal they bore their part, and when Appomattox c
were there with thinned ranks but with brave hearts.

Chaplain P. C. Robert came all the way from St. Louis
the joys of the occasion.

The surviving officers are: A. F. Bagby, Josiah Ryland,
liam T. Haynes, all of whom were present.

[A committee consisting of Norvell Ryland, Theodore
and B. F. Cooke, made every arrangement for the conven
comfort of all during their stay, for which a hearty vote
was passed.]

Henderson, North Carolina, veterans, Colonel W. H. Ch
mander.

Washington, North Carolina, veterans, C. R. Barker com

Thirty-fourth Virginia Infantry, Captain Bagby comman

Wise Brigade, Colonel J. T. Goode commanding.

COMPANY "G," THIRD VIRGINIA BATTALION.

The following members of this the youngest in years—
lads—of volunteers who served continuously in the Confede
for local defenses 1863–'65, were in line:

Captain E. S. Gay, Third-Lieutenant Wilton Randolph,
geant John B. Purcell, Second-Sergeant W. R. Cowardi
Sergeant W. M. Hill, Fifth-Sergeant John B. Faris, Second
George J. Davison, Third-Corporal Portiaux Robinson, Fo
poral Thomas J. Walsh, Privates, Charles F. Taylor, W.
Edgar D. Taylor, G. Watson James, James W. Gibbons,
Barksdale, G. Kennon Wren, William A. Matthews, R
Chesterman, E. A. Willis, John R. Quarles, Frank J. Brooke
Yarbrough, R. H. M. Harrison, Colored Servitor Mat Tay

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"F" COMPANY ASSOCIATION.

Major Charles R. Skinker, President, commanding. At the head of this command was borne by Color-sergeant John H. Cumbia, of the Twenty-first Virginia Infantry (in which "F" company served throughout the war), the ante-bellum flag of "F" company volunteers, and used by them in the quelling of the John Brown insurrection in 1859. It is of blue silk, fringed with bullion, and inscribed "Company F, First Regiment Virginia Volunteers."

The following members of the Association were in line: Maxwell T. Clarke, James N. Boyd, R. A. Brock, R. H. Gilliam, W. Leigh Burton, Tazewell Ellett, John W. Powell, James W. Archer, George A. Haynes, Philip A. Wellford, William S. Archer, J. H. Ellerson, Louis Zimmer and Henry N. Bullington, from New York, Thomas Ritchie Green, Clay Drewry, J. F. Meredith, Walter J. Blunt, Daniel D. Talley, Archer Anderson, Thomas A. Brander, R. D. Adam, W. C. Barker, E. G. Tompkins, B. B. Van Buren, Joseph N. Willis, James E. Tyler, John Tyler, R. Emmet Tyler, W. B. Marks, Lewis D. Crenshaw, George D. Wise, E. B. Meade, A. Randolph Tatum, George W. Peterkin, W. S. Jinkins, George R. Pace, Shirley King, A. J. Singleton, John H. Worsham, Mann Page. Other veterans joined with the Association in the march. Major Skinker, who lost a leg in the service and marched on crutches, commanded much attention, and the organization was frequently cheered by citizens and soldiery on the march—several commands presenting arms as the Association passed.

MARYLAND VETERANS.

The Maryland ex-Confederates, who came in near the end of the line, received a full share of praise and plaudits. General Bradley T. Johnson and staff, on horseback, headed this section, and the United States Naval Band led the veterans, who numbered about 1,200.

The veterans arrived here early in the morning on two special trains and were met by the First regiment.

This body, the largest in the procession, embraces the following: The Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in the State of Maryland; the Association of the Maryland Line; Beneficial Association of the Maryland Line; the Murray Confederate

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Association, composed of survivors of Company H, First Maryland, Company A, Second Maryland infantry, commanded by the gallant Captain William H. Murray, who was killed at Gettysburg; the Baltimore Light Artillery Association. General Bradley T. Johnson is president of the first three associations, and J. McKenney White of the Murray Association.

The veterans of the Fifth Maryland, referred to above, arrived early in the morning by the West Point route and attracted considerable attention marching through the street. They brought Southern's band with them. There are three companies, under Colonel Henry D. Loney.

OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

The McGill Catholic Union, the boys from the Male Orphan Asylum, carrying a large banner; the Washington and Lee University boys, numbering 125, with the University colors. At Thirteenth street the boys were presented with a handsome Confederate flag by Mr. L. Harvey, of Richmond, whose deceased son, Charles H. Harvey, was a student of Washington and Lee University last year. This and the handsome new banner procured of Hortsman Brothers, of Philadelphia, at a cost of $75, were carried throughout the procession by J. J. Vindyard and Eugene Sproul. The latter was 36x50 inches, made of white silk with cords and tassels, white and blue (University colors) intermixed; trimmings, gold fringe and silver lace; lettering of gold, "Washington and Lee"—near the top; "1796," date when name of Washington was given to the college in upper left corner; "1870," date General Lee's name was added in upper right corner; in centre below date of foundation, "1749." On the other side on a blue field were the coat-of-arms of both Washington and Lee. This banner was unique, and with the large delegation representing the only educational institution with which the name of the great Lee was ever connected attracted many ovations along the line of march. The Richmond College boys, the students from William and Mary College to the number of 130, accompanied by President Tyler and other members of the Faculty, and carrying the flag borne by the Whigs in the procession of 1840, and the two college banners brought up the next section.

Next came the Farmers' Alliance (mounted). About three hundred members with buttonaires of rye tied with ribbon-bow were the Richmond men mounted, and then the military fell into line and proceeded out to the grounds.

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THE PRETTY FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Not the least attractive feature of this great and memorable parade was the display made by the City Fire Department. It was imposing indeed, and expressions of astonishment were heard on all sides from visitors, as well as home people, at the strength of the department in general, and the splendid-looking, active young men who fill its ranks. Chief Puller's force was assembled at about 11 o'clock, the men on Tenth, and the apparatus arranged along Broad street, from Ninth street eastwardly.

After the line had passed Broad and Ninth the men fell in at the left of the column, preceded by Chief Engineer Puller and Superintendent Thompson, mounted, accompanied by Hoseman Woodward as courier.

Following the Chief-Engineer were the officers' fire-wagons. In the leading vehicle President Frischkorn and First Assistant-Engineer Sheppard were seated. The other officers followed.

The apparatus was most elaborately and beautifully decorated with bunting, flowers, evergreens, etc., and the districts were designated by markers, who carried the customary ensign-flags, marked First district, Second district and Third district. Mounted on the apparatus were three little boys who wore the orthodox red shirt with white fronts, upon which in tasteful letters LEE appeared. The floral decorations of the machines were, in some instances, costly and always elaborate. The machinery was in perfect order, and the horses were as slick as ribbons. The department followed the line of march to Eighth and Main, when it was deemed best to continue to Fifth and Main, in order that the horses might more easily draw the heavy apparatus up the steep grades. At Fifth and Franklin they again joined the column and proceeded as far as Franklin and Shafer streets, where the men and apparatus were returned to quarters.

Among the visiting firemen was Chief E. M. Pavie, of Newberne, N. C., who was accompanied on his visit to Richmond by a number of the department of that place. Chief Pavie rode in the procession with one of the officers of the City Fire Department.

The procession was fully four miles long and the number in line has been estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000. There must have been present in the city on the 29th fully 150,000 and perhaps many thousands more.

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PICTURESQUE FEATURES—NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS ON MEN AND FLAGS, &C.

When the head of the great column reached the top of the Main-street hill, the view, looking down the street, was picturesque in the extreme. A surging crowd of gazers made a thick, dark border on either side of the roadway, hemming in the moving column. Hundred on hundred of bayonets glinted in the noon-day sun, and everywhere the colors of the Confederacy mingled with the Stars and Stripes.

OLD BATTLE-FLAGS.

One of the most interesting features of the parade was the number of old battle-flags that floated above the line. Most of these were carried by veteran organizations, though a few companies of militia carried the flags under which the command fought during the war. Altogether there were more than fifty. Some of them were State or company flags, some camp flags, but the larger number of them were the familiar flags that floated where bullets flew the thickest and marked the tide of Southern fortunes.

A FLAG THAT WENT TO PRISON.

Above the few survivors of the Third Georgia regiment there floated an old battle-flag that has had an unusual experience. When the regiment was surrendered in 1865, Colonel Claiborne cut the flag from the staff and hid it inside his shirt. During his confinement in a northern prison he still kept it, and when he was paroled brought it back to Dixie.

Near this flag were two, of which little remained but a few scraps of faded silk. These were the flags of Cobb's Georgia Legion and the First battalion of North Carolina Sharpshooters. Both of these commands had a fiery baptism, and but few survivors remain to tell the story of their prowess.

The flag of the famous "Fighting Thirteenth" of North Carolina is so full of bullet-holes that it scarce holds together. It was carried by the man who bore it the last two years of the war. Another famous North Carolina flag is that of the Eighth (Colonel Shaw's) regiment. It was buried at Sugar Loaf, Virginia, at the close of the war, to save it from capture, and afterwards dug up by the color-sergeant, who has preserved it ever since.

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THE STONEWALL BRIGADE FLAG.

Over the famous Stonewall brigade floated the flag that went with Stonewall Jackson from Manassas to Chancellorsville. Private D. P. Carver, a grizzled, scarred veteran of the Tenth Virginia cavalry, who bore it, marched with a conscious air which seemed to say, "We-uns are the boys who did the fighting."

Wise's brigade carried two flags—the headquarters flag and the flag of the Fifty-ninth Virginia. The latter was the flag that was twice captured and recaptured at Williamsburg, and cost the regiment so many men at that fight.

IN THE JOHN BROWN RAID.

F Company Association, the company before the war of the volunteer First Virginia regiment, but of the Twenty-first Virginia during the war, carried their old company flag, under which the company marched into Harper's Ferry with General (then Colonel) Robert E. Lee. It was most probably the only flag in the parade which was used at the capture of John Brown.

PALMETTO LEAVES AND ORIOLE FEATHERS.

South Carolina, the first of the States which seceded, was well represented in the line. The Palmetto (Kershaw's) brigade had over seventy-five veterans in line, most of them from the Second and Fifth (cavalry) regiments. The flag of the Second, the gallant Picken's command, and the flag of the Fifth, which was commanded by Senator M. C. Butler, fluttered over the brigade. All of the South Carolina flags were festooned with long, graceful palmetto leaves, and all of the men wore badges constructed from the same plant. Several infantry companies from that State carried palm-leaf fans in the mouth of their muskets.

Over the veteran Maryland line evidences of Southern fealty waved in the light wind. The flag of the First cavalry regiment and the celebrated Bucktail flag both had evidently been in the post of honor—the forefront of the line of battle.

ONLY A TATTERED REMNANT.

Of all the old flags in the line there was none so ragged as that of Massenburg's Georgia battery. Only a few tattered remnants clung

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to the staff, and these were so faded that the colors were barely distinguishable.

THE CRACK COMPANIES.

There were several volunteer commands in line that occupy distinguished positions. One of these is the Montgomery Grays of Montgomery, Ala., a company whose banner is adorned with the trophies of twenty-seven competitive drills, and ranks as high as any volunteer organization in this country. The uniform is one that would attract attention anywhere—a blue, gold-laced coat, and an enormous white shako with a gold tassel. The Grays had thirty-five men in line under command of First-Lieutenant U. S. Watson. They have an enviable war record, and several veterans marched with the company.

Another fine command was the Washington Artillery of New Orlans. They marched in three companies—the veteran company in front and the volunteer companies following. This company has a record in both the Mexican and the Civil war. Their flag, elsewhere referred to, was made by Miss Cary, of New Orleans, out of her dress, and was carried all through the war.

Behind the Paris Pickets company with the file-closer, Palmer Leigh, a little boy of eight or nine years, with long, flaxen curls, and dressed in a white duck suit, marched, carrying a sword that was as tall as the little soldier. The eyes of the ladies on the street lingered on the little boy as he passed, and several times he was seized *vi et armis* and kissed.

The uniform that we know so well—that of the Richmond Blues—was undoubtedly the most striking in the entire column, and the boys never appeared to better advantage. They were accompanied by the white-haired veteran, Major Richardson.

A PATHETIC INCIDENT.

There were several incidents yesterday that were pathetic in the extreme. One of them was remarkable as an evidence of the deep feeling that years cannot obliterate. As General E. M. Law, who was on horseback in the advance, and wore his old Confederate uniform, passed General's Lee house there was a slight commotion on the sidewalk. It was an old veteran, feeble and almost blind, who had fought with Law. When he saw his old commander pass he cried, "There's Law! God bless him. Raise me and let me see him." He staggered to his feet, and waving his old hat, in a weak

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voice cheered the gallant South Carolinian. It is such scenes as this that make such a day more of a reality than a pageant.

A CONFEDERATE FLAG ON THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Persons passing the Capitol Square in the morning were surprised to see that the bronze Washington held in his hand a large Confederate flag. The idea was originated by three young men, who, at daylight, climbed the statue and fastened the flag to Washington's stirrup. They might have placed it higher, but the approach of sunrise and a fear of discovery restrained them. Later in the morning a boy climbed up and placed the flag in Washington's hand. It only remained for a few hours, when it was removed by direction of the superintendent of the public grounds, Major Gaines.

HONOR TO LONGSTREET.

As the parade was forming on Main street General Longstreet drove up the street in a carriage. As he passed Clinton Hatcher Camp, of Loudoun county, a number of the veterans left the line and proposed to take the horses from the carriage and pull it out to the monument. Owing to the fact that the procession then commenced to move, the gallant Georgian was compelled to decline the intended ovation and drive on.

WAR MUSIC.

The old war music—"The Bonnie Blue Flag," "Dixie," &c.—never failed to elicit enthusiastic cheers, and sometimes the unbidden tear, as hallowed memories of the past were awakened.

MAURY IN GRAY.

Colonel Richard L. Maury, in his old Confederate uniform, was at the head of a heroic remnant of the old Twenty-fourth Virginia regiment, whom he so bravely led until he was disabled by severe wounds. This was also General Early's old regiment.

THE NINTH VIRGINIA.

The veteran organizations which marched in the column excited profoundest interest and awakened tenderest memories. Conspicuous among these were the old Ninth Virginia cavalry, at the head of whom rode their former colonel, brave old General R. L. T. Beale, who was dressed in his old Confederate uniform.

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OLD BATTLE-FLAGS.

Another feature was the number of old Confederate battle-flags carried in the column, and the wonder was where they all came from; but one on the inside would soon hear touching stories of how some brave color-bearer concealed his colors on his person when he found that surrender must come, and has sacredly guarded them all these years to bring them forth to honor their loved old chief.

MARCHED ON CRUTCHES.

One of the most touching things in the incidents of the great day was to see maimed soldiers—a bandaged eye, an empty sleeve, a wooden leg—in the procession. Mr. A. J. Blackburn, of this city, who lost his leg while gallantly serving in the famous old Thirteenth Virginia regiment (A. P. Hill's old regiment), marched on his crutches the whole distance, and was vociferously cheered along the route.

THE STATUE UNVEILED—IMPOSING CEREMONIES WITNESSED BY TENS OF THOUSANDS.

By 10 o'clock a considerable number of people had gathered at the monument-grounds, and between that time and the arrival of the procession they went out there by the thousands and tens of thousands.

The veterans from the Soldiers' Home were on hand early, and were stationed at the base of the pedestal, where, with muskets in hand, they stood guard.

A rope was stretched around the circle in which was the monument, and stands for two thousand people, and considerable space reserved for the veterans.

Inside of the rope were several policemen, some of them special officers, who kept out all persons who did not show tickets.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE.

Mr. J. R. Blunt had charge of the speakers' stand, which was arranged to seat about one hundred people.

Among the first to arrive there were Bishop Gallagher of Louisiana, Honorable J. L. M. Curry, and Mr. John Dunlop. During the exercises the following persons had seats on this stand: General A. L.

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Long of Virginia; Colonel Charles S. Venable, University of Virginia; Colonel Walter H. Taylor, Norfolk; Colonel Charles Marshall, Baltimore; and Colonel T. M. R. Talcott, Richmond—all members of General R. E. Lee's staff; Generals Charles W. Field of Kentucky, D. A. Weisiger of Virginia, and Dabney H. Maury of Virginia, Mr. Calderon Carlisle of Washington, Misses Mary and Mildred Lee, Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, Mrs. W. H. F. Lee, Miss Ellen Lee, Miss Lizzie Gaines of Warrenton, Mrs. Dr. Stone of Washington, Mrs. Ellen Daingerfield of Alexandria, Mrs. Senator Hearst of California, Mrs. Peyton Wise, Colonel Hemphill of South Carolina, General Bradley T. Johnson of Maryland, Congressman Breckinridge of Arkansas, Honorable Thomas G. Skinner of North Carolina, Colonel C. O'B. Cowardin of Virginia, Colonel Gregory of the Stonewall brigade, Colonel L. Daingerfield Lewis of Virginia, Colonel J. Hampton Hoge of Virginia, General Lawton of Georgia, General Cadmus Wilcox of Georgia, General Joseph E. Johnston, Governor McKinney, Judge Fauntleroy, General W. H. F. Lee, Reverend Doctor Minnigerode, Senator Butler of South Carolina, Honorable C. T. O'Ferrall, General Joseph R. Anderson, General Jubal A. Early, Colonel Thomas Smith of Virginia, Senators Daniel and Barbour, Honorable John Goode, General Fitzhugh Lee, Rev. Dr. Moses D. Hoge, Speaker Cardwell, Mayor J. Taylor Ellyson, General W. B. Taliaferro of Virginia, Captain R. E. Lee, ex-Governor John Lee Carroll, of Maryland, Senator Randall Lee Gibson of Louisiana, General Wade Hampton, General James Longstreet, Senator Reagan of Texas, General W. H. Payne, Governor Gordon of Georgia, Governor Fowle of North Carolina, Governor Fleming of West Virginia, Governor Richardson of South Carolina, Governor Fleming of Florida, Senator Pasco of Florida, Senator Berry of Arkansas, Congressman Blanchard of Louisiana, Hon. Mr. Yodo of Ohio, Senator Kenna of West Virginia, Congressman Wilson of Missouri, Congressman Wilson of West Virginia, Hon. Mr. Wilkinson of Louisiana, Hon. Thomas Grimes of Georgia, Congressman Seney of Ohio, Hon. Mr. Haynes, Ohio, who was a colonel in the Federal army and commanded a regiment at Port Republic; Congressman P. G. Lester, Virginia; ex-Lieutenant-Governor J. L. Marye, Virginia; General Rosser, General Lomax, General Ransom, Dr. Brock, Dr. Ross, and others.

THE PROCESSION APPEARS.

It was exactly 1:50 o'clock when the notes of the Stonewall-Brigade Band were heard, and in a few seconds the blue coats of the

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mounted police came in sight down Franklin street. The head of the procession halted when opposite Richmond College in order to clear the way. At 2:15 o'clock the head of the procession reached the monument. A perfect ovation was given General Fitz Lee, who kept his head uncovered while passing through the great crowd of people who were cheering him.

The head of the procession marched around the monument and General Lee and his assistant marshals and the Stonewall Band came inside the circle.

The band occupied a stand which had been erected for them by the side of the speakers' stand.

THE GENERALS.

When General Early was seen to enter the circle the people set up a great yell, and the General was met by scores of old officers and privates, who gave him an affectionate greeting and escorted him to the stand.

Generals Johnston, Hampton, Gordon and Rosser were all cheered when they appeared on the stand.

General Longstreet did not arrive until the public exercises had begun. He was escorted to the stand by Dr. Cullen, and so great an ovation did he receive Colonel Anderson had to stop speaking for fully two minutes.

A TIRESOME DELAY.

After a part of the procession had arrived there was a most tiresome delay. The larger portion of the procession was still down town, and it was thought best to wait until they arrived before the public exercises should begin.

The stand was crowded with prominent people, and they spent over an hour in social chat. At one time General Fitz Lee saw that General Early was standing up and all the seats around him were occupied, and he took the old cavalry commander on his lap, and the two joked each other in a pleasant manner for some time. General Johnston had much attention shown him, as did also General Hampton. Senators Daniel and Barbour occupied seats among their senatorial colleagues.

THE MILITARY ARRIVE.

About 3:30 o'clock the delayed troops began to arrive. The circle was opened for the veterans, who marched to the monument, and as

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many as could do so took seats on the pedestal. The Richmond Light Infantry Blues also came in as the escort to Lee Camp Veterans. The other military took positions on the field around the monument.

GALLANT AND DEVOTED CHAPLAIN.

Rev. James P. Smith, of Fredericksburg, who was captain on Stonewall Jackson's staff when he was wounded, marched with the veterans. It was noticed that he had a bandage over the arm of the Confederate coat he wore, and when asked by an old comrade why he had the bandage, he replied with deep emotion: "To conceal the stains of blood left there from General Jackson's wounds." It will be remembered that when Jackson was being borne from the field the fire became so hot at one point that Captain Smith insisted upon lying by his side and protecting his loved general with his own body, and these blood-stains yet remain to tell the story of his devoted heroism.

THE BAND OF THE HORNETS.

At the reception given by Mr. W. S. Forbes to the Hornet's-Nest Riflemen, of Charlotte, N. C., they were accompanied by the famous "Hickory Military Band" (twenty-six pieces). Mr. Forbes had as his guest Major John G. Young, of Winston, N. C. (formerly of Charlotte, N. C.), who reorganized the Hornets after the war.

Just before leaving Mr. Forbes' residence, the Hornets presented Mrs. Forbes with a very large hornet's nest which was carried in the procession on the 29th by Sergeant Blockwelder, a veteran of the Mexican and late war, and who has been a member of the Hornets for the past forty years as color-bearer. The Hornets wore their dress uniform—olive-green and gold—and left with regrets, in love with Richmond, her people, and especially with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Forbes.

THE LEE HOUSE—GREAT CROWDS BEFORE IT—INCIDENTS OF INTEREST.

Several incidents of interest occurred before the "Lee House" prior to the hour for the procession to pass and afterwards. At about 10 o'clock the handsome body of New York veterans, with their Commander Colonel A. G. Dickenson and Adjutant-Major William S. Keiley, on their march down to the point at which they were to join the procession, halted in front of the "Lee House"

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with heads uncovered, whilst their elegant band played "Carry me back to Dixie." On their return from the monument after the exercises they made a graceful detour of the space in front of the house, and with hats raised and a bend of the head marched to the familiar air, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," especially appropriate for those who having made homes upon other soil have returned to do honor to their mother State as to their loved commander.

OTHER VISITORS.

Governor Gordon, of Georgia, also passed with his troop of cavalry called "The Governor's Horse Guard," a magnificent body of men, and they, too, halted with hats in hand as they were on their way to their assigned place.

Later Colonel Preston Chew, the gallant commander of the Stuart Horse Artillery, with the veterans of that battery bearing a flag which was presented them by the ladies of Charlottesville in recognition of their gallant defence of the town against the Federal cavalry on the occasion known as "Custer's Raid." They stood before the bust of Lee with reverence, as if to pay their duty at the shrine of him under whose banner they had done cheerful and willing service.

THE VETERANS.

The procession, headed by the Stonewall band playing Dixie, began and ended by volunteers and veterans alike reversing arms, or with uncovered heads reverentially in passing. The splendid Maryland bands played "Maryland, My Maryland," as they passed, and at the last the volunteers filed right and left in front of the house to allow all the veteran organizations to pass between. Lee Camp passed, and with raised hats and bowed heads marched slowly by, followed by the "Sons of Veterans," who did likewise.

YOUNG SOLDIERS.

A beautiful company of youths—"The Lynchburg Zouaves"—halted immediately in front of the house and gave a salute.

MOTTO.

Across the front of the house occupied by Colonel Raleigh Colston, next door to the Lee residence, beside other tasteful decorations, was the inscription done in black upon a white ground in old

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English text, "They only the victory win who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high—who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight, and if need be to die."

WORE LEE'S HAT.

Major Robert Stiles marched with the Howitzer Veteran Association, having been a member of the First Howitzer company at the opening of the war, arrayed in his own veritable gray jacket and General Robert E. Lee's hat, with a star from that General's coat-collar sewed on the front of the hat.

The star was given by the General himself to Miss Josie Stiles, the sister, and the hat sent to Rev. Dr. Stiles, the father of Major Stiles. The latter gift in its circumstances illustrates the sweet and playful grace of General Lee's daily intercourse with his friends. Just after the war Dr. Stiles passed by General Lee's house having on rather a shabby hat. New hats did not grow on trees in those days. The General called to the Doctor from his porch, but he did not hear and drove on.

Miss Josie Stiles being at the time in the house, General Lee went up-stairs and brought down to her this hat, saying: "Miss Josie, tell your father he is too good a rebel to wear such a bad hat as I saw on his head to-day, and I am too good a rebel to keep two hats as good as both mine are. Please give him this with my compliments." The hat is a broad-brimmed gray felt.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S STATUE DECORATED—AN INCIDENT.

Foley's statue of Jackson was neatly draped with bunting, &c., Tuesday night; but on Wednesday night it appeared beautifully arranged all around with fresh cut flowers, evergreens, &c. This last decoration, it was ascertained, had been done by Lieutenant R. H. Fisher's family. At one time he bore the colors of the Fifth Virginia infantry, one of the gallant regiments composing the brigade so well known in the Army of Northern Virginia.

The Stonewall Band, of Staunton, visited the monument before the parade and rendered a number of their sweetest selections, attracting a vast audience in the square.

GEORGIA'S GOVERNOR.

General John B. Gordon on horseback, and accompanied by his brilliant staff in full Confederate uniform, and escorted by the Gover-

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nor's Horse Guard, of Atlanta, were enthusiastically greeted by the veterans, who remembered him as leading them on many a glorious field.

CONFEDERATE CHAPLAINS.

Dr. J. William Jones was greeted by a number of his old comrades as he marched in the ranks of Lee Camp. One said: "You brought me off the field at Cross Keys, where I lost my arm," and the Doctor replied, "I take off my hat to 'brave old Tom with the empty sleeve.'" Another said: "I have at home now the Bible you gave me at Petersburg," and several others: "You baptized me in the army."

Rev. Dr. James Nelson, of Staunton, who was chaplain in the Forty-fourth Virginia, after serving in the ranks of the Twenty-third Virginia, and Rev. Dr. C. F. James, of Roanoke, who was a private in the Eighth Virginia regiment, marched in the file with Dr. Jones the latter part of the march.

LEE'S DAUGHTER WEEPS.

When the statue was unveiled amid salvos of artillery and the shouts of the crowd Miss Mary Lee was seen wiping away the unbidden tears. She was doubtless thinking not of the great soldier, but of the tender, loving father, who used to be the joy of the dear old home at Arlington and Lexington.

PLACING WREATHS.

The Lee and the Jackson Monuments were decorated by members of the Louisiana Division, Army Northern Virginia of New Orleans. Colonel T. A. Faries, Colonel D. A. Given and C. S. Caw placed wreaths of white immortelles with purple letters on each of the monuments.

SOLDIERS PRESENT A LAMB.

Company "E," of the Fifth regiment of Maryland, presented Company E, of the First regiment of Virginia, with a beautiful little white lamb, which they brought from Baltimore, which uniquely represents an emblem of peace. The Virginia company returned the compliment by tendering Company E, of the Fifth regiment, a handsome reception in the evening.

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GOVERNOR MCKINNEY.

The procession did not all reach the grounds until after 5 o'clock, but at 3:45 Governor McKinney arose and called the vast assemblage to order. He spoke as follows:

As chairman of the Lee-Monument Association it becomes my duty to call this meeting to order, and on the behalf of that organization to express its gratification at this vast assemblage of fair women and brave men who have come to witness the consummation of its labors, to do honor to the memory of Robert Edward Lee, and give to them a cordial welcome.

With no disloyalty in our hearts to the Government under which we live, and with no desire to awaken or perpetuate old animosities, we come with sacred memory for our cause—which is lost—with a love and admiration for our dear ones who have fallen, which is unconquerable and eternal. This is the feeling of the Southern people. Some will condemn us; they may as well find fault with Nature's God because He kisses Confederate graves with showers, and smiles upon them with His sunshine, and garlands them with flowers. It is evidenced by this great gathering from every State of the Confederacy.

Texas, the most remote, is represented by her gallant soldiers, who fought under Lee and Jackson, commanded by one who was loyal to the Confederacy while it lived, and who loves its memory still—a member of the Cabinet then, and now United States Senator.

Louisiana is here represented by the Washington Artillery, which came so early to the aid of Virginia, and did such splendid service upon many hard-fought fields, and, alas! has left so many of its gallant hearts to rest forever upon her soil.

And with them is Longstreet, that "old war-horse" who led the First corps of the army of Northern Virginia.

Many of his old soldiers are here to-day, and all will greet him with unspeakable pleasure.

Georgia is here with many of her noble sons, and with them comes Gordon, whose name is as familiar to the veterans of the grand old army as those of Jackson and Lee.

Florida and Alabama are here with their gallant sons bringing fresh garlands of flowers from their beautiful lands to crown the soldier whose statue we will this day unveil.

North and South Carolina are here, Virginia's eldest sisters, with

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hearts as brave in 1861 as in 1776—led by Hampton and Hoke, and others, as loyal to Liberty as were the fathers of the Revolution.

Old Virginia, God bless her! is here! From the Ohio to the ocean her children are gathered. Every home, every heart is represented here, not in sorrow, not in anger. As proud as conquering heroes they come to do honor to their older brother, and to challenge the world in all its ages to produce a grander man than Robert Edward Lee.

Arkansas is here with her gallant sons, among whom is her distinguished Senator Berry, who lost a limb in our service.

Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, and West Virginia are here, represented by distinguished officers, true old veterans, and splendid young troops to honor the memory of their leader.

Mississippi must not be forgot—she is here with many representatives. There is one who is absent, a patriotic mother, a lone widow—she wears no rude scars of war, but she has suffered for us as none have suffered since Gethsemane. Crushed by sorrow and by care she is too infirm to attempt the long journey, but in heart she is with us. Could she have come these brave men would have welcomed her with filial affection, and this vast assembly would be complete.

There is one other of whom a word must be spoken, the oldest of our generals now living—the classmate of Lee. They graduated together; together they began the soldier's proud and perilous life; together fought the battles of their country before the birth of the Confederacy; together they followed the fortunes of their native State; together they obtain the highest military rank in our army; one has been taken to whom the honor will be granted of lifting the veil and introducing to the world the heroic statue of his life-long friend. We welcome General Joseph E. Johnston to-day, and all unite in the prayer that his life may yet be spared for years to come in the land he loves and has served so faithfully.

I do not mention all. I am surrounded by the representatives from every State in this Union, who have come with loyal hearts to do honor to the memory of him who is honored by the civilized world for his great genius and the purity of his character, and of whom all true Americans should be proud.

It is not my purpose nor my duty to make a speech, but I am simply to introduce to you the presiding officer. He is fitly chosen, one of the friends and companions of Lee, and one of his most distinguished generals—one who has never been false to friend or foe,

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and whose heart has never had a throb disloyal to Virginia or the South.

It gives me pleasure to introduce to you General Jubal A. Early, of Virginia.

GENERAL EARLY.

The Governor spoke with fine effect, and each mention of the names of the Confederate generals and of Mrs. Davis was heartily applauded. When General Early arose the vast audience cheered, old veterans waved their hats, and ladies their handkerchiefs. There was great confusion. Everybody wanted to see the General, and thousands of voices could be heard asking the people in front of them to sit down, or calling on some one to take down an umbrella. General Early waved his hand toward the throng of people and said: "Silence, gentlemen, Rev. Dr. Minnigerode will now lead in prayer."

THE PRAYER.

Dr. Minnigerode took his stand by the side of General Early and read his prayer, as follows:

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, the High and Mighty Ruler of the universe, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth, we are gathered together before Thee to attest in all humility our love and admiration for our great and noble leader. It is right and proper to cherish and perpetuate to late generations the memory of the good and great, whose labors all through life and through the great trials of our common country have been to us a blessing and a glory. Most gracious God, whose mercy is over all Thy works, Thou hast blessed our efforts (begun in loyalty and love by a few in our midst, but whose appeals were responded to by the universal and enthusiastic approval of our people,) so that now there stands before us the consummation of a people's gratitude, the monument to this grand and noble and heroic Christian. And as we now unveil his statue and show it forth to the world and the gaze of future generations, we would humbly pray for Thy blessing upon it; we would consecrate it in Thy name, and offer it as a people's thank-offering to Thee, our Heavenly Father; yes, we thank Thee and bless Thy holy name not only for the favor which has watched over our work of love, but, above all, that Thou, the giver of every good and perfect gift, in Thy gracious providence hast bestowed upon us the greatest of human gifts in raising among us and for us a man so true,

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so noble, so unselfish, so gifted, and of such self-sacrificing heroism. All honor and glory be unto Thee, O, Lord, that Thou hast honored our land in the gift of Robert E. Lee! And we would present this monument to the whole world, to preserve in the hearts of all good men and for all time the memory of one whom even his enemies honor, and to whom we can look up as a shining light in all things that make men good and great, and who in his noble deeds and Christian spirit has proved himself faithful and true to God and man. But, oh! Father of Mercies, we most humbly and prayerfully beseech Thee to bless that noble example to those among whom he lived and labored and suffered—a household blessing in every home in Virginia and the South! May his memory be hallowed to what we may call his people! May it be, and remain and grow more and more an influence for good in all that is true and honest and just and pure and lovely and of good report, every virtue, every praise, as indeed it was the great prayer and effort of his heart to his dying day, in token of which when the sword was sheathed he consecrated the last years of his life to the noble work of using all his God-given power and influence to the training, education, and elevation of the young, who are the hope of the country—the noblest work for the noblest of men. Oh! may his name, his example, his teaching, be the heirloom of his glorious life, and his influence in all our hearts give undying value to the monument which we now unveil in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, whose is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

THE ORATOR PRESENTED.

After the Stonewall Band had played "Dixie," General Early introduced Colonel Archer Anderson, the orator of the day, as follows:

Friends, Fellow-Citizens, and Comrades,—It has been twenty years since a meeting of Confederate soldiers was held in the city of Richmond, which was presided over by the illustrious President of the Confederacy, at which steps were taken for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our great Commander. It was not that such a monument was necessary to perpetuate his fame, but to show the men who had followed him how worthy have been the followers of Robert E. Lee.

That illustrious President is not here on this occasion to witness tribute to the memory of his friend.

It is not my purpose to make a speech. I want to assure you now

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that I am glad to meet the survivors and my old comrades. Amongst them I greet most heartily the private soldiers, who did their duty during the war, never deserted during the war, and have been doing their duty and remained faithful since the war.

That man who is a private soldier is equal to the highest in rank, and I can take him by the hand most cordially, and greet him as my comrade and a soldier.

I am glad to find so many of them here. But, gentlemen, I did not rise for the purpose of making a speech. A wise man of old has said, "Speech is silvern, but silence is golden," and I feel on this occasion like investing in gold, as language is too inadequate to do justice to the subject. I shall therefore close my remarks by introducing to you Colonel Archer Anderson, the orator of the occasion, who will address you.

COLONEL ANDERSON.

Colonel Anderson had committed his address to memory, and did not refer to his manuscript.

His remarks could be heard very distinctly by all the people on the stand, and he was frequently applauded with a great deal of enthusiasm.

A REMARKABLE FEAT OF MEMORY.

It was a matter of profound surprise to many that Colonel Anderson could deliver his speech without reference to manuscript, but those who saw him perform the same feat in his superb speech on "The Campaign and Battle of Chickamauga," before the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, were prepared for its repetition.

The crowd was at its greatest while Colonel Anderson was speaking. It covered the entire space from some distance north of the monument to Broad street and extended from Lombardy street to the slope of the hill on the east of the monument.

[This address is given in full in subsequent pages.]

THE GREAT FEATURE.

The crowning feature of all the ceremonies came with the ending of Colonel Anderson's oration. Just as the orator finished his remarks, General Joseph E. Johnston arose from his seat, and the way was made clear for him to leave the stand. At the steps he was met

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by two old veterans. One of them was minus an arm, and the other walked with a wooden limb. Each one had in his hand a flag, battle-scarred and torn. The flags were Pegram's Battalion flag and the battle-flag of Crenshaw's Battery. The General was flanked on either side by these veterans. The people knew what was coming. Everybody stood up and got as high as they could. The people were packed into a mass so dense that it was painful to some.

The Richmond Light Infantry Blues cleared the way for General Johnston, but it was several minutes before he could reach the rope, which Captain Cole had held during the ceremonies.

HEADS UNCOVERED.

About the time General Johnston reached the monument some one cried out, "Take your hats off." This was taken up and repeated by hundreds of voices, and instantly three-fourths of the men had their heads uncovered. A *Dispatch* reporter was by the General's side when he took hold of the rope. Just as he did this some one held out his hand to greet the General. "I have use for both hands," remarked General Johnston, but when he had performed the duty assigned him he turned around and grasped the hand of his friend and several others who pressed forward to greet him.

THE VEIL DROPS.

When General Johnston took the rope from Captain Cole he walked back about twenty steps and then looked up to the veil. He hesitated a moment. The quiver of his hands were perceptible. Every eye in the great throng was fixed upon the veil. It parted at the top and General Lee's head appeared in sight. The covering hung slightly on the shoulders of the rider. General Johnston gave another pull, and the veil, which was in two pieces, fell on either side of the monument. It was caught by persons placed there for that purpose, and folded up in an instant.

THE CLIMAX.

The imposing ceremonies had now reached their climax. The cheers of 100,000 people, the roar of the cannon and the thunder of the muskets greeted the appearance of General Lee and Traveller. Hats and handkerchiefs were thrown into the air—as such was never seen before.

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LOOKED LIKE WAR.

The cheering having ceased, the firing continued. The artillery was stationed on the slope between the monument and Broad street, their guns facing west. The infantry was formed facing Broad street. The smoke from the guns became so thick the Exposition buildings were invisible from the monument.

Thousands of muskets were fired at one time, and the memories of war times came to men who had been engaged in many a fierce conflict. Ex Governor Carroll, of Maryland, was seen to shed tears, and General Joseph R. Anderson was deeply affected. Judge F. R. Farrar ("Johnny Reb") remarked that the scene was grand beyond description.

A SHAM BATTLE.

The troops engaged in a sham battle, which stirred the hearts of the old soldiers. As the cavalry charged across the field some of those who had engaged in that branch of the service were seen to leave the stand and rush past the monument and out beyond the thickest of the crowd where they could get a good view of the spectacle.

The last feature of the great event surprised everybody. They were not prepared for it. The old soldiers did not expect to see a deadly battle so faithfully imitated, and the young people had never seen anything like it.

The sham battle ended the ceremonies and the vast throng dispersed.

FIREWORKS.

At night there was a brilliant display of fireworks, set off on the vacant space north of the Lee monument. It attracted a large crowd.

The fireworks were unusually excellent. They embraced a number of fine set pieces, one of which was a picture of Washington. Beneath this piece in fiery letters was the legend "The First Rebel." This *bon mot* elicited much applause. The picture of the night was a very correct representation of the Lee monument. When this piece was set off the applause of the crowd was tremendous. There were a number of emblematical pieces and many humorous subjects. The display of bombs and rockets was very brilliant, and illuminated

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the entire area, and the entire affair was worthy of the occasion and a fitting close to the ceremonies of the day.

The fireworks lasted about two hours and a half, and were excellently managed, the waits between each explosion being comparatively short.

PROVISIONS FOR VISITORS.

Ample provision was made for feeding and quartering visiting veterans. Our citizens gave hearty welcome, and probably fifty thousand meals were dispensed by the two camps of Confederate veterans of the city—Lee and Pickett. So bountiful was the provision made that a large quantity of supplies remained unused. These were distributed among charitable institutions.

TESTIMONIALS FROM VISITING SOLDIERS.

WASHINGTON ARTILLERY—RECOLLECTIONS OF THEIR RICHMOND TRIP.

A Memorial Address to their Howitzer Host—For miles they marched between masses of sympathetic friends—A new theme.

The New Orleans *Daily Picayune* of June 20, 1890, printed the following, which will interest many persons :

Last night the Washington Artillery held a regular monthly meeting, Colonel Richardson presiding, and a large number present.

In addition to the regular routine work, committees were appointed, on motion of Adjutant Kursheedt and Lieutenant Baker, to get up suitable memories to be sent to the Richmond Howitzers, in acknowledgment and appreciation of their kindness during the recent trip of the battalion to Richmond. On motion of Captain C. L. C. Dupuy, it was voted that the following minute be spread upon the records of the battalion :

MEMORIES OF 1861, 1865, and 1890.

The Washington Artillery recalls the afternoon of May 27, 1861, when leaving our homes, we began our march for Virginia through lines of brave-hearted but tearful mothers, sisters, wives and children, whom many of us ne'er would see again.

In Virginia we met a welcome, such as could be given only by a

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people whose men were knightly soldiers, and whose women were as heroic as they were lovely.

Shoulder to shoulder with such soldiers, in the midst of such a people, and catching the inspiration of the majestic mountains, lovely valleys, beautiful rivers, sparkling brooks and crystal springs which Washington, Jackson and Lee loved so well, is it strange that we were incited to high resolves, and that honor perched upon our banners wherever our guns were heard?

Soon the fortunes of war cut us off from our Louisiana homes, and the heart of Old Virginia grew all the warmer toward us. Every home was open to us, and Virginia mothers became mothers to us; and when want and famine came, the homeless men of the far South were still remembered with even greater tenderness by a people who forgot their own wants to supply ours.

When the years of cruel war were at last ended; when many of those Virginia homes were in ashes; when the few which were spared sheltered those to whom little was left save honor, and when our guns were buried at Appomattox, and our tattered banners were reverently furled, we left Virginia with heavy hearts, sorrowing mostly for the people we were leaving in sore distress—a people the most unselfish the world ever saw.

Long years have passed—"Old Virginia never tires"—her homes are rebuilt and are as happy as of yore, the land again flows with milk and honey, Richmond has risen from her ashes and is more beautiful than ever, and Virginia is preparing to honor the immortal Lee whom she and we loved so well.

Our dear old comrades-in-arms, the gallant Richmond Howitzers, say to us: "You were with us and of us long ago, and you must come to us again; the tents are pitched, the canteens and pipes are filled, the camp fires are burning brightly and the rations are cooking; if you don't come promptly Fitz. Lee will go after you with the cavalry, and you know what that means."

We remember the way the cavalry had of bringing the boys into camp, but we thought they had a habit of keeping them out of Richmond. Things have changed, however. We have yearned for Virginia and Richmond many years, and "on to Richmond" is again the watchword. The old flag we furled at Appomattox is again unfurled to the breeze, the bands are playing "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," and we are again marching between long lines of friends—there are some tearful eyes among them, but they are those of veteran comrades whose hearts are heavy because they cannot be with us

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again. The afternoon of the 27th of May comes again, and with martial music and flying banners we are entering Virginia the second time, after a lapse of twenty-nine eventful years. It is a moment of uncontrollable joy, and our voices fill the air with ringing cheers.

We appreciate that we are among the Virginians, for they are greeting us at every station with rare flowers and hearty cheers as tney did of yore. Daylight gives place to the silvery light of the full moon, and the clouds disappear that we may again enjoy the sight of those mountains and valleys and sparkling streams which were so beautiful when we lowlanders first saw them.

The quiet beauty of the night suggests to our hearts that sweet peace has spread its ample mantle over this beautiful and much-loved land of health and plenty, and our reverent prayer is that the tread of battling soldiery and the din and desolation of terrible war may never again disturb these peaceful scenes—this glorious people.

Our voices are hushed, our thoughts are in the past, and soon we are dreaming of the camp fires around which we found rest, wrapped in our blankets of gray.

The dawn of a beautiful day finds us in the heroic city of Petersburg, and soon we are "home again" in Richmond.

All is joy and gladness, except when old friends come to us asking for those they knew and loved long ago and to whom we can only say, "They are with us no longer; they have gone to join Lee and Jackson in the eternal camping-ground." Their bowed heads and glistening eyes silently tell of the love those dear people bore our boys.

The great day has arrived—the long lines of veterans are formed—they are Virginia's honored guests in the fullest sense of the word—the second generation in trim uniforms are also in line.

Our veteran corps is uniformed as when first we went into Richmond, and carry our war-worn battle-flag (the gift of a Richmond lady) and our regimental flag, on which sixty battles are inscribed.

Our active batteries bear the national colors and the beautiful Virginia flag which was presented to us by Virginia.

The march begins; every street and every locality seems as familiar as years ago. Enthusiasm is so supreme that we did not regard the length of the route, and we are scarcely conscious of our feet touching the ground.

For miles we are marching between masses of sympathetic friends. Virginia's great heart is up in her throat. She knows nothing to-day but the immortal Lee and those who followed him, and all along that

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long route every door is open and every table spread, and at every halt of the column, the soldiers, old and young, are heartily invited to partake of Virginia cheer. In no place but Virginia is such graceful hospitality possible. It is the hospitality of a chivalrous, great-hearted, unselfish people. It sought us and ministered to us on the weary march, in the hospitals where we lay sick and wounded; yea, even in the heat of battle, amid hissing shots and bursting shells, and in the horrors of the seige.

And now the march is ended, and we are drawn up, line after line, around the monument. The veil is dropped and the magnificent statue of the great Lee stands revealed in its perfect beauty.

Cheers such as we have not heard for a quarter of a century salute our noble chieftain, mingled with the thunder of artillery and the roar and rattle of musketry. It seems as if legions of heroes have risen from the dead and are fighting their battles again in defense of Richmond.

Our trip has been a great joy to our veterans and a revelation and delight to our young men.

Concentrated happiness cannot last always and stern duty hurries us back to our life work.

Words can faintly express our thanks to the noble friends we have left behind. Our visit to them will be remembered with intense pleasure all our days.

We rejoice that we met our old friends, the First Virginia, and recalled the memories of the days when we camped together.

The gallant Howitzers, old and young, have not only revived the friendships of the war, but have revealed themselves the truest and best of friends, and their name will be a household word with us forever. In war they won laurels and an illustrious name. In peace they have won greater victories still—victories that have made hearts their willing captives.

And now in our Louisiana homes, we have a new theme, "The memories of our second trip to Richmond."

EVERYBODY PLEASED.

But joyous and grateful memories remained in the hearts of all visitors and participants, and numerous were the resolutions of appreciation rendered and returned in print to the Richmond hosts.

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AN UNVEILING MEMORIAL.

On the night of July 1st, 1890, the Richmond Howitzer Battalion held a drill in their armory, Captain John A. Hutchinson commanding. There was a full attendance, and the members of the Howitzer Association were present in force.

Upon the conclusion of the drill the two bodies held a joint meetins, Captain Frank D. Hill, president of the Howitzer Association, presiding.

Captain Hill presented to the Howitzers an offering from the Washington Artillery, New Orleans, with the following remarks :

"One month ago we had as our guests that grand old battalion, the Washington Artillery from New Orleans—men who, twenty-nine years ago, left their homes and firesides, came on to Old Virginia to assist us in that struggle which lasted for four long and eventful years. They were men whom we may be justly proud of, and we feel highly honored that they were our distinguished guests. Although cut off from their homes and friends they continued shoulder to shoulder with us, and after a record second to none in the annals of our war, after the roar of their guns had been heard on every battlefield in Virginia, then only was their tattered, torn and blood-stained banner furled at Appomattox. But the scene changes. After a lapse of twenty-five years the march to Old Virginia is resumed. The old veterans of many a campaign are now accompanied by a stalwart battalion of young soldiers, who have grown up since war's alarms have ceased, and old and young are here with us to give tribute and praise to our old commander, Robert E. Lee, in the unveiling of a monument in bronze, enduring forever, to his high character. And now, comrades of the young company, I have the honor to present to you this memento from our departed guests, immortelles from the bier of Jefferson Davis, and beautiful photographs taken from scenes of his last hours and burial. We cannot but value such a gift as this, and to you, Captain Hutchinson, and the young Howitzers, I now present them with the hope that they may long be seen in the hall of your armory with your other cherished relics of the past."

CAPTAIN HUTCHINSON.

Captain Hutchinson in receiving the gift said : "I am not much of a speech-maker, but I cannot refrain from the expression of our sin-

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cere thanks for the memento presented. The memory of Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and Stonewall Jackson shall ever remain green in our hearts, and we have no less reverence for the men who followed those illustrious leaders. This memento shall ever be sacred, and shall hang on the walls of the Armory as long as there is a man who calls himself a Howitzer."

THE MEMENTOS.

The mementos are photographs of the remains of Jefferson Davis, as the body lay in state, of scenes incident upon the obsequies, and a pansy. The latter is upon a letter-head from the office of the Mayor of New Orleans, and around it is type-written a certificate attested by his official seal stating that the pansy came from the bier of Honorable Jefferson Davis, as the deceased lay in state at the Council Hall in New Orleans.

Several members of the Howitzer Association were called upon, and narrated incidents of the "late unpleasantness." At a late hour the meeting adjourned.

A LITTLE LADY HONORED.

William P. Mahon, Legare Bailey, Edward H. Mullen, George H. Teasdale, Morris Karpeles, James M. Cady, and James W. Adams, members of the Brown Cadets, from Columbus, Miss., who attended the unveiling on the 29th, and who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard D. Chalkley, No. 106 south Third street, have sent to Mr. Chalkley as a *souvenir* of their visit and as a mark of their appreciation of his hospitality a present for his six-year-old daughter Edith. This consists of a beautiful gold necklace and locket. Engraved on the latter are the words: "*Edith, from her friends of Brown Cadets, Columbus, Miss.*"

A number of graceful letters accompany the *souvenir*, in which Richmond is spoken of in words so warm and appreciative that it makes us all rejoice that she had within her gates at the unveiling such agreeable gentlemen as the cadets.

These were the handsome young soldiers who, in the long halt on Franklin street, stood in the roadway between the residence of Major Bailey Davis and the site of the Commonwealth Club and sang so many melodies of our fair Southland.

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ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered at the Dedication of the Lee Monument,

BY COLONEL ARCHER ANDERSON.

[This chaste, eloquent, and considerate utterance is worthy of its exalted subject and of the impressive occasion, and must be conceded a commanding distinction of its gifted and accomplished author.]

Fellow Citizens:

A people carves its own image in the monuments of its great men. Not Virginians only, not only those who dwell in the fair land stretching from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, but all who bear the American name may proudly consent that posterity shall judge them by the structure, which we are here to dedicate and crown with a heroic figure. For, as the Latin poet said, that, wherever the Roman name and sway extended, *there* should be the sepulchre of Pompey, so to-day, in every part of America, the character and fame of Robert Edward Lee are treasured as a "possession for all time."

And, if this be true of that great name, what shall be said of the circumstances which surround us on this day of solemn commemoration?

That at the end of the first quarter of a century after the close of a stupendous civil war, in which more than a million men struggled for the mastery during four years of fierce and bloody conflict, we should see the Southern States in complete possession of their local self-government, the Federal Constitution unchanged save as respects the great issues submitted to the arbitrament of war, and the defeated party—whilst in full and patriotic sympathy with all the present grandeur and imperial promise of a reunited country—still not held to renounce any glorious memory, but free to heap honors upon their trusted leaders, living or dead—all this reveals a character in which the American people may well be content to be handed down to history.

All this, and more, will be the testimony of the solid fabric we here complete. It will recall the generous initiative and the unflag-

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ging zeal of those noble women of the South to whom in large measure we owe this auspicious day; it will bear its lasting witness as the voluntary offering of the people, not the governments of the Southern States; and, standing as a perpetual memorial of our great leader, it will stand not less as an enduring record of what his fellow-citizens deemed most worthy to be honored.

What kind of greatness, then—it may be fitting on this spot to ask— what kind of greatness should men most honor in their fellow-men? Vast and varied is the circle of human excellence—where is our paramount allegiance due?

In that "temple of silence and reconciliation," that Westminster Abbey of Florence, whither so many paths of glory led, you may read one answer to this question on the cenotaph of Dante in the inscription: "Honor the sublime poet." These words the mediæval poet himself applied to his great master, Virgil. After near six centuries they still touch some of the deepest feelings of the heart. And with them come crowding on the mind memories of a long line of poets, artists, historians, orators, thinkers who have sounded all the depths of speculation, princes of science, who have advanced the frontiers of ordered knowledge, of the least of whom it may be said—as Newton's gravestone records of the greatest—that he was an honor to the race of men. Yes, if our life were only thought and emotion, if will and action and courage did not make up its greatest part, men might justly reverence the genius of poets and thinkers above all other greatness. But strong and natural as is the inclination of those given up to the intellectual life thus to exalt the triumphs of the imagination and the reason, such is not the impulse of the great heart of the multitude. And the multitude is right. In a large and true sense conduct is more than intellect, more than art or eloquence—to have done great things is nobler than to have thought or expressed them.

Thus, in every land, the most conspicuous monuments commemorate the great actors, not the great thinkers of the world's history; and among these men of action the great soldier has always secured the first place in the affections of his countrymen. What means this universal outburst of the love and admiration of our race for men who have been foremost in war? Is the common sense of mankind blinded by the blaze of military glory? Or does some deep instinct teach us that the character of the ideal commander is the grandest manifestation in which man can show himself to man? The power and the fascination of this ideal are attested by the indulgent admira-

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tion we bestow on men who, on the one side, grandly fill it out, while, on the other, falling grievously below it, weighed down by something base and earthly. Thus standing before that marvellous monument in Berlin, from which Frederick "in his habit as he lived" looks down in homely greeting to his Prussian people, and seems still to warn them that the art which won empire can alone maintain it, we forget the selfish ambition, the petty foibles, the chilling life—we remember only the valor, the consummate skill, the superhuman constancy of the hero-king. Or if, turning from a career so crowned with final triumph, we recall how, for lack of a like commander, France in our own day has been trampled under foot, we may conceive the devotion with which Frenchmen still crowd about the tomb of Napoleon—a name that, in spite of all its lurid associations, in spite of all the humiliations of the Second Empire, has still had power to lift the French nation, during these latter years, from abasement and despair.

Surely there must be something superhuman in the genius of a great commander, if it can make us forgetful of the woes and crimes so often attending it. How freely, then, may we lavish our admiration and gratitude, when no allowance has to be made for human weakness, when we find military greatness allied with the noblest public and private virtue! Here, at last, in this ideal union is that rare greatness which men may most honor in their fellow-men.

It is the singular felicity of this Commonwealth of Virginia to have produced two such stainless captains. The fame of the one, consecrated by a century of universal reverence and the growth of a colossal empire, the result of his heroic labors, has been commemorated in this city by a monument, in whose majestic presence no man ever received the suggestion of a thought that did not exalt humanity. The fame of the other, not yet a generation old and won in a cause that was lost, is already established by that impartial judgment of foreign nations, which anticipates the verdict of the next age, upon an equal pinnacle, and millions of our countrymen, present here with us in their thoughts and echoing back from city and plain and mountain top the deep and reverent voice of this vast multitude, will this day confirm our solemn declaration that the monument of George Washington has found its only fitting complement and companion in a monument to Robert Lee.

I ventured to say that, if we take account of human nature in all its complexity, the character of the ideal commander is the grandest manifestation in which man can show himself to man. Consider

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some of the necessary elements of this great character. And let us begin with its humbler virtues, its more lowly labors. If we take the commander merely on his administrative side, what treasurers of energy, forecast, and watchfulness do we not see him expending in the prosaic work of providing the means of subsistence for his army! He is always confronted on a vast scale with man's elemental and primitive want—his daily bread. The matter is so vital that he can never commit it entirely to the staff. The control of the whole subject must be ever in his own grasp.

Then, he must have not only an intimate knowledge of the geography and resources of the theatre of war as maps and books give them, but an instinct for topography and an unerring faculty for finding the way by night or day through forest and field, usually to be met with only in men who pass their whole lives in the open air. To this add a complete acquaintance with all parts of army work and organization—a very genius for detail, an artillerist's eye for distance, and an engineer's judgment and inventiveness, with a wide and critical comprehension of all the great campaigns of history. But he must possess a still higher knowledge. He must know human nature, he must be wise in his judgment and selection of his own agents, and especially must he be skilled to read his adversary's mind and character. Upon this varied and profound knowledge will depend the success of those large plans embracing the whole theatre of war which soldiers call strategy.

Now, combine all these elements, conceive of them as expanded into genius, and you may form some idea of the merely intellectual equipment of a great commander. But he might have all this and be fit only to be a chief of staff.

The business of war is with men; the business of a general is to lead men in that most wonderful of human organizations, an army—on that dread arena, the field of battle. And now come into play the qualities of heart and soul. Consecrated to his high office, a general ought to be morally the best, the most just, the most generous, the most patriotic man among his countrymen. He must not only be their greatest leader—he must know how to make every man in his army believe him to be their greatest leader. And mere belief is not enough. There must be in him a power to call forth an enthusiastic and passionate devotion. Of all careers a military life makes the heaviest demand on the self-effacement and self-sacrifice of those who are to follow and obey. Love and enthusiasm for a leader are the only forces powerful enough to raise men to this heroic pitch.

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Without them an army is a mob, or at most a spiritless machine. With them it becomes capable of the sublimest exhibitions of valor and devotion.

But, essential as is this magnetic power in the leader to draw all hearts, to quiet jealousies, to compel obedience, and to fuse the thoughts and passions of thousands of individual men into a single mass of martial ardor, all these gifts may be present and the true commander absent. Politicians have had these gifts, soldiers even have had these gifts, and utterly failed in the command of armies. To all these rich endowments there must be added an imperturbable moral courage equal to any burden or buffet of fortune, and physical intrepidity in its highest and grandest forms—not only the valor which carries a division commander under orders with overmastering rush to some desperate assault, like Cleburne's at Franklin, or makes him stand immovable as a stone wall, as Bee saw Jackson at Manassas, but an aggressive and unresting ardor to fall on the enemy, like that which burned in Nelson, when he wrote: "I will fight them the moment I can reach their fleet, be they at anchor or under sail—I will not lose one moment in fighting the French fleet—I mean to follow them if they go to the Black Sea—not a moment shall be lost in pursuing the enemy. * * * I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

With this fierce passion for fight, the general must unite the self-control, which will refuse battle or calmly await attack, and, not least, the fortitude which can endure defeat. For weeks and months he must be ready at any moment of the day or night to draw on these vast resources without ever showing weakness under the protracted strain. And over and above all there must preside some God-like power, which, in the crisis of strategy or the storm of battle, not only preserves to the commander all these high faculties, but actually intensifies and expands them. In those irrevocable moments, when the decision of an instant may determine the destiny of States, mere talents must spring into genius, and mind and outward eye send flashes of intuition through the smoke of battle and the dark curtain on which the enemy's movements are to be read only in fitful shadows. In that hour of doom, a nation's fate, a people's ransom may be staked on one man's greatness of soul.

It is the recognition in Lee of the principal elements of this high ideal—courage, will, energy, insight, authority—the organizing mind with its eagle glance, and the temperament for command broad-based upon fortitude, hopefulness, joy in battle—all exalted by heroic pur-

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pose and kindled with the glow of an unconquerable soul ; it is, besides and above all, the unique combination in him of moral strength with moral beauty, of all that is great in heroic action with all that is good in common life, that will make of this pile of stone a sacred shrine, dear throughout coming ages, not to soldiers only, but to all

"Helpers and friends of mankind."

Let a brief recital show that these are words of truth and soberness.

Lee was fortunate in his birth, for he sprang from a race of men who had just shown, in a world-famous struggle, all of the virtues and few of the faults of a class selected to rule because fittest to rule. His father had won a brilliant fame as a cavalry leader, and the signal honor of the warm friendship of Washington. The death of "Light-Horse" Harry Lee when Robert Lee was only eleven years old made the boy the protector of his mother—a school of virtue not unfitted to develop a character that nature had formed for honor. It was partly, no doubt, the example of his father's brilliant service, but mainly the soldier's blood which flowed in his viens, that impelled him to seek a place in the Military Academy at West Point. He was presented to President Jackson, and we may well believe the story that the old soldier was quickly won by the gallant youth, and willingly secured him to the army. I cannot dwell on his proficiency in the military school, or his early years of useful service in the corps of engineers, though, doubtless, those practical labors had an important influence upon the future leader of that Army of Northern Virginia, so famous for its

"—looming bastions fringed with fire"—

the creation of the axe and spade.

One auspicious incident of that time I must not pass by—his marriage to the great granddaughter of Washington's wife. Thus another tie was formed which connected him by daily associations of family and place with Washington's fame and character. He became, in some sort, Washington's direct personal representative. Is it fanciful to suppose that all this had an immediate effect on his nature, so moulded already to match with whatever was great and noble? It may well be believed that Lee made Washington his model of public duty, and, in every important conjuncture of his life, unconsciously, no doubt, but effectively asked himself the question : "How would Washington have acted in this case?"

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The greater elements of Lee's character must appear in the story of his later life. Let me try now to give some conception of his noble person, his grace, his social charm, his pure life—of that inborn dignity which with a look could check familiarity or convey rebuke, of that manly beauty and commanding presence, fitted alike to win child or maiden and to awaken in the sternest soldier an expectation and assurance of pre-eminence and distinction. It was this which drew from a great master of the art of war, whom a beneficent Providence still spares to be a model of every manly and martial virtue to the sons of the youngest soldiers who followed his unstained banner, it was the recollection of the fascination of Lee's manner and person in the days of their early service that drew from General Joseph E. Johnston these words of vivid and loving description: "No other youth or man so united the qualities that win warm friendship and command high respect. For he was full of sympathy and kindness, genial and fond of gay conversation and even of fun * * * while his correctness of demeanor and language and attention to all duties, personal and official, and a dignity as much a part of himself as the elegance of his person, gave him a superiority that every one acknowledged in his heart."

It was this which made Lord Wolseley say of him as he saw him in later years: "I have met many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould, and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as a being apart and superior to all others in every way."

Thus endowed to command the love and respect of every human being that came into his presence, fully equipped in every military art, temperate, pure, healthful, brave, consciously following duty as his pole star, and all unconsciously burning with ardor to win a soldier's fame, he entered upon that war with Mexico, which was destined to prove a training-ground for the chief leaders in the conflict between the States. There he soon gave proof of great qualities for war.

But I may stay only to mention one incident in which he displayed such rare force of will, such aggressive and untiring enterprise as at once marked him out for high command. It was just before the battle of Contreras. Scott had learned through Lee's reconnoissance that the Mexican position could be attacked in rear by a difficult movement across a pathless and rugged volcanic field called the "Pedregal." A painful march had brought the turning division at night-

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fall to the decisive point, and Lee was called into council by the division commander. The council sat long. At last, about nine at night, it resolved on Lee's advice upon an attack at dawn. But it was essential that communication should be established with Scott's headquarters. Lee declared his purpose to effect this communication, and through the stormy night, alone and on foot, with enemies on either hand, he pushed his way across that volcanic waste, comparable only in the difficulties it presented to some Alpine glacier rent with yawning chasms. He won his way to Scott by midnight. At daybreak as engineer he guided the front attack led by Twiggs. The turning column heard their comrades' guns. They fell on the Mexican rear. A brief and bloody resistance served only to heighten the triumph of American skill and valor. The position was won, and Contreras, to the eye of history, prefigures Chancellorsville.

General Scott described this exploit of Lee's as "the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual, in his knowledge, pending the campaign." History will record, as Scott himself nobly admitted, that Lee was Scott's right arm in Mexico.

I may not dwell on the round of engineering duties which Lee discharged with exactness and fidelity during the years following the Mexican war. Of more interest is his first actual command of troops, on his appointment as lieutenant-colonel of the famous Second cavalry serving in Texas. This frontier service of three or four years was important in developing his military character, though it may seem an inadequate preparation in the details of command, when compared, for instance, with Wellington's long apprenticeship in India. But genius has many schools, and an earnest observant mind quickly grasps the lessons of practice.

A dark cloud of war was now threatening to burst over a hitherto peaceful country. The routine of frontier administration and Indian police must have seemed but idle child's play amid the fierce passions of that rising tempest of civil strife. No man who could think could think of anything but the impending danger. And Lee, the son of a leader of the Revolution, closely linked by descent and association with the men who won American independence and made the American Constitution, Lee, inheriting along with the most ardent love of the Union a paramount loyalty to his native State, now saw himself obliged to make his choice and take his side in an irrepressible conflict. No more painful struggle ever tore the heart of a patriot. He had served the whole country in a gallant army, which com-

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manded all his affection. He, better than most men, knew the great resources of the North and West. He had sojourned and labored in every part of the land, and could appreciate the arguments drawn from its physical characteristics, from its great river systems and mountain ranges, for an indissoluble union. He knew Northern men in their homes; he knew the bravery of the Northern soldiers who filled our regular regiments in Mexico. He was above the predjudices and taunts of the day, which belittled Northern virtue and courage. He knew that, with slight external differences, there was a substantial identity of the American race in all the States, North and South. He was equally above the weak and passionate view of slavery as good in itself, into which the fanatical and unconstitutional agitation of the Abolition party had driven many strong minds in the South. He regarded slavery as an evil which the South had inherited, and must be left to mitigate and, if possible, extirpate by wise and gradual measures. He, if any man of that time, was capable of weighing with calmness the duty of the hour. With him the only question then, as at every moment of his spotless life, was to find out which way duty pointed.

Against the urgent solicitations of General Scott, in defiance of the temptations of ambition—for the evidence is complete that the command of the United States Army was offered to him—in manifest sacrifice of all his pecuniary interests, he determined that duty bade him side with his beloved Virginia. He laid down his commission, and solemnly declared his purpose never to draw his sword save in behalf of his native State.

And what was that native State to whose defence he henceforth devoted his matchless sword?

It was a Commonwealth older than the Union of the States; it was the first abode of English freedom in the Western World; it was the scene of the earliest organized legislative resistance to the encroachments of the mother country; it was the birthplace of the immortal leader of our Revolutionary armies, and of many of the architects of the Federal Constitution; it was the central seat of that doctrine of State sovereignty sanctioned by the great names of Jefferson and Madison; it was a land rich in every gift of the earth and sky—richer still in its race of men, brave, frugal, pious, loving honor, but fearing God; it was a land hallowed then by memories of an almost unbroken series of patriotic triumphs, but now after the wreck and ruin of four years of unsuccessful war, consecrated anew by deeds of heroism and devotion, whose increasing lustre will borrow

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a brighter radiance from their sombre background of suffering and defeat. And this day and on this spot, with heightened pride and undiminished love, the sons of that Old Dominion may still salute her in the patriot Roman's verse—

> "*Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,*
> *Magna virum.*"

This was the land that Lee defended.

Accepting the commission of major-general of the forces of Virginia, he soon passed by the necessary and rapid sway of events into the service of the Confederate States. Virginia had become the battle-ground on which the Confederacy was to win or lose its independence, and Lee could only defend Virginia as a general of the Confederate army.

During the early months of the war he labored unceasingly and with success in the organization of those armies, which stemmed and dashed back the first flood of invasion. Here his patience, his careful and minute attention to details, his knowledge of men, and particularly of those officers of the old army who espoused the Southern cause, his thorough military preparation, and, more than all else, his conviction that the war would be long and desperate, made him an invaluable counsellor of the Confederate Executive. His co-operation with the more fortunate generals, chosen to lead armies in the field, was zealous and cordial, and he did not murmur when at last, in August, 1861, his turn for active service came in what promised to be a thankless and inauspicious duty.

The Confederate arms had been unfortunate in Northwestern Virginia. Garnett had been overwhelmed and defeated. Loring, with large reinforcements, had not pressed forward to snatch the lost ground from an enemy weakened by great detachments. So Lee was sent to Valley Mountain to combine all the elements of our strength, and by a stroke of daring recover West Virginia. The Confederate President was convinced that he was the leader for such a campaign—the opinion of the army and of the people enthusiastically confirmed his choice.

Lee quickly mastered the problem before him by personal reconnoissances, and laid his plans with skill and vigor. But the attack on Cheat Mountain, which a year later would have been a brilliant success, ended in failure and mortification. Lee was able to show to the public but one of the high qualities of a great general—magnanimity

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under disappointment and defeat. His old comrades of the Mexican war knew him; the Confederate President knew him and still believed in him; but the verdict of the general public on Robert Lee in the winter of 1861–62 might have been summed up in the historian's judgment of Galba, who "by common consent would have been deemed fit to command, had he never commanded."

In such a school of patience and self-control was our great leader destined to pass the first fourteen months of the war.

The first day of "Seven Pines" had been fought, the fierce temper and stern valor of the Army of Northern Virginia had been established, a brilliant success had been won on our right by Longstreet and D. H. Hill, and General Johnston, about nightfall, was arranging a vigorous and combined attack for the morrow. At that moment, Johnston, whose body was already covered with honorable scars, was stricken down by two severe wounds, and the army was deprived of its leader.

On the afternoon of the next day, about five miles below Richmond, Lee assumed command of that army called of Northern Virginia, but fitly representing the valor and the virtue of every Southern State, that army which henceforth was to be the inseparable partner of his fame, that army whose heroic toils, marches, battles would still, if every friendly record perished, be emblazoned for the admiration of future ages in its adversary's recital of the blood and treasure expended to destroy it. So we are able now to measure Hannibal's greatness only by the magnitude of Rome's sacrifices and devotion.

At any period of the war the loss of Richmond would probably have been fatal to the Confederacy. This truth is the key to the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. It will explain and justify in Lee's conduct many apparent violations of sound principles of war. Ordinarily, nothing is more fatal than to make the fortunes of an army turn on the defence of a position. This was Pemberton's error at Vicksburg—it was Osman's at Plevna. But the political importance of Richmond as the capital of a great State and of the Confederacy, its real strategic advantages as the nucleus of a railway system and other communications, embracing Virginia and the States to the South and West, and still more, the startling fact that its manufacturing establishments, though poor and inadequate, were at first absolutely, and always practically, the sole resource of the South for artillery and railway material—these considerations, in their combined strength, brought about, in the minds of those direct-

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ing the Confederate government, a conviction of the indispensable necessity of Richmond to the life of the Southern cause.

Washington talked of retreating, in the last resort, to the mountains of West Augusta, and their maintaining an undying resistance to the British invaders. It is possible that such a guerilla warfare might have succeeded a hundred years ago against an enemy coming across the Atlantic, before the use of steam on sea and river and railway, and before even turnpikes connected the coast with the mountains. It is possible. But the probability is that, as in other contests, the end of organized regular warfare would have been the virtual end of the struggle. How much more must this have been the case in our recent war, when military armaments had already become complex and artificial! Modern armies, with their elaborate small arms, artillery, and ammunition, cannot be maintained without great mechanical appliances. They cannot even be fed without great lines of railway. And how can railways be utilized in a country closely blockaded without these same manufacturing resources.

All this was true from 1861 to 1865. At no time during that period did there exist, south of Richmond, foundries and rolling-mills, capable, in a year's work, of supplying the Confederate armies and railways for three months. In the first part of the war, the nucleus of such establishments could not be found elsewhere in the South. In the latter part, beginnings had been made, but the new production of cannon and railway material never became adequate to the demands of a campaign. If the requisite machinery could have been improvised, the product could not have been hastily increased, because of the absolute lack of skilled workmen. The loss of the skilled artisans of Richmond would have been as fatal, in our poverty, as the loss of its mills and workshops.

The defense of Richmond, then, was the superhuman task to which Lee now found himself committed by the policy of the Confederate Government, and by the pressure of conditions, independent of his will or control.

How precious for us Virginians is this intimate association of his immortal labors with this city of our affections—for more than a century the centre of our State life, for four years of heroic struggle the inviolate citadel of a people in arms! The familiar objects about us are memorials of him; the streets which his feet have trodden, the church where he worshipped, the modest dwelling which sheltered those nearest his heart, the heights overlooking river and land which make up the military topography he had so deeply studied, and the

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graves of that silent army by which our city is still begirt. You can hardly prolong your evening walk without coming upon fields, once like any others, but now touched with that mysterious meaning which speaks from every spot where for home and kindred men have fought and died.

Thus, at a critical moment when a trifling advance of McClellan's forces would have begun a siege of Richmond, Lee took command of the army marshalled for its defence. His first step was to overrule opinions tending to the retirement of our line. His next was to fortify that line, and to summon to his aid, for a great aggressive effort, all the forces that could be spared in Virginia, Georgia, and the Carolinas. In his comprehensive plan for the great day of battle now at hand was embraced that small but heroic band with which Jackson had just defeated three armies, filled the Federal Capital with alarm, and diverted from McClellan McDowell's powerful reinforcement.

The secrecy with which Lee knew how to wrap this movement was itself a presage of generalship. He not only concealed Jackson's rapid march, so that Shields and McDowell should not follow on his heels, but, by an actual movement by rail of Whiting's division to Charlottesville, he made McClellan believe that he was sending a strong detachment to the Valley. Then, with an army still inferior to its adversary by at least one-fourth, he burst upon McClellan's right wing. By Lee's wise and bold combination, the weaker army showed, at the point of attack, double the strength of the stronger. The Federal general saw his communications snatched from his control, his right wing, after an obstinate and bloody conflict, broken and put to flight, his whole army turning its back upon the goal of the campaign, and fighting now, as men fight on issues of life and death—not for Richmond—but for safety and a refuge place under the guns of the fleet.

I need not recall the valor, the sacrifices, the chequered fortunes, or the visible trophies of those seven days of heroic struggle. Whatever criticism may be passed upon the details of the several actions, the broad fact remains that, as their direct result, that moral ascendency, which is the real genius of victory, forsook the Federal and passed over to the Confederate camp. And Lee rose up, in the minds of friend and foe, to the full stature of a great and daring leader.

An act of vigor quickly showed how correctly he estimated the staggering effect of the mighty blow he had dealt. He hurried Jackson to Gordonsville to meet Pope's threatening force, and soon

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he dispatched A. P. Hill's division on the same service. Jackson's fierce attack on Banks at Cedar Mountain at once caused new alarm for Washington. A rapid weakening of McClellan's force was the result. Reading this with that intuitive perception of what is passing behind the enemy's lines, which henceforth marks him as fit to command, Lee recognizes that the initiative is now in his hands, and presently moves with nearly his whole army to the line of the Rapidan. His design is by celerity and vigor to counterbalance the enormous preponderance of his enemies. He means to fall upon Pope before McClellan's army can join him. You know the splendid boldness of Jackson's immortal march to Pope's rear, which Lee approved and ordered. You know how, after prodigies of rapid movement, obstinate fighting and intrepid guidance, the Army of Northern Virginia stood once more united on the plains of Manassas, and there baffled and crushed an adversary, its superior, by one-half in numbers. Again the Federal army turned its back upon the goal of the campaign ; again the Federal army bent its march, not to its commander's, but to Lee's imperious will. The invasion of Maryland, the capture of Harper's Ferry attested it, and Lee's victorious sweep was only checked by one of those unlucky accidents inseparable from war. His order for the combined movements of his troops fell into McClellan's hands when the ink upon it was scarcely dry.

This precipitated the great battle of Sharpsburg.

On that sanguinary field 40,000 Confederates finally repulsed every attack of an army of 87,000 Federal soldiers. On the day following the battle they grimly stood in their long, thin lines, inviting the assault which, as history will record, was not delivered.

If ever commander was tried by overwhelming and continous peril, and rose superior to it, and triumphed by sheer moral power over force and fortune, Lee on those two fateful days gave that supreme proof of a greatness of soul as much above depression under reverses as elation in success. In such moments the army feel the lofty genius of their leader. They acknowledge his royal right to command. They recognize their proud privilege to follow and obey. To such leaders only is it given to form heroic soldiers. Such were the ragged, half-starved men in gray who stood with Lee at Sharpsburg.

It is a vision of some such moment, perhaps, that our sculptor, Mercié, has caught with the eye of genius, and fixed in imperishable bronze. The General has ridden up, it seems to me, in some pause

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of battle, to the swelling crest of the front line, and, while the eyes of his soldiers are fastened on him in keen expectancy, but unwavering trust, the great leader—silent and alone with his dread responsibility—is scanning, with calm and penetrating glance, the shifting phases and chances of the stricken field. Such is the commanding figure which will presently be unveiled to your view, and dull, indeed, must be the imagination that does not henceforth people this plain with invisible hosts, and compass Lee about—now and forever—with the love and devotion of embattled ranks of heroic men in gray.

But the campaign of 1862 was yet to close in a dramatic scene of unequalled grandeur.

As in some colossal amphitheatre, Lee's soldiers stood ranked on the bold hills encircling Fredericksburg to witness the deployment on the plain beneath, with glittering bayonets and banners and every martial pomp, of Burnside's splendid army. A gorgeous spectacle was spread out under their feet. It was hard to realize that such a pageant was the prelude to bloody battle. But the roar of a hundred great guns from the Stafford heights quickly dispelled any illusion, and the youngest recruit could see and applaud the marvellous skill with which the Confederate commander, so recently baffled in his plan of invasion, was now interposing a proud and confident army across the latest-discovered road to Richmond. At the opportune moment, Lee's line of twenty-five miles contracted to five, and 78,000 Confederates calmly awaited the assault of 113,000 Federal soldiers. That assault was delivered. On rushed line after line of undaunted Northern soldiers. Braver men never marched more boldly to the cannon's mouth. But their valor was unavailing. As Stonewall Jackson said, his men sometimes failed to carry a position, but never to hold one. The most determined courage and a carnage, appalling from its concentration, served only to mark the heroism of the Northern soldier. But the prize of victory remained with Lee. At one blow the Federal invasion was paralyzed, and for months and months the great Northern host lay torpid in the mud and snow of a Virginian winter.

The repose of that winter strengthened the Federal army, but weakened Lee's, for he had been obliged to detach Longstreet with two divisions to Southeastern Virginia. Hence the last days of April, 1863, found Lee confronting Hooker's army of 131,000 men with only 57,000 Confederates.

If I mention these respective numbers so often, it is because they

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constitute the indestructible basis of Lee's military fame. You will search in vain in history for a parallel to such uniform, excessive, and prolonged disparity in numbers, such amazing inferiority in all the material and appliances of war, crowned by such a succession of brilliant, though dearly-bought victories. If these considerations in themselves establish Lee's fame, they also vindicate it from the only criticism to which it has been subjected. They justify and explain the comparatively indecisive character of those victories. When the odds are four to five, three to five, three to seven, when every man has fought, and there are no reserves, the victories of the weaker army must of their very nature fail to destroy an adversary of the same proud race, of equal, if of different valor.

The events we now approach present Lee in every phase of the consummate commander. Can you imagine an attitude of grander firmness than that in which we see him on Hooker's crossing the Rappahannock? There was a letter from him to the Confederate Secretary of War, written at that moment, which showed him in this mood of heroic calm, waiting for the development of the enemy's purpose, determined to fight, but giving no hint of that tremendous lion-spring at Chancellorsville, which was to pluck out the very heart of the Federal invasion.

The plan of that great battle, as happens with many master-works, was struck out at a single blow, in a brief conference with Jackson, on the evening of the 1st of May.

An eye-witness has depicted the scene—the solemn forest, the rude bivouac, the grave and courteous commander, heir of all the knightly graces of the cavaliers, the silent, stern lieutenant, with the faith and the fire of Cromwell, the brief interchange of question and answer, the swiftly following order for the movement of the morrow.

The facts of the enemy's position and the surrounding topography had just been ascertained. The genius of the commander, justly weighing the character of his adversary, the nature of the country, and the priceless gift in his own hands of such a thunder-bolt of war, such a Titanic force as Jackson, instantly devised that immortal flank march which will emblazon Chancellorsville on the same roll of deathless fame with Blenheim, with Leuthen, with Austerlitz, and Jena.

The battle of Chancellorsville will rank with the model battles of history. It displayed Lee in every character of military greatness. Nothing could exceed the sublime intrepidity with which, leaving Early to dispute the heights of Fredericksburg against Sedgwick's

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imposing force, he himself led five weak divisions to confront Hooker's mighty host. Lee meant to fight, but not in the dark. He meant first to look his adversary in the eye. He meant to see himself how to aim his blow. Where shall we find a match for the vigor, the swiftness, the audacity of that flank march assigned to Jackson—for the fierce and determined front attack led by Lee himself? There is nothing equal to it save only Frederick's immortal stroke of daring on the Austrian flank at Leuthen. But the second day brings out the strongest and grandest lines of the Confederate commander's heroic character. Jackson has been stricken down, Lee's right arm has been torn from him; but the unconquerable firmess of his nature resisting every suggestion of weakness, and that inborn love of fight, without which no General can be great, blazing out and kindling all it touched, he forces on the fierce attack along the whole line, till in a wild tumult of battle, the Federal army wavers, gives ground, melts away. The advance, if pushed, will drive the enemy in confusion to the river. And Lee is preparing for a combined assault. But a new element now bursts into the action. News is brought from ten miles away that the Confederates have been driven from the heights of Fredericksburg towards Richmond, and Sedgwick is marching on Lee's rear. Lee's celerity and firmness are equal to the crisis. He promptly hurls four brigades from under his own hand at the head of Sedgwick's column, and with bold countenance hems in Hooker's army of nearly thrice his own numbers. If it were not the sternest tragedy, it might be comedy—this feat of thirty thousand men shutting up eighty thousand. But Hooker has been beaten, the decisive point is not there, as the eye of genius can intuitively see. It is with Sedgwick, six miles away, and realizing in his practice the golden maxim of the schools, Lee is quickly at that point in sufficient, if not superior, force. Sedgwick is crushed on the third day, and driven across the river. Lee now concentrates all his force to fall upon Hooker, with a final and overwhelming blow. The fifth day breaks, and lo! the Federal army has vanished, not a man of them save the dead, the wounded, and the prisoners remaining on the Richmond side of the Rappahannock.

What was left undone by Lee that genius, constancy, and daring could effect? Will any man say that the Confederate army should have followed its defeated but colossal adversary across the river? This would have been to invite disaster.

The substantial and astounding fruits of victory were won in the collapse for that season of the Federal invasion, in the masterly initi-

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ative which Lee was now able to seize, in the submissive and tell-tale docility with which Hooker thenceforth followed every motion of the magic wand of the Confederate commander.

The march to the Potomac and the captures by the way renewed the glories of 1862. For a few short weeks Virginia was freed from the tramp of armies. But, as before, the invasion, begun with an intoxicating outburst of martial hope, was doomed to end in a drawn and doubtful battle. After a bloody struggle on the heights of Gettysburg, the two armies stood the greater part of two long summer days defiantly looking into each other's eyes. Neither was willing to attack its adversary. However deeply Lee may have felt the failure of his daring stroke, he took upon himself all the reproach and all the responsibility of the result. No word of criticism or censure passed his lips. But, confident of the devotion and the steadiness of his army, he promptly turned to the duty of the hour. What an example of serenity, of imperturbable firmness! We owe to Gettysburg not only the most thrilling spectacle of the unsurpassed valor of the Confederate soldier, but a matchless exhibition of composure and magnanimity in the Confederate commander. The aggressive campaign failed, but neither the army nor its general was shaken. We find them during the remainder of 1863 facing their old foe with undiminished spirit. And soon Lee gives proof of equal firmness, enterprise, and generosity in detaching Longstreet's corps to strike a decisive blow, eight hundred miles away, by the side of Bragg at Chickamauga. The annals of war do not exhibit a more unselfish act.

How shall I briefly describe the added titles to enduring fame with which the campaign of the next year, 1864, invested our great leader? Who that lived through that time can forget the awful hush of those calm spring days, which ushered in the tremendous outburst of the Federal attack along a thousand miles of front?

In every quarter, at one and the same moment, the Confederacy felt the furious impact of a whole nation's force driven on by the resistless will of a single commander. Grant's aggressiveness, Grant's stubbornness, Grant's unyielding resolve to destroy the Confederate armies, seemed suddenly to animate every corps, every division, almost every man of the Federal host. Even now we stand aghast at the awful disparity in the numbers and resources of the two armies. Swinton puts the force under Grant's immediate eye on the first day of the campaign at 140,000 men. Grant himself puts it at 116,000. It is certain that Lee had less than 64,000 soldiers of all

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arms. But, in addition, Grant was directing against Richmond or its communications 30,000 men under Butler, 17,000 under Sigel and Crook, and a numerous and powerful fleet.

Let me give two examples of the extraordinary means at his disposal. He never went into camp but that, within an hour or two, every division was placed in telegraphic communication with his headquarters. Lee could only reach the several parts of his army by the aid of mounted couriers. But this is the most striking. On four several occasions Grant shifted his base by a simple mandate to Washington to lodge supplies at Fredericksburg, at Port Royal, at the White House, at City Point. Thus, his communications were absolutely invulnerable. With the boundless wealth at his control, he laid under contribution the resources of the commerce and manufactures of the world, and, combining all the agencies of destruction in the vast host under his command, fired now with something of his own smothered, but relentless passions, he hurled it in repeated and bloody assaults at the heart of the Confederacy.

The heart of the Confederacy was the Army of Northern Virginia.

Surely, heroic courage never faced a more tremendous crisis than Lee now met and mastered. Grant had crossed the Rapidan. No idea of retreat entered Lee's mind. He only waited to discover the purpose of the enemy. Then, with fierce energy, he hurled two corps at the heads of his columns, not even halting for Longstreet to come up. For two days that awful struggle raged in the dark and gruesome thickets of the Wilderness. Lee could not drive back his stubborn adversary, but he staggered and stunned and foiled him. Any previous commander of the Army of the Potomac would have retreated. Grant sullenly steals off by night to Spotsylvania.

But a lion is there in his path. The road to Richmond is blocked by Lee. Grant's determination to force a passage brings on one of the fiercest and most protracted struggles of the war. For four days out of twelve that raging fire-flood surges about the lines of Spotsylvania. The very forest is consumed by it. How can man withstand its fury? Only by that courage which in its contempt of death is a presage of immortality. On such a field the human spirit rises even in common men to transcendent heights of valor and self-sacrifice, the great soul of the commander moves through the wild chaos like some elemental force, and the terrible majesty of war veils its horrors.

Grant cannot take those lines. The solitary advantage won at the salient by his overwhelming masses does but display on an immortal

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page the quick resource, the commanding authority, the unconquerable tenacity of the Confederate General. Grant could not drive him from those lines; but the commander of a greatly superior army can never find it hard to turn his adversary's position, especially if, by means of a fleet and convenient rivers, he can shift his base as easily as write a dispatch. Yet Lee always divined every turning moment, and always placed his army in time across the path of its adversary.

In the succession of bloody battles ending with the slaughter of Cold Harbor, he everywhere won the substantial fruits as well as the honors of victory, and between the Wilderness and the Chickahominy, in twenty-eight days he inflicted on Grant a loss of 60,000 men—an appalling number, equal to the strength of Lee's own army at the beginning of the campaign.

Try to conceive the intense strain of those twenty-eight days. Jackson is no longer by Lee's side, Longstreet has been stricken down severely wounded on the first day. Suppose a single moment of hesitation in the commander, a single false interpretation of obscure and conflicting appearances, a failure at any hour of the day or night to maintain in their perfect balance all those high faculties which we see united in Lee, and what would have availed the valor of those matchless Confederate soldiers? Can we wonder that they loved him, can we wonder that, like Scipio's veterans, they were ready to die for him, if he would only spare himself? Thrice in this campaign did they give him this supreme proof of personal devotion.

Of the seige of Petersburg I have only time to say that in it for nine months the Confederate commander displayed every art by which genius and courage can make good the lack of numbers and resources. But the increasing misfortunes of the Confederate arms on other theatres of war gradually cut off the supply of men and means. The Army of Northern Virginia ceased to be recruited. It ceased to be adequately fed. It lived for months on less than one-third rations. It was demoralized, not by the enemy in its front, but by the enemy in Georgia and the Carolinas. It dwindled to 35,000 men holding a front of thirty-five miles; but over the enemy it still cast the shadow of its great name. Again and again, by a bold offensive, it arrested the Federal movement to fasten on its communications. At last, an irresistible concentration of forces broke through its long, thin line of battle. Petersburg had to be abandoned. Richmond was evacuated. Trains bearing supplies were intercepted, and a starving army, harassed for seven days by inces-

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sant attacks on rear and flank, found itself completely hemmed in by overwhelming masses. Nothing remained to it but its stainless honor, its unbroken courage.

In those last solemn scenes, when strong men, losing all self control, broke down and sobbed like children, Lee stood forth as great as in the days of victory and triumph. No disaster crushed his spirit, no extremity of danger ruffled his bearing. In the agony of dissolution now invading that proud army, which for four years had wrested victory from every peril, in that blackness of utter darkness, he preserved the serene lucidity of his mind. He looked the stubborn facts calmly in the face, and, when no military resource remained, when he recognized the impossibility of making another march or fighting another battle, he bowed his head in submission to that Power, which makes and unmakes nations.

The surrender of the fragments of the Army of Northern Virginia closed the imperishable record of his military life.

What a catastrophe! What a moving and pathetic contrast! On the one side, complete and dazzling triumph after a long succession of humiliating disasters; on the other, absolute ruin and defeat—a crown of thorns for that peerless army which hitherto had known only the victor's laurel! But the magnanimity of the conqueror, not less than the fortitude of the vanquished shone out over the solemn scene, and softened its tragic outlines of fate and doom. The moderation and good sense of the Northern people, breathing the large and generous air of our western world, quickly responded to Grant's example, and, though the North was afterwards betrayed into fanatical and baleful excess on more than one great subject, all the fiercer passions of a bloody civil war were rapidly extinguished. There was to be no Poland, no Ireland in America. When the Hollywood pyramid was rising over the Confederate dead soon after the close of the contest, some one suggested for the inscription a classic verse, which may be rendered:

"They died for their country—their country perished with them."

Thus would have spoken the voice of despair.

Far different were the thoughts of Lee. He had drawn his sword in obedience only to the dictates of duty and honor, and, looking back in that moment of utter defeat, he might have exclaimed with Demosthenes: "I say that, if the event had been manifest to the whole world beforehand, not even then ought Athens to have forsaken this course, if Athens had any regard for her glory, or for her

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past, or for the ages to come." But, facing the duty of the hour, Lee saw that the question submitted to the arbitrament of war had been finally answered. He recognized that the unity of the American people had been irrevocably established. He felt that it would be impiety and crime to dishonor by the petty strife of faction that pure and unselfish struggle for constitutional rights, which, while a single hope remained, had been loyally fought out by great armies, led by heroic captains, and sustained by the patriotic sacrifices of a noble and resolute people. He, therefore, promptly counselled his old soldiers to look upon the great country thus reunited by blood and iron as their own, and to live and labor for its honor and welfare. His own conduct was in accord with these teachings. Day by day his example illustrated what his manly words declared, "that human virtue should be equal to human calamity."

For five years he was now permitted to exhibit to his countrymen, in the discharge of the duties of President of Washington College, the best qualities of citizen, sage and patriot. In Plato's account of the education of a Persian king, four tutors are chosen from among the Persian nobles—one the wisest, another the most just, a third the most temperate, and a fourth the bravest. It was the unique fortune of the students of Washington College to find these four great characters united in one man—their peerless Lee. As the people saw him fulfilling these modest, but noble functions—as they saw him with antique simplicity putting aside every temptation to use his great fame for vulgar gain; as they saw him, in self respecting contentment with the frugal earnings of his personal labor, refusing every offer of pecuniary assistance; as they realized his unselfish devotion of all that remained of strength and life to the nurture of the Southern youth in knowledge and morals, a new conviction of his wisdom and virtue gathered force and volume, and spread abroad into all lands.

The failure of the righteous cause for which he fought denied him that eminence of civil station, in which his great qualities in their happy mixture might well have afforded a parallel to the strength and the moderation of Washington. But what failure could obscure that mortal perfection which places him as easily by the side of the best men that have ever lived, as the heroic actions make him the peer of the greatest? There are men whose influence on mankind neither worldly success nor worldly failure can affect.

> "The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
> Is to have been a hero."

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This moral perfection, breathing the very spirit of his Christian faith, is no illusive legend of a succeeding generation exaggerating the worth of the past. Our belief in it rests upon the unanimous testimony of the men who lived and acted with him, among whom nothing is more common than the declaration, that Lee was the purest and best man of action whose career history has recorded. In his whole life, laid bare to the gaze of the world, the least friendly criticism has never discovered one single deviation from the narrow path of rectitude and honor.

What was strained eulogy when Montesquieu said of another great soldier—Turenne—that "his life was a hymn in praise of humanity"—is, if applied to Lee, the language of sober truth. No man can consider his life without a feeling of renewed hope and trust in mankind. There is about his exhibitions of moral excellence the same quality of power in reserve that marks him as a soldier. He never failed to come up to the full requirements of any situation, and his conduct communicated the impression that nothing could arise to which he would be found unequal. His every action went straight to the mark without affectation or display. It cost him no visible effort to be good or great. He was not conscious that he was exceptional in either way, and he died in the belief that, as he had been sometimes unjustly blamed, so he had as often been too highly praised.

Such is the holy simplicity of the noblest minds. Such was the pure and lofty man, in whom we see the perfect union of Christian virtue and old Roman manhood. His goodness makes us love his greatness, and the fascination, which this matchless combination exerts, is itself a symptom and a source in us of moral health. As long as our people truly love and venerate him, there will remain in them a principle of good. For all the stupendous wealth and power, which in the last thirty years have lifted these States to foremost rank among the nations of the earth, are less a subject for pride than this one heroic man—this human product of our country and its institutions.

Let this monument, then, teach to generations yet unborn these lessons of his life! Let it stand, not a record of civil strife, but as a perpetual protest against whatever is low and sordid in our public and private objects! Let it stand as a memorial of personal honor that never brooked a stain, of knightly valor without thought of self, of far-reaching military genius unsoiled by ambition, of heroic constancy from which no cloud of misfortune could ever hide the path

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of duty! Let it stand for reproof and censure, if our people shall ever sink below the standards of their fathers! Let it stand for patriotic hope and cheer, if a day of national gloom and disaster shall ever dawn upon our country! Let it stand as the embodiment of a brave and virtuous people's ideal leader! Let it stand as a great public act of thanksgiving and praise, for that it pleased Almighty God to bestow upon these Southern States a man so formed to reflect His attributes of power, majesty, and goodness!

LETTERS OF R. E. LEE.

HIS SYMPATHY FOR HIS STARVING AND SHOELESS MEN.

Pathetic Appeals to the Confederate Government for Provisions and Clothing.

MAY 24, 1890.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I do not know of anything that could possibly be of more absorbing interest to the Army of Northern Virginia than the deep, heartfelt, anxious solicitude of General Lee for the forces under his command; and I do not know where this is so abundantly and so beautifully portrayed as in the letters of General Lee to President Davis, to the Secretary of War, to the Quartermaster and Commissary-General, to the various Generals under him, and to every other person to whom he could by any possibility appeal.

The letters will be found in full in Long's Life of Lee. I have extracted from them only such portions as related to the destitute condition of his men and the agony which it occasioned him. They ought to know it. They ought to know that he witnessed it; that it wrung his heart, and that he did everything that he could do to remedy it. They ought to know, and the world ought to know, that the great master-mind of the war, that ought only to have been concerned about strategy, was engaged chiefly in thoughts about the deplorable condition of his men, "thousands of whom are without shoes," "thousands of whom are bare-footed," "nearly all without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing," who was always "less uneasy about holding our position than about our ability to procure supplies for the army," to whom the sublimest spectacle of the war which he witnessed was "the cheerfulness and alacrity exhibited by this army

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in the pursuit of the enemy under all the trials and privations to which it is exposed."

The dates and the address of the letters are given, so that we may see when, where, and to whom they were written. They are as follows:

"ALEXANDRIA AND LEESBURG ROAD,
"NEAR DRANESVILLE, September 3, 1862.

"*His Excellency, President Davis:*

"The army is poorly equipped for the invasion of an enemy's territory. It lacks much of the material of war, is feeble in transportation, the animals being much reduced, and the men are poorly provided with shoes, clothes, and in thousands of instances are destitute of shoes." * * * * * "If the Quartermaster's Department can furnish any shoes it would be the greatest relief. We have entered upon September, and the nights are becoming cool."

"TWO MILES FROM FREDERICK, MD.,
"September 7, 1862.

"*His Excellency, President Davis:*

"I shall endeavor to purchase horses, clothing, shoes, and medical stores for our present use, and you will see the facility that would arise from being provided with the means of paying for them."

REPORT OF THE CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY AND OPERATIONS IN MARYLAND.

"Although not properly equipped for invasion, lacking much of the material of war and feeble in transportation, the troops poorly provided with clothing, and thousands of them destitute of shoes, it was yet believed to be strong enough to detain the enemy upon the northern frontier until the approach of winter should render his advance into Virginia difficult if not impossible." * * * * * * "The arduous service in which our troops had been engaged, their great privations of rest and food, and the long marches without shoes over mountain roads had greatly reduced our ranks before the action (Antietam) began."

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"HAGERSTOWN, MD., September 12, 1862.

"*His Excellency, President Davis:*

* * * * * * *

"A thousand pair of shoes and some clothing were obtained in Fredericktown, two hundred and fifty pair in Williamsport, and about four hundred in this city. These were not sufficient to cover the bare feet of the army."

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"December 2, 1862.

"*Honorable Secretary of War:*

"Sir.—I have the honor to report to you that there is still a great want of shoes in the army, between 2,000 and 3,000 men being at present barefooted. Many have lost their shoes in the long marches over rough roads recently made, and the number forwarded was insufficient to meet the necessities of the troops." * * * * *

"BUNKER HILL, July 16, 1863.

"Mr. President,—The army is encamped around this place, where we shall rest to-day. The men are in good health and spirits, but want shoes and clothing badly, * * * * and also horseshoes, for want of which nearly half of our cavalry is unserviceable."

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"October 19, 1863.

"*Brigadier-General A. R. Lawton, Quartermaster-General:*

* * * * * "The want of supplies of shoes, clothing, overcoats, and blankets is very great. Nothing but my unwillingness to expose the men to the hardships that would have resulted from moving them into Loudoun in their present condition induced me to return to the Rappahannock. But I was adverse to marching them over the rough roads of that region, at a season, too, when frosts are certain and snows are probable, unless they were better provided for

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encountering them without suffering. I should otherwise have endeavored to detain General Meade near the Potomac if I could not throw him to the north side."

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"October 19, 1863.

"*Honorable James A. Seddon, Secretary of War:*

* * * * * * * * *

"If General Meade is disposed to remain quiet where he is, it was my intention, provided the army could be supplied with clothing, again to advance and threaten his position. Nothing could prevent my continuing in his front but the destitute condition of the men, thousands of whom are barefooted, a greater number partially shod, and nearly all without overcoats, blankets, or warm clothing. I think the sublimest sight of the war was the cheerfulness and alacrity exhibited by this army in pursuit of the enemy under all the trials and privations to which it is exposed."

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
"December 22, 1863.

"*Major-General J. A. Early:*

* * * * "Of course you will not take what is necessary for the subsistence of the people, but leave enough for that, and secure all the rest of the articles named, and any others—such as shoes, horseshoes, horseshoe-nails, that you can get."

"HEADQUARTERS, January 2, 1864.

"*His Excellency, Jefferson Davis:*

* * * * * * * * *

"Many of the infantry are without shoes, and the cavalry worn down by their pursuit of Averell. We are now issuing to the troops a fourth of a pound of salt meat, and have only three days' supply at that rate."

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"CAMP ORANGE COURTHOUSE, January 16, 1864.

"*Lieutenant-General J. Longstreet:*

* * * * * * * * * * "You know how exhausted the country is between here and the Potomac; there is nothing for man or horse."

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY, January 18, 1864.

"*Brigadier-General A. R. Lawton, Quartermaster-General:*

"General,—The want of shoes and blankets in this army continues to cause much suffering and to impair its efficiency. In one regiment I am informed that there are only fifty men with serviceable shoes, and a brigade that recently went on picket was compelled to leave several hundred men in camp who were unable to bear the exposure of duty, being destitute of shoes and blankets."

"HEADQUARTERS, January 20, 1864.

"*His Excellency, Jefferson Davis:*

* * * * * "Nearly all of his" (Fitz Lee's) "men were frostbitten, some badly; many injured by the falling of their horses."

"HEADQUARTERS, April 16, 1864.

"*General Braxton Bragg:*

* * * * * "I cannot even draw to me the cavalry or artillery of the army, and the season has arrived when I may be attacked any day. The scarcity of our supplies gives me the greatest uneasiness."

"HEADQUARTERS, April 12, 1864.

"Mr. President,—My anxiety on the subject of provisions for this army is so great that I cannot refrain from expressing it to your Excellency. I connot see how we can operate with our present sup-

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plies. Any derangement in their arrival or disaster to the railroad would render it impossible for me to keep the army together and might force a retreat into North Carolina. There is nothing to be had in this section for men or animals. We have rations for the troops to-day and to-morrow."

"HEADQUARTERS, June 26, 1864.

"*His Excellency, President Davis:*

* * * * * * "I am less uneasy about holding our position than about our ability to procure supplies for the army."

"HEADQUARTERS, October 21, 1864.

"*Honorable Secretary of War:*

* * * * * "We now get bacon for our troops only once in four days, and the Commissary Department informed Colonel Cole, chief C. S. of the army, that we must rely on cattle."

(Telegram,]

"HEADQUARTERS, January 11, 1865.

"*Honorable J. A. Seddon:*

"There is nothing within reach of this army to be impressed. The country is swept clean; our only reliance is upon the railroads. We have but two days' supplies."

"HEADQUARTERS, February 8, 1865.

"*Honorable James A. Seddon:*

* * * * * "I regret to be obliged to state under these circumstances, heightened by assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men had been without meat for three days, and all were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, cold, hail,

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and sleet. I have directed Colonel Cole, chief commissary, who reports that he has not a pound of meat at his disposal, to visit Richmond and see if nothing can be done. The physical strength of the men, if their courage survives, must fail under this treatment. Our cavalry has to be dispersed for want of forage. Fitz Lee's and Lomax's divisions are scattered because supplies cannot be transported where their services are required. I had to bring William H. F. Lee's division forty miles Sunday night to get him in position. Taking these facts in connection with the paucity of our numbers you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us."

"HEADQUARTERS, February 22, 1865.

"*Hononrable J. C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War:*

* * * * * "The troops in the Valley are scattered far subsistence, nor can they be concentrated for the want of it." * * *

"The cavalry and artillery of the army are still scattered for want of provender, and our supply and ammunition trains, which ought to be with the army in case of a sudden movement, are absent collecting provisions and forage—some in West Virginia and some in North Carolina. You see to what straits we are reduced."

HEADQUARTERS PETERSBURG, March 17, 1865.

"*Honorable John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War:*

* * * * * * * "I have had this morning to send General William H. F. Lee's division back to Stony Creek, whence I called it in the last few days, because I cannot provide it with forage. I regret to have to report these difficulties, but think you ought to be apprised of them in order, if there is any remedy, it should be applied."

There being no remedy Appomattox came, where General Lee said: "Then there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousands deaths."

R. S. THOMAS.

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AT LEE'S TOMB.

REV. DR. FIELD ON THE CHARACTER OF LEE.

A Splendid Tribute to the Great Southern Leader—The Judgment of History.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field writes in the New York *Evangelist* as follows:

My last letter left us in the college chapel at Lexington, looking at the recumbent statue of General Lee. While standing here, in the very presence of death, I am moved to say a few words in regard to the life that ended in this tomb, and the character of the man whose name is carved upon this stone. As I read history, and compare the men who have figured in the events that make history—in wars and revolutions—it seems to me that General Lee was not only a great soldier, but a great man, one of the greatest that our country has produced. After his death the college, which had hitherto borne the name of Washington, by whom it was endowed, was rechristened Washington *and Lee* University—a combination which suggests a comparison of the two men whose names are here brought together. Can we trace any likeness between them? At first it seems as if no characters, as well as no careers, could be more alien to each other than those of the two great leaders, one of whom was the founder of the Government which the other did his utmost to destroy. But nature brings forth her children in strange couples, with resemblances in some cases as marked, and yet as unexpected as are contrasts in others. Washington and Lee, though born in different centuries, were children of the same mother—Old Virginia—and had her best blood in their veins. Descended from the stock of the English cavaliers, both were born "gentlemen" and never could be anything else. Both were trained in the school of war, and as leaders of armies it would not be a violent assumption to rank Lee as the equal of Washington. But it is not in the two soldies, but in the two men, that the future historians will find points of resemblance.

Washington was not a brilliant man; not "a man of genius," such as now and then appears to dazzle mankind; but he had what was far better than genius—a combination of all the qualities that win human trust, in which intelligence is so balanced by judgment and exalted by character as to constitute a natural superiority, indi-

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cating one who is born to command, and to whom all men turn when their hearts are "failing them for fear" as a leader. He was great not only in action but in repose—great in his very calm—in the fortitude with which he bore himself through all changes of fortune, through dangers and disasters, neither elated by victory nor depressed by defeat—mental habitudes which many will recognize as reappearing in one who seems to have formed himself upon that great model.

Washington was distinguished for his magnanimity—was not Lee also? Men in public station are apt to be sensitive to whatever concerns their standing before the world, and so, while taking to themselves the credit of success, they are strongly tempted to throw upon others the blame of failure. Soldiers especially are jealous of their reputation, and if a commander loses a battle his first impulse is to cast the odium of defeat upon some unfortunate officer. Somebody blundered—this or that subordinate did not do his duty. Military annals are filled with these recriminations. If Napoleon met with a check in his mighty plans, he had no scruple in laying it to the misconduct of some lieutenant, unless, as in Russia, he could throw it upon the elements, the wintry snows and the frozen rivers—anything to relieve himself from the imputation of the want of foresight or provision for unexpected dangers. At Waterloo it was not *he* that failed in his strategy, but Marshal Ney that failed in the execution. In this respect General Lee was exactly his opposite. If he suffered a disaster he never sought to evade responsibility by placing it upon others. Even in the greatest reverse of his life, the defeat at Gettysburg, when he saw the famous charge of Pickett melt away under the terrible fire that swept the field, till the ranks were literally torn to pieces by shot and shell, he did not vent his despair in rage and reproaches, but rushing to the front took the blame upon himself, saying: "*It is all my fault.*" Perhaps no incident of his life showed more the nobility of his nature.

When the war was over General Lee had left to him at Lexington about the same number of years that Napoleon had at St. Helena, and if he had had the same desire to pose for posterity in the part of the illustrious exile his mountain home would have furnished as picturesque a background as the rocky island in the south Alantic, from which he could have dictated "Conversations" that should furnish the materials of history. He need not have written or published a single line if he had only been willing to let others do it for him. By their pens he had opportunity to tell of the great part he had

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acted in the war in a way to make the whole chain of events contribute to his fame. But he seemed to care little for fame, and indeed was unmoved when others claimed the credit of his victories. If it be, as Pascal says, "the truest mark of a great mind is to be born without envy," few men in history have shown more of this greatness than he. And when, as was sometimes the case, old companions-in-arms reflected upon him to excuse their own mistakes, he had only to lift the veil from the secrets of history to confound them. But under all such temptations he was dumb. Nothing that he *did* or *said* was more truly grand than the *silence* with which he bore the misrepresentations of friend or foe. This required a self-command such as Washington had not to exercise at the end of his military career; for he retired from the scene crowned with victory, with a whole nation at his feet ready to do him honor; while Lee had to bear the reproach of the final disaster—a reproach in which friends sometimes joined with foes. Yet to both he answered only with the same majestic calm—the outward sign of his magnificent self-control. Such magnanimity belongs to the very higest order of moral qualities, and shows a character rare in any country or in any age.

This impression of the man does not grow less with closer observation. With the larger number of "great men" the greatness is magnified by distance and separation. As we come nearer they dwindle in stature till, when we are in their very presence and look them squarely in the face, they are found to be but men like ourselves, and sometimes very ordinary men—with some special ability perhaps, which gives them success in the world, but who for all that are full of the selfishness which is the very essence of meanness, and puffed up with a paltry conceit and vanity that stamps them as little rather than great.

Far different was the impression made by General Lee upon those who saw him in the freedom of private intercourse. It might be expected that the soldiers who fought under him should speak with admiration and pride of their old commander; but how did he appear to his neighbors? Here in Lexington everybody knew him, at least by sight; they saw his manner of life from day to day in his going out and his coming in, and on all the impression was the same; the nearer he came to them the greater he seemed. Every one has some anecdote to tell of him, and it is always of something that was noble and lovable. Those who knew him best loved him most, and revered him most. This was not a greatness that was assumed, that was put on like a military cloak; it was in the man, and could not

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be put on or put off; it was the greatness which comes from the very absence of pretension.

And those who came the closest to him give us a still further insight into his nature, by telling us that what struck them most was the extent of his sympathy. Soldiers are commonly supposed to be cold and hard—a temper of mind to which they are inured by their very profession. Those whose business is the shedding of blood are thought to delight in human suffering. It is hard to believe that a soldier can have a very tender heart. Yet few men were more sensitive to others pain than General Lee. All who came near him perceived that with his manly strength there was united an almost womanly sweetness. It was this gentleness which made him great, and which has enshrined him forever in the hearts of his people.

This sympathy for the suffering showed itself, not in any public act so much as a most private and delicate office which imposed upon him a very heavy burden, one that he might have declined, but the taking of which showed the man. He had an unlimited correspondence. Letters poured in upon him by the hundred and the thousand. They came from all parts of the South, not only from his old companions in arms, but from those he had never seen or heard of. Every mother that had lost a son in the war felt that she had the right to pour her sorrow into the ear of one who was not insensible to her grief. Families left in utter poverty appealed to him for aid. Most men would have shrunk from a labor so great as that of answering these letters. Not so General Lee. He read them, not only patiently, as a man performs a disagreeable duty, but with a tender interest, and so far as possible returned the kindest of answers. If he had little money to give he could at least give sympathy, and to his old soldiers and their wives and children it was more than money to know that they had a place in that great heart.

While thus ministering to his stricken people there is one public benefit which he rendered that ought never to be forgotten. Though the war was over he still stood in public relations in which he could render an immeasurable service to the whole country. There are no crises in a nation's life more perilous than those following civil war. The peace that comes after it is peace only in name if the passions of the war still live. After our great struggle the South was full of inflammable materials. The fires were but smouldering in ashes, and might break out at any moment and rage with destructive fury. If

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the spirit of some had had full swing the passions of the civil war would have been not only perpetuated but increased, and have gone down as an inheritance of bitterness from generation to generation. This stormy sea of passion but one man could control. He had no official position, civil or military. But he was the representative of the Lost Cause. He had led the Southern armies to battle, and he still had the unbounded confidence of millions, and it was his attitude and his words of conciliation that did more than anything else to still the angry tempest that the war had left behind. It was the sight of their great chieftain—so calm in defeat, so ready to bear the burden of his people—that soothed their anger and their pride, and made the old soldiers of the Confederacy feel that they could accept what had been accepted by their leader, and that as he had set the example it was no unworthy sacrifice for them to become loyal supporters of the restored American Union. It is therefore not too much to say that it is owing in great measure to General Lee that the civil war has not left a lasting division between the North and the South and that they form to day one united country.

These are grateful memories to be recalled now that he who was so mighty in war and so gentle in peace has passed beyond the reach of praise or blame. Do you tell me he was "an enemy," and that by as much as we love our country we ought to hate its "enemies?" But there are no enemies among the dead. When the grave closes over those with whom we have been at strife we can drop our hatreds and judge of them without passion, and even kindly, as we wish those who come after us to judge of us. In a few years all of the contempararies of General Lee will be dead and gone; the great soldiers that fought with him and that fought against him will alike have passed to the grave, and then, perhaps, there will be a nearer approach of feeling between friend and foe.*

"Ah, yes," say some who admit his greatness as a soldier and leader, "if it were not for his ambition that stopped not at the ruin of his country!" Such is the fatal accusation:

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* How the feeling at the North has softened is indicated by many utterances like this in the *New York Tribune* of last week (August 23d):

"The virtues of Lee have always found as frank and hearty recognition in the North as in the South. The men of the South can say nothing of the beauty of his personal character, his courage, his devotion to his idea of duty, that will not find a ready echo among those he fought against and by whom he was conquered."

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"Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it."

But was that ambition in him which was patriotism in us? How is it that *we*, who were upborne for four years by a passion for our country that stopped at no sacrifices, cannot understand that other men of the same race and blood could be inspired with the same passion for what they looked upon as their country, and fight for it with the same heroic devotion that we fought for ours? They, as well as we, were fighting for an idea—we for union, and they for independence—a cause which was as sacred to them as ours to us. Is it that what was patriotism on the one side was only ambition on the other? No; it was not disappointed ambition that cut short that life; it was not the humiliation of pride; but a wound that struck far deeper. One who watched by him in those long night hours tells me that he died of a broken heart! This is the most touching aspect of the great warrior's death; that he did not fall on the field of battle, either in the hour of defeat or victory, but in silent grief for sufferings which he could not relieve. There is something infinitely pathetic in the way that he entered into the condition of a whole people, and gave his last strength to comfort those who were fallen and cast down. It was this constant strain of hand and brain and heart that finally snapped the strings of life, so that the last view of him as he passes out of our sight is one of unspeakable sadness. The dignity is preserved, but it is the dignity of woe. It is the same tall and stately form, yet not wearing the robes of a conqueror, but bowed with sorrows not his own. In this mournful majesty, silent with a grief beyond words, this great figure passes into history.

There we leave him to the judgment of another generation, that "standing afar off" may see some things more clearly than we. When the historian of future ages comes to write the history of the great republic he will give the first place to that War of the Revolution by which our country gained its independence and took its place among the nations of the earth; and the second to the late civil war, which, begun for separation, ended in a closer and consolidated Union. That was the last act in the great drama of our nation's life, in which history cannot forget the part that was borne by him whose silent form lies within this sepulchre.

As I took a last look at the sarcophagus I observed that it bore no epitaph; no words of praise were carved upon the stone; only a name,

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with the two dates,

BORN JANUARY 19, 1807;
DIED OCTOBER 12, 1870.

That is all, but it is enough; all the rest may be left to the calm, eternal judgment of history.

LEE'S BIRTHDAY.

EMINENT MEN OF THE UNITED STATES SEND SENTIMENTS FOR THE DAY—MINISTERS, SOLDIERS, STATESMEN AND SCHOLARS EACH BRING AN OFFERING.

"*January 19, 1890.—The Birthday of Robert E. Lee.*

"The Richmond *State* wishes to gather from leading citizens all over the United States a brief sentiment deemed appropriate to the occasion. You will very much oblige us by sending by return mail a contribution that you may deem suitable."

Such was the request sent out to a number of prominent men in various walks of life. Here are the answers:

GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD, COMMANDER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

I will say that it was the well-known character of the Southern soldiers, of which that of General Robert E. Lee was the highest type, which made it possible for the Union army to regard the Confederates not as rebels to be ether punished or pardoned, but as honorable antagonists, worthy to become trusted friends when they had laid down their arms. Thus this high character became of inestimable value to the Southern people, and hence to the whole country.

J. M. SCHOFIELD.

Washington, D. C.

ADMIRAL PORTER, OF THE NAVY.

No man should hesitate to bear testimony to the reputation of

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General Robert E. Lee as one of the greatest soldiers of the civil war.

But for his generalship the Southern Confederacy would no doubt have sooner broken up, and he kept his army together under circumstances that would have appalled almost any other leader.

General Lee accepted the situation after Appomattox in the true spirit which characterized all his actions, and I feel sure that when he died he had the respect of every Northern soldier and sailor, to say nothing of the thousands of citizens who admired his private character.

DAVID D. PORTER, Admiral.

Washington, D. C.

GOV. CAMPBELL, OF OHIO.

As a Northern man, and a member of that wing of the Democratic party which readily conceded anything to prevent war, yet cheerfully risked everything to preserve the Union after war had come, I pay my modest tribute to Robert E. Lee, the Christian gentleman, the fearless soldier, the upright citizen, the model husband, son, and father.

JAMES E. CAMPBELL.

Columbus, O.

SENATOR REAGAN, OF TEXAS.

General Robert E. Lee combined in his own person and character the best qualities of a good citizen and great military commander. To a handsome and noble personal appearance, combined with finished grace and dignity of manner, was added great ability and courage, thorough military training and calm judgment, which no good or bad fortune could disturb.

I regarded and do now regard him as the best ideal type of an American citizen, gentleman, and soldier.

JOHN H. REAGAN.

Washington, D. C.

CARDINAL GIBBONS.

General Lee was a hero of whom the whole nation is proud.

JAMES CARD. GIBBONS.

Wilmington, N. C.

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CHARLES A. DANA, EDITOR NEW YORK SUN.

Robert E. Lee was a man of ideal personal character. He was always a gentleman, always sincere, always true, always considerate of others. His moral elevation was especially manifest in the readiness and calmness with which he bore disaster. Defeat never shook his equilibrium. Misfortune was never followed by any relaxation of his principles. His intellectual resources were prompt, broad, comprehensive, admirable. In his dignity there was no affectation, in his self-respect no petty egotism, in his judgment no unjust depreciation of others. He was great in the noblest qualities of human nature.

C. A. DANA.

New York.

HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD.

"I would not give my dead Ossory for any living son in England," was the proud cry of a bereaved English mother. "We would not give our dead Lee for any living soldier," is the proud response of every true Virginian.

THOMAS F. BAYARD.

Wilmington, Del.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

To my mind the greatness of Robert E. Lee lay in the admirable balance of his powers and the integrity of his character. In the long run the world recognizes this harmony of qualities in large endowment as superior to excessive brilliancy in one direction. Besides, he had the genius to be loved. As a soldier he commanded everywhere respect and admiration, and history must say that he excited less personal enmity than almost any other conspicuous actor in a civil war.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

Hartford, Conn.

SENATOR JOHN W. DANIEL.

A splendid intellect and a great heart in a noble form—instinctive rectitude, modest unselfishness, artless courage—this was General

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Lee, the friend of humanity. Such a character no people, age or clime can claim as wholly their own. It is a possession and glory of the human race.

JOHN W. DANIEL.

Washington, D. C.

FROM HENRY WATTERSON.

I cannot answer your command for a sentiment in commemoration and in homage of the great Lee better than by sending you the noble lines which Sir Henry Taylor puts into the mouth of the Duke of Burgundy over the dead body of Philip Von Artevelde. They might be fittingly uttered by the North on the occasion which you celebrate:

——"Dire rebel though he was,
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts
Was he endowed—courage, discretion, wit,
An equal temper and an ample soul,
Rock bound and fortified against assaults
Of transitory passion; but below
Built on a surging, subterranean fire
That stirred and lifted him to high attempts,
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,
He nothing lacked in sovereignty but the right,
Nothing in soldiership except good fortune.
Wherefore with honor lay him in his grave,
And thereby shall increase of honor come
Unto their arms who vanquished one so wise,
So valiant, so renowned."

HENRY WATTERSON.

Louisville, Ky.

REVEREND FRANK STRINGFELLOW, LEE'S SCOUT.

General Robert E. Lee, the greatest production of America's civil and religious institutions. Although his military genius placed him at the head of the armies of the South, it only served to gain him friends at the North, for Lee, the soldier, was lost in Lee, the Christian. He was so truly great that he had no weaknesses to hide. He did not wrap himself in the mysteries of his great office, for the humblest private could approach him with confidence. He loved us all. What a man was he; so great, so kind, so wise!

FRANK STRINGFELLOW.

Virginia.

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BISHOP A. M. RANDOLPH.

General Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the armies of Great Britain, himself a nobleman and perhaps the leading military critic of our age, closes a remarkable article upon General Lee with these words: "When Americans can review the history of their last great rebellion with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the Great American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen." This estimate is based upon a criticism of his character as a man, a soldier, and a Christian citizen. As a thinker and a man of intellectual powers little has been said of him, and, yet, intellectual power, associated with moral purity, are the true springs of greatness. General Lee was a thinker of broad sympathies, deep insight, and of philosophical grasp, which would have made him, had his vocation called him to the field of literature, one of the wisest writers of his time. There are few passages in literature greater than these words, written by him in the darkest hour of his own life and of the fortunes of the Southern people. He wrote: "My experience of men has neither disposed me to think worse of them, nor indisposed me to serve them; nor in spite of failures, which I lament; of errors, which I now see and acknowledge, or of the present aspect of affairs, do I despair of the future. The truth is this: the march of Providence is so slow and our desires so impatient, the work of progress is so immense and our means of aiding it so feeble, the life of humanity is so long and that of the individual so brief, that we often see only the ebb of the advancing wave, and are thus discouraged. It is history that teaches us to hope." These noble words contain the Christian philosophy of the progress of the race. They ought to be printed and read by our countryman upon every recurrence of his birthday. As a distinguished American has said: "They are worthy to be inscribed upon the pedestal of his statue."

A. M. RANDOLPH.

Richmond, Va.

CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM L. WILSON, OF WEST VIRGINIA.

The world has already enrolled General Lee in the small number

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of its greatest captains. It is fast learning that the man was greater than the soldier—for,

> " His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
> For he was great ere fortune made him so;
> And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
> Made him but greater seem, not greater grow."

Washington, D. C. WILLIAM L. WILSON.

REV. DR. MOSES D. HOGE.

The public career of Robert E. Lee forms one of the most impressive and inspiring chapters in human history. In many respects he occupies a place all his own in the military annals of the world. But men are not fully known by their official lives or by those conspicuous acts which fill the world with their fame. It is to the social and domestic realm that we look for those traits of character—the uprightness, the courtesy, the magnanimity, and the supreme devotion to duty—which constitute the true men. So, too, it is to the religious life that we look for the sincerity, the meekness, the humility and the self-consecration which constitute the true Christian.

Therefore, when we contemplate a man, like Lee, it is not the splendid renown of the soldier, nor the virtues of the citizen, nor the devotion of the Christian alone that impresses us, but the harmonious blending of all in a character of such strength, symmetry and attractiveness as to form an *ideal* which at once gratifies the intellect and satisfies the heart.

Men thus endowed by nature and by grace form the models most worthy of imitation and become the bequests of Providence to coming ages.

By the admiration they command and by the affection they attract, they inspire and encourage others to the pursuit of "whatsoever things are just and true and lovely and of good report," and thus lift humanity to a higher plane.

MOSES D. HOGE.

Richmond, Va.

PROFESSOR J. J. WHITE, LEE'S INTIMATE FRIEND.

Robert E. Lee—Supremely good and great among men.

J. J. WHITE.

Washington and Lee University, Lexington.

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REV. DR. W. H. MILBURN, THE BLIND CHAPLAIN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

I know not that my idea of General Lee's character can be better expressed than in these lines from Wordsworth :

"Whose high endeavors were inward light,
That made the path before him always bright;
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace,
Who through the heat of conflict kept the law,
In calmness made and saw what he forsaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it would, was equal to the need.
He who though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul, whose master bias leans
To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes:
Sweet images which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are ever at his heart, and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love."

W. H. MILBURN.

Washington, D. C.

A. K. M'CLURE, PHILADELPHIA "TIMES."

General Robert E. Lee will go into impartial history as the greatest of all the Southern chieftains, and as second to none, North or South, in all the grander qualities of heroism. When the yet lingering passions of civil war shall have perished he will be remembered, not so much as a Southern as an American chieftain. With his exceptional skill as a great commander, conceded by all, his personal attributes will grow brighter and brighter in the lustrous annals of American heroism. In all the bitter asperities of fractional conflict the character of General Lee as a humane and Christian warrior was ever unblemished and his integrity unquestioned. However the North and the South may differ as to the war, the heroism of both the blue and the gray will become the pride of all sections, and then the name of Lee must be linked with the foremost in American reverence.

A. K. MCCLURE.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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REV. DR. B. M. PALMER.

It may be regarded one of the compensations of all our suffering and loss in the late civil war to have given to the world, to be embalmed in its history, such a type of the ideal man as was Gen. R. E. Lee. Hence-forth, he belongs not to us alone, joyfully as we treasure his memory, but to the country and mankind, the great example of true manliness and of all human virture, equally great in disaster and defeat as in the triumph of successful achievement.

B. M. PALMER.

New Orleans, La.

D. M. STONE, EDITOR NEW YORK JOURNAL OF COMMERCE.

The Memory of Robert E. Lee.

To those who knew thee not no words can paint!
And those who knew thee know all words are faint!
—*Moore*—"*Sensibility.*"

O, he sits high in all the people's hearts.
—*Shakspeare*—"*Julius Cæsar.*"

Such souls leave behind
A voice that in the distance far away
Wakens the slumbering ages.
—*Taylor*—"*Phil von Arl.*"

O, mortal man! be wary how ye judge!
—*Dante*—"*Vision of Paradise,*"

Among the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own,
—*Churchill*—"*Ep. to Hogarth.*"

Cruel and cold is the judgment of man,
Cruel as winter and cold as the snow;
But by-and-by will the deed and the plan
Be judged by the motive that lieth below.
—*Bates*—"*By-and-by.*"

DAVID M. STONE.

BISHOP DUDLEY, OF KENTUCKY.

I am heartily glad that *The State* will make special commemoration of the birthday of General Robert E. Lee.

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It is well and right that Virginians should seek to perpetuate the memory of the peerless man who has illustrated that name, that those who come after us may know what priceless gift was bestowed upon Virginia in the person of this Christian soldier and patriot.

T. U. DUDLEY,
Bishop of Kentucky.

PROF. JOHN B. MINOR, LAW DEPARTMENT, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The birthday of General Robert E. Lee incites to the contemplation of a character as remarkable for its symmetrical excellence as any that history records.

Profound veneration for the man in his august simplicity, his unblemished uprightness, and his steady, unostentatious pursuit of duty, controlled always by his Christian principle, awakens at once a strong desire to give fitting expressions thereto, and an apprehension that the words may not be worthy of the subject.

The future historian, when prejudice and partiality shall have been alike silenced by time, will say that the world has seldom seen a man on whom it might bestow an admiration and reverence so unreserved. And a Virginian cannot think without exultation that such a chronicler must render to the society in which General Lee was nurtured and by which he was moulded, the tribute of singular aptitude for greatness and for moral excellence, as seen in a Washington and a Lee, and also in the numerous other worthies, great and good, who have grown to world-wide renown beneath the skies of Virginia.

May our people take these examples to heart, and show themselves, through the coming age, worthy to be fellow-citizens with these, our illustrious countrymen!

JOHN B. MINOR.

University of Virginia.

REV. JOHN B. NEWTON, A SOLDIER PREACHER.

You ask for a sentiment in connection with the birthday of Robert E. Lee, our great commander.

I give it in the words of the poet-laureate of England upon the death of the great Duke of Wellington, believing that in General Lee they find their truest and noblest illustration:

"The man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime;

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Our greatest, yet with least pretence;
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

JOHN B. NEWTON.

Monumental Rectory, Richmond, Va.

LEE AS AN EDUCATOR.

HIS ZEAL FOR WASHINGTON COLLEGE'S WELFARE.

[*Richmond Times*, June 15, 1890.]

Interesting Reminiscences of his Career as President—His Letter to the Hon. D. S. G. Cabell—Unselfish Devotion to Duty.

That General Robert E. Lee was more distinguished than all others in the late war, in a military point of view, is held by most of competent judges. It is not, however, in that respect that I propose to consider him, but only, and that briefly, of his connection with education. He graduated as the second-honor man at West Point in a large class, and thereafter deepened and enlarged his acquired knowledge by a practical application of it. Before and during the late war his life was purely military; at its close he found his property and that of his family confiscated by the Federal Government and himself without employment. In defeat and poverty he still preserved his stainless honor and native dignity of character. Such a man could not remain long in our Southern country without numerous offers of positions. Liberal pay for duties merely nominal were offered him. His nice sense of honor and delicacy of feeling caused him to decline all such. He was not willing to take any situation in which he could not render a *quid pro quo*. He did not desire a sinecure. Some of the high Federal officers about the same period did not manifest the same delicacy of feeling with respect to gratuities. In his nice sense of honor, which would have felt a stain like a wound, in unselfish patriotism, in moral elevation, he was unlike many of the world's great conquerors, and finds his parallel in Washington, and in him alone. The late Colonel John B. Baldwin, highly distinguished as a lawyer and a legislator, gave me the following narrative which shows how Lee became an

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educator: He said Colonel Bolivar Christian, himself, and several others were talking together some time in the summer of 1865 in Staunton, Va. The subject of their conversation was what business would suit a certain ex-Confederate officer, when one of the group said, and what shall we do for General Lee? and Baldwin answered, make him president of Washington College. Colonel Christian, who was a trustee of Washington College, approved the suggestion and at the next meeting of the board of trustees, August, 1865, nominated Lee as such. He was unanimously elected, and was inaugurated as president October 2, 1865. I have it on credible authority that at first he hesitated, modestly distrusting his qualifications as an instructor, but when he ascertained that a general superintendence of the studies and discipline would only be required of him he accepted. The wisdom of his selection was soon manifested. When he entered upon the duties of the presidency of the institution there were but four professors and forty students. The latter rapidly increased. I know the fact that a number of ex-Confederate soldiers came even from distant States to Washington College because General Lee was its president. He gave over five years of his life to education, his presidency extending from October 2, 1865, to the time of his death, October 10, 1870. In that period his college took giant strides, increasing ten-fold in the number of its students. In 1869 and 1870 there were about four hundred students. Through General Lee's influence mainly three new chairs were established, viz., Physics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages, which included astronomy, engineering and English philology. Before his death instruction in Law was added to the curriculum of his college.

HIS ZEAL FOR EDUCATION AND HIS COLLEGE.

The writer of this represented Rockbridge and Nelson in the Virginia State Senate in the years 1865, 1866 and 1867. In the former county was situated the college of which General Lee was president. His desire to subserve its interests caused him to seek my acquaintance. In the early part of December, 1865, I took my seat in the Senate, and soon after was informed that General Lee was in Richmond, and desired to see me with regard to getting some legislative assistance for Washington College. Having served under him as a soldier, and having for him that intense admiration which all of his soldiers had, I needed no stimulus to call promptly on him. He desired me to aid in procuring the passage of a law by the Legislature by which the interest, or a portion of it, on the debt of the

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State to his college should be paid. At that time our State was pecuniarily much embarrassed and had stopped paying interest upon its debts, and fearing if I asked for too much I might get nothing, I inquired of General Lee if he would be satisfied then with the payment of three or four years interest. He responded in the affirmative, and asked me to make a speech in the Senate setting forth the wants and claims of his college ; he said its furniture, books, inclosures, &c., had been damaged by the Federal soldiers under General Hunter, and money was needed to make necessary repairs. Subsequently to this he wrote me a letter, which so well presented the claims of Washington College, that I read the whole of it while advocating them before the body of which I was a member. The origin of the claim of the college was this. General Washington, in consideration of his public services was presented with a number of shares of the valuable stock of the "Old James River Company." He declined to receive them except upon the condition that they should be applied to education purposes. Accordingly he transferred 100 shares of this to "Liberty Academy" in Lexington, Va., from which grew Washington College. The law, by which Washington College was greatly relieved, became such February 27, 1866, and was entitled "An act for the relief of colleges and other seminaries of learning." By it the arrearages of interest or dividends due from the State were to be paid in two installments. Soon after the passage of the bill, which I championed in the Senate, General Lee, with that courtesy which was characteristic of him, wrote me a letter thanking me for my services. As further evidence of his zeal for the educational interests of his college I will state that, representing his county and college in the Legislature, he wrote me as many as three letters urging me to get a portion for it of the land fund which the United States had donated to the States for educational purposes. I give a copy below of the original of one of them now in my possession:

LEXINGTON, VA., December 16, 1865.

Sir,—I commit to your charge a petition of Washington College to the Legislature of Virginia, and request that as the Senator from this district that you will present it to the Senate at the most favorable period. Should you concur with the Board of Trustees in its object, I hope you will advocate the passage of a bill to carry it into effect. Dr. Archibald Graham, from Rockbridge, has been requested to present the petition in the House of Delegates, and concert of action among the friends of the measure in the two bodies would be advan-

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tageous. I feel that I need suggest to you no argument in favor of the petition, as the accomplishment of the Board of Trustees would so clearly result in good to the State, and enable it at an early day to commence to reap the advantages of the grant of the general government. I hope you will agree with me in the opinion that a proper distribution of the fund will be the most advantageous way of applying it, and that Washington College offers opportunities at least equal to any other in the State, where the instruction desired to be taught can be made useful and profitable to the people.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

D. S. G. Cabell, of the Senate of Virginia, Richmond.

His letters, like those of Washington, are plain in diction, but clear, strong, and to the point. Each used language as a means not as an end. With regard to the land fund, to which Lee alludes, I made an endeavor to get the authorities of Washington to turn over Virginia's portion. In 1867 I was coolly told by the Commissioner of the general land that it was construed that West Virginia was in, but that Virginia was not in the Union. In the year just mentioned, I saw in my visits to Lexington a good deal of General Lee. I was told by citizens of Lexington that the order and discipline of his college was greatly improved by General Lee; that such was the respect and love for him of the students that they disliked above all things to be reported to him for misdemeanors, and when any were, he addressed their sense of honor and better nature, rather than their fears, with such effect that they rarely appeared before him again.

In a protracted conversation which I had with him in his own house, about August, 1867, he made no allusion to any of his own great achievements, but seemed rather to avoid topics relating to the late war. He said, however, in connection with the prostrated and impoverished condition of the South that "the best hopes of the country rest in the education of the rising generation." I use his precise language. The same just sentiment, though in other language, he expressed to me in a letter the previous year. Recent military campaigns in which Prussia was a successful party was a topic introduced by him in the conversation referred to. He attributed her military success to her thorough and admirable system of education, which, he said, was both civil and military and compulsory.

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LEE'S MANNERS.

General Grant, in his history of his campaigns, says that General Lee's manners were austere and that his soldiers were in awe of him. I consider this statement not correct. His soldiers had a profound respect, even reverence for him, but they all loved him. Several times at critical periods in battles, when Lee proposed to lead them, they refused to charge unless he retired to their rear. I saw him in the winter of 1864–'65, when riding along our breastworks, stop and shake hands with a plain private who was at work on them with his spade. The man told me he was remembered by Lee, who was formerly acquainted with him. I do not suppose that he looked cheerful and genial when he surrendered men who had stood by him during a four-years' war. It would have been discreditable to him if he had done so. There was no frigidness or austerity in his manners when I knew him. I had opportunity to meet him not only in his own house, but in that of others, and what specially struck me about him was the rare union of dignity and suavity. He rarely forgot any one whom he had ever known, and had the happy faculty of putting his guests at their ease. His manners were always those of a refined gentleman; in his own home they were perfectly charming, and on a number of occasions he showed that he was not destitute of humor. In Lexington, Virginia, which was his home as an educator for five years, he was beloved by all classes, even by the children, of this I had many ocular proofs.

LEE'S UNSELFISHNESS.

In the early part of 1867, I wrote to General Lee, inquiring whether he would permit the use of his name as a candidate for governor of Virginia, and urging reasons for it. He replied that he would not, because he thought at that time that his candidacy would be injurious to Virginia. I showed Lee's letter to Judge Robert Ould, ex-commissioner of exchange, and then my associate in the Senate. He immediately took from his desk a letter, recently received from Lee, in reply to an inquiry from him identical with mine and handed it to me. From its perusal I found he based his refusal to Ould on the same ground he did to me. A gentleman—at whose house, in Powhatan county, Va., General Lee stopped while returning from the surrender in Appomattox—told me Lee said to him that many would wonder why he did not make his escape before the surrender, when

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it was practicable, and gave as a reason why he did not that he was unwilling to separate his fate from men who had fought under him so long. When I recall my old commander, I think not in connection with him of ambitious Cæsar, of avaricious Marlborough, of selfish Bonaparte, but rather of the English Hampden and the American Washington, who resembled him in his rare moderation and in exalted virtue. The recent installation of a monument to Lee in Richmond city gives him just now special prominence. I therefore hope that these details, illustrative of particular phases of his character, may not be without interest to many.

DAVID S. G. CABELL.

ROBERT E. LEE.

BY JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[*North American Review.*]

Robert Edward Lee, gentleman, scholar, gallant soldier, great general, and true Christian, was born in Westmoreland county, Va., on January 19, 1807. He was the youngest son of General Henry Lee, who was familiarly known as "Light Horse Harry" in the traditions of the war of the Revolution, and who possessed the marked confidence and personal regard of General Washington.

R. E. Lee entered the United States Military Academy in the summer of 1825, after which my acquaintance with him commenced. He was, as I remember him, larger and looked more mature than the average "pleb," but less so than Mason, who was destined to be the head of his class. His soldierly bearing and excellent conduct caused him in due succession to rise through the several grades and to be the adjutant of the corps of cadets when he graduated. It is stated that he had not then a "demerit" mark standing against him, which is quite creditable if all "reports" against him had been cancelled because they were not for wanton or intentional delinquency. Though numerically rated second in his class his proficiency was such that he was assigned to the engineer corps, which for many years he adorned both as a military and civil engineer.

He was of the highest type of manly beauty, yet seemingly unconscious of it, and so respectful and unassuming as to make him a general favorite before his great powers had an opportunity for mani-

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festation. His mind led him to analytic, rather than perceptive methods of obtaining results.

From the date of his graduation in 1829 until 1846 he was engaged in various professional duties, and had by regular promotion attained to the grade of captain of engineers. As such he was assigned to duty with the command of Brigadier-General Wool in the campaign to Chihuahua. Thence the command proceeded to make a junction with General Z. Taylor in front of Buena Vista. Here Captain Lee was employed in the construction of the defensive work, when General Scott came, armed with discretionary orders, and took Lee for service in the column which Scott was to command, with much else that General Taylor could ill afford to spare. Subsequent events proved that the loss to General Taylor's army was more than compensated by the gain to the general cause.

Avoiding any encroachment upon the domain of history in entering upon a description of campaigns and battles, I cannot forbear from referring to a particular instance of Lee's gallantry and devotion to duty. Before the battle of Contreras General Scott's troops had become separated by the field of Pedregal, and it was necessary to communicate instructions to those on the other side of this barrier of rocks and lava. General Scott says in his report that he had sent seven officers since about sundown to communicate instructions; they had all returned without getting through, "but the gallant and indefatigable Captain Lee, of the engineers, who has been constantly with the operating forces, is just in from Shields, Smith, Cadwallader," etc. Subsequently General Scott, while giving testimony before a court of inquiry, said: "Captain Lee, engineers, came to me from a Contreras with a message from Brigadier-General Smith, I think, about the same time (midnight), he having passed over the difficult ground by daylight found it just possible to return to St. Augustine in the dark—the greatest feat of physical and moral courage performed by any individual, in my knowledge, in the pending campaign."

This field of Pedregal as described was impassable on horseback, and crossed with much difficulty by infantry in daylight. After consultation with the generals near to Contreras, it being decided that an attack must be made at daylight, Captain Lee, through storm and darkness, undertook—on foot and alone—to recross the Pedregal, so as to give General Scott the notice which would insure the co-operation of his divided forces in the morning's attack. This feat was well entitled to the commendation that General Scott bestowed upon it;

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but the highest praise belongs to Lee's inciting and sustaining motive—*duty*. To bear to the commanding general the needful information he dared and suffered for that which is the crowning glory of man—he offered himself for the welfare of others.

He went to Mexico with the rank of captain of engineers, and by gallantry and meritorious conduct rose to the rank of colonel in the army, commission by brevet. After his return he resumed his duties as an officer of the engineer corps. While employed in the construction of Fort Carroll, near Baltimore, an event occurred which illustrates his nice sentiment of honor. Some members of the Cuban Junta called upon him and offered him the command of an expedition to overthrow the Spanish control of the island. A very large sum of money was to be paid immediately upon his acceptance of their proposition, and a large sum thenceforward was to be paid monthly. Lee came to Washington to converse with me upon the subject. After a brief discussion of the military problem, he said it was not that he had come to consult me about—the question he was considering was whether while an officer in the United States army, and because of any reputation he might have acquired as such, he could accept a proposition for foreign service against a government with which the United States were at peace. The conclusion was his decision to decline any further correspondence with the Junta.

In 1852 Colonel Lee was made superintendent of the United States Military Academy—a position for which he seemed to be peculiarly fitted as well by his attainments as by his fondness for young people, his fine personal appearance, and impressive manners. When a year or two thereafter I visited the academy, and was surprised to see so many gray hairs on his head, he confessed that the cadets did exceedingly worry him, and then it was perceptible that his sympathy with young people was rather an impediment than a qualification for the superintendency.

In 1855 four new regiments were added to the army—two of cavalry and two of infantry. Captain Lee, of the engineers, brevet-colonel of the army, was offered the position of lieutenant-colonel of the Second regiment of cavalry, which he accepted. He was a bold, graceful horseman, and the son of Light-Horse Harry now seemed to be in his proper element; but the chief of engineers endeavored to persuade him that it was a descent to go from the engineer corps into the cavalry. Soon after the regiment was organized and assigned to duty in Texas, the colonel, Albert Sidney Johnston, was selected to command an expedition to Utah, and the command of

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the regiment and the protection of the frontier of Texas against Indian marauders devolved upon Colonel Lee. There, as in every position he had occupied, diligence, sound judgment, and soldierly endowment made his service successful. In 1859, being on leave of absence in Virginia, he was made available for the suppression of the John Brown raid. As soon as relieved from that special assignment he returned to his command in Texas, and on April 25, 1861, resigned from the United States army.

Then was his devotion to principle subjected to a crucial test, the severity of which can only be fully realized by a "West-Pointer" whose life has been spent in the army. That it was to sever the friendships of youth, to break up the habits of intercourse, of manners, and of thought, others may comprehend and estimate; but the sentiment most profound in the heart of the war-worn cadet, and which made the change most painful to Lee, he has partially expressed in the letters he wrote at the time to his beloved sister and and to his venerated friend and commander, General Winfield Scott.

Partizan malignants have not failed to misrepresent the conduct of Lee, even to the extent of charging him with treason and desertion; and unable to appreciate his sacrifice to the allegiance due to Virginia, they have blindly ascribed his action to selfish ambition. It has been erroneously asserted that he was educated at the expense of the General Government, and an attempt has been made then to deduce a special obligation to adhere to it.

The cadets of the United States Military Academy are apportioned among the States in proportion to the number of representatives they severally have in the Congress; that is, one for each congressional district, with ten additional for the country at large. The annual appropriations for the support of the army and navy include the commissioned, warrant, and non-commissioned officers, privates, seamen, etc., etc. The cadets and midshipmen are warrant officers, and while at the academies are receiving elementary instruction in and for the public service. At whose expense are they taught and supported? Surely at that of the people, they who pay the taxes and imposts to supply the Treasury with means to meet appropriations as well to pay generals and admirals as cadets and midshipmen. The cadet's obligation for his place and support was to the State, by virtue of whose distributive share he was appointed, and whose contributions supplied the United States Treasury; through the State, as a member of the Union, allegiance was due to it, and most usefully and nobly did Lee pay the debt both at home and abroad.

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No proposition could be more absurd than that he was prompted by selfish ambition to join the Confederacy. With a small part of his knowledge of the relative amount of material of war possessed by the North and South, any one must have seen that the chances of war were against us; but if thrice-armed Justice should enable the South to maintain her independence, as our fathers had done, notwithstanding the unequal contest, what selfish advantage could it bring Lee? If, as some among us yet expected, many hoped, and all wished, there should be a peaceful separation, he would have left behind him all he had gained by long and brilliant service, and could not leave in our small army greater rank than was proffered to him in the larger one he had left. If active hostilities were prosecuted, his large property would be so exposed as to incur serious injury, if not destruction. His mother, Virginia, had revoked the grants she had voluntarily made to the Federal Government, and asserted the State sovereignty and independence she had won from the mother-country by the war of the Revolution; and thus, it was regarded, the allegiance of her sons became wholly her own. Above the voice of his friends at Washington, advising and entreating him to stay with them, rose the cry of Virginia calling her sons to defend her against threatened invasion. Lee heeded this cry only—alone he rode forth, as he had crossed the Pedregal, his guiding star being duty, and offered his sword to Virginia. His offer was accepted, and he was appointed to the chief command of the forces of the State. Though his reception was most flattering, and the confidence manifested in him unlimited, his conduct was conspicuous for the modesty and moderation which had always been characteristic of him.

The South had been involved in war without having made due preparations for it. She was without a navy, without even a merchant marine commensurate with her wants during peace; without arsenals, armories, founderies, manufactories, or stores on hand to supply those wants. Lee exerted himself to the utmost to raise and organize troops in Virginia, and when the State joined the Confederacy he was invited to come to Montgomery and explain the condition of his command; but his engagements were so pressing that he sent his second officer, General J. E. Johnston, to furnish the desired information.

When the capital of the Confederacy was removed from Montgomery to Richmond, Lee, under the orders of the President, was charged with the general direction of army affairs. In this position the same pleasant relations which had always existed between them

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continued, and Lee's indefatigable attention to the details of the various commands was of much benefit to the public service. In the meantime disasters, confusion, and disagreement among the commands in western Virginia made it necessary to send there an officer of higher rank than any then on duty in that section. The service was disagreeable, toilsome, and in no wise promising to give distinction to a commander. Passing by all reference to others, suffice it to say that at last Lee was asked to go, and, not counting the cost, he unhesitatingly prepared to start. By concentrating the troops, and by a judicious selection of the position he compelled the enemy finally to retreat.

There is an incident in this campaign which has never been reported, save as it was orally given to me by General Lee, with a request that I should take no official notice of it. A strong division of the enemy was reported to be encamped in a valley, which one of the colonels said he had found by reconnoissance could readily be approached on one side, and he proposed with his regiment to surprise and attack. General Lee accepted his proposition, but told him that he himself would, in the meantime, with several regiments, ascend the mountain that overlooked the valley on the other side, and at dawn of day, on a morning fixed, the Colonel was to make his assault. His firing was to be the signal for a joint attack from three directions. During the night Lee made a toilsome ascent of the mountain and was in position at the time agreed upon. The valley was covered by a dense fog. Not hearing the signal, he went by a winding path down the side of the mountain and saw the enemy preparing breakfast and otherwise so engaged as to indicate that they were entirely ignorant of any danger. Lee returned to his own command, told them what he had seen, and though the expected signal had not been given by which the attacking regiment and another detachment were to engage in the assault, he proposed that the regiments then with him should surprise the camp, which he believed, under the circumstances, might successfuly be done. The colonels went to consult their men, and returned to inform that they were so cold, wet, and hungry, as to be unfit for the enterprise. The fog was then lifting, and it was necessary to attack immediately or to withdraw before being discovered by the much larger force in the valley. Lee therefore withdrew his small command and safely conducted them to his encampment.

The colonel who was to give the signal for the joint attack, misapprehending the purpose, reported that when he arrived upon the

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ground he found the encampment protected by a heavy abattis, which prevented him from making a sudden charge, as he had expected, not understanding that if he had fired his guns at any distance he would have secured the joint attack of the other detachments, and probably brought about an entire victory. Lee generously forebore to exonerate himself when the newspapers in Richmond criticised him severely, one denying him any other consideration except that which he enjoyed as "the President's pet."

It was an embarrassment to the Executive to be deprived of the advice of General Lee, but it was deemed necessary again to detach him to look after affairs on the coast of Carolina and Georgia, and so violent had been the unmerited attacks upon him by the Richmond press that it was thought proper to give him a letter to the Governor of South Carolina, stating what manner of man had been sent to him. There his skill as an engineer was manifested in the defences he constructed and devised. On his return to Richmond he resumed his functions of general supervisor of military affairs.

In the spring of 1862 Bishop Meade lay dangerously ill. This venerable ecclesiastic had taught General Lee his catechism when a boy, and when he was announced to the Bishop the latter asked to have him shown in immediately. He answered Lee's inquiry as to how he felt by saying: "Nearly gone, but I wished to see you once more," and then in a feeble voice added: "God bless you, Robert, and fit you for your high and responsible duties!" The great soldier stood reverently by the bed of his early preceptor in Christianity, but the saintly patriot saw beyond the hero the pious boy to whom he had taught the catechism; first he gave his dying blessing to Robert, and then, struggling against exhaustion, invoked Heaven's guidance for the General.

After the battle of Seven Pines Lee was assigned to the command to the army of Virginia. Thus far his duties had been of a kind to confer a great benefit, but to be unseen and unappreciated by the public. Now he had an opportunity for the employment of his remarkable power of generalization while attending to the minutest details. The public saw manifestation of the first, but could not estimate the extent to which the great results achieved were due to the exact order, systematic economy, and regularity begotten of his personal attention to the proper adjustment of even the smallest part of that mighty machine, a well-organized, disciplined army. His early instructor, in a published letter, seemed to regard the boy's labor of finishing a drawing on a slate as an excess of care. Was it so? No

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doubt, so far as the particular task was concerned; but this seedling is to be judged by the fruit the tree bore. That little drawing on the slate was the prototype of the exact investigations which crowned with success his labors as a civil and military engineer as well as a commander of armies. May it not have been, not only by endowment but also from these early efforts that his mind became so rounded, systematic, and complete that his notes written on the battle-field and in the saddle had the precision of form and lucidity of expression found in those written in the quiet of his tent? These incidents are related, not because of their intrinsic importance, but as presenting an example for the emulation of youths whose admiration of Lee may induce them to follow the toilsome methods by which he attained to true greatness and enduring fame.

In the early days of June, 1862, General McClellan threatened the capital, Richmond, with an army numerically much superior to that to the command of which Lee had been assigned. A day or two after he had joined the army I was riding to the front, and saw a number of horses hitched in front of a house, and among them recognized General Lee's. Upon dismounting and going in, I found some general officers engaged in consultation with him as to how McClellan's advance could be checked, and one of them commenced to explain the disparity of force and with pencil and paper to show how the enemy could throw out his boyaus and by successive parallels make his approach irresistible. "Stop, stop," said Lee, "if you go to ciphering we are whipped beforehand." He ordered the construction of earthworks, put guns in a position for a defensive line on the south side of the Chickahominy, and then commenced the strategic movement which was the inception of the seven days' battles, ending in uncovering the capital and driving the enemy to the cover of his gunboats in the James river.

There was never a greater mistake than that which was attributed to General Lee what General Charles Lee, in his reply to General Washington, called the "rascally virtue." I have had occasion to remonstrate with General Lee for exposing himself, as I thought, unnecessarily in reconnoissance, but he justified himself by saying he "could not understand things so well unless he saw them." In the excitement of battle his natural combativeness would sometimes overcome his habitual self-control; thus it twice occurred in the campaign against Grant that the men seized his bridle to restrain him from his purpose to lead them in a charge.

He was always careful not to wound the sensibilities of any one, and

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sometimes with an exterior jest or compliment, would give what, if properly appreciated, was instruction for the better performance of some duty : for example, if he thought a general officer was not visiting his command as early and as often as was desirable, he might admire his horse and suggest that the animal would be improved by more exercise.

He was not of the grave, formal nature that he seemed to some who only knew him when sad realities cast dark shadows upon him ; but even then the humor natural to him would occasionally break out. For instance, General Lee called at my office for a ride to the defence of Richmond, then under construction. He was mounted on a stallion which some kind friend had recently sent him. As I mounted my horse, his was restive and kicked at mine. We rode on quietly together, though Lee was watchful to keep his horse in order. Passing by an encampment, we saw near a tent two stallions tied at a safe distance from one another. "There," said he, "is a man worse off than I am." When asked to explain, he said : "Don't you see, he has two stallions? I have but one."

His habits had always been rigidly temperate, and his fare in camp was of the simplest. I remember on one battle-field riding past where he and his staff were taking their luncheon. He invited me to share it, and when I dismounted for the purpose, it proved to have consisted only of bacon and corn-bread. The bacon had all been eaten, and there were only some crusts of corn-bread left, which, however, having been saturated with the bacon gravy, were in those hard times altogether acceptable, as General Lee was assured, in order to silence his regrets.

While he was on duty in South Carolina and Georgia, Lee's youngest son, Robert, then a mere boy, left school and came down to Richmond, announcing his purpose to go into the army. His older brother, Custis, was a member of my staff, and after a conference we agreed that it was useless to send the boy back to school, and that he probably would not wait in Richmond for the return of his father, so we selected a battery, which had been organized in Richmond, and sent Robert to join it. General Lee told me that at the battle of Sharpsburg this battery suffered so much that it had to be withdrawn for repairs and some fresh horses, but as he had no troops even to form a reserve, as soon as the battery could be made useful it was ordered forward. He said that as it passed him, a boy, mounted as a driver of one of the guns, much stained with powder, said : "Are you going to put us in again, General?" After reply-

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ing to him in the affirmative he was struck by the voice of the boy, and asked him "Whose son are you?" To which he answered, "I am Robbie," whereupon his father said, "God bless you, my son, you must go in."

When General Lee was in camp near Richmond his friends frequently sent him something to improve his mess-table. A lady, noted for the very good bread she made, had frequently favored him with some. One day, as we were riding through the street, she was standing in her front door and bowed to us. The salutation was, of course, returned. After we had passed he asked me who she was. I told him she was the lady who sent him such good bread. He was very sorry he had not known it, but to go back would prove that he had not recognized her as he should have done. His habitual avoidance of any seeming harshness, which caused him sometimes, instead of giving a command, to make a suggestion, was probably a defect. I believe that he had in this manner indicated that supplies were to be deposited for him at Amelia Courthouse, but the testimony of General Breckenridge, Secretary of War, of General St. John, Commissary General, and Lewis Harvie, President of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, conclusively proves that no such requisition was made upon either of the persons who should have received it; and, further, that there were supplies both at Danville and Richmond which could have been sent to Amelia Courthouse if information had been received that they were wanted there.

Much has been written in regard to the failure to occupy the Round Top at Gettysburg early in the morning of the second day's battle, to which failure the best judgment attributes our want of entire success in that battle. Whether this was due to the order not being sufficiently positive or not, I will leave to the historians who are discussing that important event. I have said that Lee's natural temper was combative, and to this may be ascribed his attack on the third day at Gettysburg, when the opportunity had not been seized which his genius saw was the gate to victory. It was this last attack to which I have thought he referred when he said it was all his fault, thereby sparing others from whatever blame was due for what had previously occurred.

After the close of the war, while I was in prison and Lee was on parole, we were both indicted on a charge of treason; but, in hot haste to get in their work, the indictment was drawn with the fatal omission of an overt act. General Grant interposed in the case of General Lee, on the ground that he had taken his parole and that he

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was, therefore, not subject to arrest. Another grand jury was summoned and a bill was presented against me alone and amended by inserting specifications of overt acts. General Lee was summoned as a witness before that grand jury, the object being to prove by him that I was responsible for certain things done by him during the war. I was in Richmond, having been released by virtue of the writ of *habeas corpus.* General Lee met me very soon after having given his testimony before the grand jury, and told me that to the inquiry whether he had not, in the specified cases, acted under my orders, he said that he had always consulted me when he had the opportunity, both on the field and elsewhere; that after discussion, if not before, we had always agreed, and therefore he had done with my consent and approval only what he might have done if he had not consulted me, and that he accepted the full responsibility for his acts. He said he had endeavored to present the matter as distinctly as he could, and looked up to see what effect he was producing upon the grand jury. Immediately before him sat a big black negro, whose head had fallen back on the rail of the bench he sat on; his mouth was wide open, and he was fast asleep. General Lee pleasantly added that, if he had had any vanity as an orator, it would have received a rude check.

The evident purpose was to offer to Lee a chance to escape by transferring to me the responsibility for overt acts. Not only to repel the suggestion, but unequivocally to avow his individual responsibility, with all that, under existing circumstances, was implied in this, was the highest reach of moral courage and gentlemanly pride. Those circumstances were exceptionally perilous to him. He had been indicted for treason; the United States President had vindictively threatened to make treason odious; the dregs of society had been thrown to the surface; judicial seats were held by political adventurers; the United States judge of the Virginia district had answered to a committee of Congress that he could pack a jury so as to convict Davis or Lee—and it was under such surroundings that he met the grand jury and testified as stated above. Arbitrary power might pervert justice and trample on right, but could not turn the knightly Lee from the path of honor and truth.

Descended from a long line of illustrious warriors and statesmen, Robert Edward Lee added new glory to the name he bore, and, whether measured by a martial or an intellectual standard, will compare favorably with those whose reputation it devolved upon him to sustain and emulate.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

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ROBERT E. LEE.

THE ESTIMATE OF THE SOUTHERN LEADER BY A CANADIAN.

The *Week*, of Canada, contains the following interesting article by T. E. Moberly on Robert E. Lee, suggested by the unveiling of his statue at Richmond:

On the 29th of May, at Richmond, Virginia, the French sculptor Mercie's equestrian statue of the immortal Lee was unveiled. The world needs no monument to perpetuate the unfading memory of this gentle, noble, gifted man. So long as this Northern continent endures, the name, the genius, and the character of Lee shall wield their potent sway upon the mind of man, and long after his puny detractors have crumbled into the dust, and avenging time has blotted out their names and memories from the records of the past—in each succeeding age the human heart will on such occasions respond to the sentiment of the poet:

"The heart ran o'er with silent worship of the great of old!
The dead, but sceptered, sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns,"

and pay its meed of homage to Robert E. Lee.

The motive which led Lee to share the fortunes of his mother State, Virginia, in the tremendous struggle between North and South was the great principle of State as opposed to Federal sovereignty—a principle which had been rocked in the cradle of the Republic and espoused by some of her greatest statesmen, such as Madison and Jefferson. The legal conflicts between Ontario and Canada are more than an object lesson to Canadians, to prove that the seeds of this apple of discord are being already rooted in our land. There is no need of dwelling on the varied fortunes of the great war which, a quarter of a century ago, convulsed the contending States. Suffice it to say, that the brilliant genius of the great Captain of the South, backed by the indomitable bravery and tried efficiency of his armies, put a tremendous strain upon the vast resources in men and money of the North. And it was only when the absolute want of food, clothing, and other munitions of war made it imperative, that Lee issued the historic order to his army:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

"*Appomattox Courthouse, April 10, 1865.*

("GENERAL ORDERS NO. 9.)

"After four years' arduous service, marked by unsurpassed

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courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

"I need not tell the survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss which would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God may extend to you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

"ROBERT E. LEE, *General.*"

In this sublime and pathetic epistle is vividly portrayed a lofty and intrepid spirit, softened by an almost womanly tenderness, and sanctified by the most exalted Christian principle.

This ended Lee's masterly defense of the South during four of the most memorable years of modern warfare. As to the merits of his operations it will suffice to refer to the opinion of the military critics and writers of Germany, of whom it has been said that, "having examined minutely the campaigns of Lee, they unite in the following judgment: Despite its adverse issue, the four years' conduct of the war by Lee is the ablest that ever a war of defense has exhibited, with the exception of the 'Seven Years' defensive war which Frederick the Great conducted in Saxony and Silesia.'" Thus, Lee is, by the most competent judges, calmly ranked with their national hero, Frederick, one of the most consummate captains the world has ever seen.

In reading the references to Lee in many United States papers, and the blatant and bombastic harangue of Mr. Senator Ingalls at the Gettysburg memorial services on the 30th ult., one cannot help re-echoing Cicero's lament—"O! tempora, O! mores." Did they but know it, such writers and speakers are rending afresh a well-healed wound, and exposing themselves and their country to the merited contempt of every right-thinking, magnanimous nation upon earth. The seed of exalted patriotism, however, does not germinate in the breast of the petty politician. If this is all the forbearance

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and wisdom that twenty-five long years of peace have fostered in the Republican press and Senate of the North towards their white fellow-countrymen of the South, and bearing in mind the negro, Mormon and Irish questions, the future of the United States may well seem problematical.

Let me present to Lee's aspersers, in the hope that they may catch —though a long way off—a portion of his spirit, the calm, dignified, and patriotic "open letter" written by him, after the close of hostilities to Governor Letcher, the war Governor of Virginia. It is as follows: "The questions which for years were in dispute between the State and general Government, and which, unhappily, were not decided by the dictates of reason, but referred to the decision of war, having been decided against us, it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result and of candor to recognize the fact.

"The interests of the State are, therefore, the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall, with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain, if possible, in the country—promote harmony and good feeling, qualify themselves to vote and elect to the State and general Legislatures wise and patriotic men, who will devote their abilities to the interests of the country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavored to practice it myself."

In referring to the Northern press, all honor should be paid to the New York *Times*, for the pure, manly and patriotic tone of its reference to Lee, in its issue of May 30. There are also some other honorable exceptions.

Of the monument, but little can be said in its praise. The pedestal is pretty, but that is all. If you conceal the body of the horse and its rider, you might readily think that the legs were those of a cow. After having considered the admirable and comprehensive conception and spirited design of the Canadian sculptor, Mr. Gilbert Frith, for the Lee monument, one is amazed at the choice that was made.

Lee's retirement to the comparative obscurity of an humble citizen, and the self-supporting labor of a teacher of youth, when he might have lived in luxury and been pampered and idolized abroad, was in keeping with the general tenor of his life. How like the Roman Cincinnatus, who, having rendered signal service to the Roman arms

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and State, returned to his farm to plow! Of Lee's personal presence Sir Garnet Wolseley and Lieutenant-Colonel G. T. Denison have said, "that he, more than any other man they had ever met, impressed them with human greatness."

Many years ago a writer in the Illustrated London *News* thus described the charm of Lee's presence: "If a number of men were seated in a circle, Lee being one of them, and a little child were placed in their midst, after looking round the circle, it would be sure to go to Lee." Canadians may well be proud of having been born upon the Continent which produced so great a man. With what sublime appropriateness could Robert E. Lee at his life's close have repeated the memorable words of Horace:

> "Exegi monumentum aere perennius
> Regailque situ pyramidium altius,
> Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere aut innumerabilis
> Annorum series et fuga temporum."

Lee's private and public character has extorted even from his detractors unwonted praise. In him were combined in exquisite proportion many of the choicest gifts and graces of heart, of mind, of body. With sweet and simple dignity he trod the pathway of domestic life—loving, and beloved by all. With rare unselfish modesty he took upon his titan shoulders the crushing burdens of his comrades' errors without a murmur or complaint. In him humility and greatness walked hand in hand, and from his life there fell with pure and steadfast lustre the offshining of that "true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The contemplation of the life and personality of this great and gentle man recalls the words of Wordsworth:

> "Soft is the music that would charm forever.
> The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly."

Itinerary of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry.

March 27th–April 9th, 1865.

[The following memorandum is from among a mass of army papers left by the late gallant Colonel William Beverley Wooldridge, and presented by his widow to the Southern Historical Society. He entered

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the service as first lieutenant of Company B (Chesterfield Troop) of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, and became by successive promotions its colonel. He lost a leg at Spotsylvania Court House, but rejoined his loved command as soon as his wound healed. At the time of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia he was in command of Fitz Lee's old brigade.

It is authoritatively stated that a commission of brigadier-general for Colonel Wooldridge had been filled, and was about to be transmitted to him from the Adjutant General's Office when General Lee surrendered. Although a majority of the 4th Virginia Cavalry was surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse, as stated herewith, Colonel Wooldridge was not paroled until sometime afterwards, being with the force of the resolute Munford near Lynchburg. Munford and Rosser, commanding divisions, having succeeded in cutting their way through the lines of Federal army, immediately made arrangements to continue the struggle. A printed order issued by Munford at Lynchburg, Va., April 21, 1865, glows with the undying spirit of resistance. The capitulation of General Johnston could only convince him of the futility of further resistance.]

Monday, March 27th. Left Mechanicsville; camped for the night in Chesterfield county between Richmond and Petersburg.

Tuesday, March 28th. Went to Dinwiddie county, and camped for the night at Sutherland's Tavern.

Wednesday, March 29th. Laid in line of battle near Hatcher's creek, Payne's Brigade fighting, we supporting him; camped for the night near Hatcher's creek.

Thursday, March 30th. Moved towards Five Forks; Pickett's division and cavalry drove enemy back. While driving him back night overtook us; we came back a short distance and went into camp.

Friday, March 31st. Attacked by enemy next morning. Pickett's division and cavalry driven by enemy at Five Forks; camped for the night at —— Station on Southside Railroad.

Saturday, April 1st. Enemy pressing us all day, especially in the afternoon; succeeded in checking him at Mulberry Inn, near the line of Amelia and Dinwiddie counties; remained in breastworks here all night. Enemy charged in several times—repulsed.

Sunday, April 2d. We left about daybreak; went three or four miles and remained until about 10 o'clock A. M. Enemy appeared, drove in picket, closely pressed us to Bevil's bridge on Appomattox river; camped for the night near Bevil's bridge.

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Monday, April 3d. Remained in line of battle all day; no fighting; camped within a few miles of Amelia Courthouse.

Tuesday, April 4th. Met with General Lee's army at Amelia Courthouse; hurried to the front; attacked the enemy while burning wagon train; drove him beyond Amelia Springs; killed, wounded and captured many of the enemy; came back and encamped at Amelia Springs.

Wednesday, April 5th. We left Amelia Springs; in line of battle near High Bridge all night; fell back just before sunrise.

Thursday, April 6th. Killed General Reid and captured his brigade near High Bridge; lost Boston and Dearing. Laid in breastworks not far from High Bridge all night.

Friday, April 7th. Left High Bridge, fighting every step, falling back, closely pressed by the enemy, until we got three or four miles above Farmville; went forward and attacked enemy, burning wagon train; took General Gregg prisoner late in afternoon; went into camp at —— cross-roads, seven or eight miles above Farmville.

Saturday April 8th. Enemy closely pressed us until we got to new store in Buckingham county; we then marched on and encamped near Appomattox Courthouse.

Sunday April 9th. Went early in the morning to Appomattox Courthouse and surrendered.

Prisoners of the Civil War.

PROFESSOR DABNEY VS. "THE NATION"—TESTIMONY OF A GERMAN.

To the Editor of The Times: [Feb. 12, 1890.]

Sir,—It has long been the habit of *The Nation* to pat the South on the back, and, while giving her people much paternal admonition on the subject of duels, street fights, and the like, to encourage them to hope that if they will diligently read *The Nation*, a civilization quite passable (considering the great barbarism and iniquity of their past history) may at length arise in the South. This complacent condescension has been mistaken by many for fairness and impartiality, among whom, however, the present writer is not one. For years he has seen through the gauzy pretence of judicial calmness, and now presents to *The Times* a typical instance of this pretence. In reply to *The Nation's* article of January 30th, on "The Prisons of the

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Civil War," I wrote the following letter to the editor, which he declines to publish, telling me that he thinks I will, "on reflection, see the inadvisability of a controversy" on the subject. He himself—he writes me—has discussed the matter "dispassionately," and, of course, there is no need for any further discussion. The almost five columns in which he tells his readers of the "unspeakable horrors of Andersonville," of the "millions of flies," which "deposited their maggots on the gangrenous wounds of the living, and in the mouths of the dead," are, of course, sufficient; and a "controversy" could, he says, "conduce to no good end." Let there be no controversy. To hear one side of a question is enough. *The Nation* has spoken. Its editor is in his holy sanctum. Let all the earth keep silence before him.

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir,—As I have not personally investigated the history of prisons during the civil war, I shall not venture to express in this letter any opinion of my own concerning the relative humanity of North and South in the treatment of prisoners; but, as you state in your editorial of last week that the diet at Johnson's Island was "exceptionally abundant and varied," I wish to call the attention of your readers to certain evidence to the contrary, which I have heard.

After reading your article I went to a gentleman whose brother, a Confederate lieutenant, died after leaving Johnson's Island, from the effects of hardships suffered at that place, and asked him whether his brother had found the food "exceptionally abundant and varied." Briefly stated, the lieutenant's account was as follows: The food, though usually satisfactory as to quality, was not always so, as may be inferred from the fact that, in order to have a better Christmas dinner than was furnished him, he made soup out of some fish-skins which he had raked out of a gutter. As to the abundance, he heard the commandant of the prison, whom he praised highly for his kindness, say that he was *well aware that the prisoners did not have enough to eat*, but that he was *under strict orders not to give them any more.* Delicacies were sent him by New York and Louisville ladies, but were intercepted by the guards or other persons and never reached him. Moreover, in that bitterly cold climate, he was not allowed a blanket to cover himself at night until after Christmas.

I am well acquainted with a Confederate captain now living in Richmond, a perfect Hercules in physique, who (if I remember rightly) weighed fifty pounds less upon leaving Johnson's Island than when he entered its prison walls.

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And now let me quote from "Land and Leute in den Vereinigten Staaten" (Leipzig, 1886), a work by Ernst Hohenwart (possibly a pseudonym), a German who spent nearly thirty years in the United States, and who fought as an officer in the Northern army. I shall italicize certain important phrases:

"Much has been said of the cruel treatment of Northern soldiers in Southern prisons. Having myself been a prisoner in the South for more than thirteen months, and having been afterwards stationed with my regiment at a place where more than 25,000 Southern soldiers were confined, I think I have a right to an opinion as to the relative treatment of prisoners in the North and South.

"It is true that the Southerners treated their prisoners much less well than the Northerners, *for the simple reason that they had not the means* to treat them better, and often, especially towards the end of the war, *themselves suffered from want.*

"The South wished to permit the officers, according to European custom, to live in town on parole and half pay. I myself and other officers lived for some months in Raleigh, and were granted much freedom of movement, but *the North treated Southern officers like common soldiers*, and the South afterwards did the same. *So long as they were able they gave us good rations*, afterwards very often spoilt bacon, cured with wood-ashes—they were short of salt—or beef cured with saltpetre, or fresh horse meat; a pound of bread a day being added, and sometimes a handful of beans or rice. During the winter we were unable to buy anything additional, but as soon as summer came, country people brought us provisions, which we were permitted to buy. *The fare of our guards was not much better than our own.*

"*Of intentional cruelty I saw nothing*, but on the contrary, always found both officers and men very friendly and obliging, and most willing to alleviate our lot. When requested to bring us tobacco or other articles from town, they were always glad to do so, and *I never heard of a single instance in which such a request was refused.*

"The horrors of Andersonville are not to be denied, but that was an exception—the cruel policy adopted by the Southern government to compel the North to exchange prisoners, *which the North refused to do*," etc.

Since writing the above I have seen another gentleman, who tells me that he knows a number of Confederates who "varied" their "abundant" diet at Johnson's Island with the flesh of rats, an article

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of food which was also enjoyed by the lieutenant whom I mentioned in the first part of my letter.

R. H. DABNEY.

University of Virginia, February 2, 1890.

The above letter, as you see, contains nothing polemical or one-sided on my part. I have, in fact, refrained from the expression of any opinion whatever, confining myself to quoting the opinions of others. The testimony is certainly worthy of notice, but *The Nation* wishes to suppress it, and I, therefore, appeal to *The Times* for a hearing.*

R. H. DABNEY.

University of Virginia, February 9, 1890.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

In this connection the remarks on the subject made by Senator Daniel in his oration on January 25th will be of interest to recall. Senator Daniel said :

He would have turned with loathing from misuse of a prisoner, for there was no characteristic of Jefferson Davis more marked than his regard for the weak, the helpless, and the captive. By act of the Confederate Congress, and by general orders, the same rations served to the Confederates were issued to the prisoners, though taken from a starving army and people.

Brutal and base was the effort to stigmatize him as a conspirator to maltreat prisoners, but better for him that it was made, for while he was himself yet in prison the evidences of his humanity were so overwhelming that finally slander stood abashed and malignity recoiled.

Even at Andersonville, where the hot summer sun was of course disastrous to men of the Northern clime, well nigh as many of their guard died as of them.

With 60,000 more Federal prisoners in the South than there were Confederate prisoners in the North, 6,000 more Confederates than Federals died in prison. A cyclone of rhetoric cannot shake this mountain of fact, and these facts are alike immovable :

1. He tried to get the prisoners exchanged by the cartel agreed upon, but as soon as an excess of prisoners was in Federal hands this was refused.

* The Editor has received like information from a friend who was several months in prison.

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2. A delegation of the prisoners themselves was sent to Washington to represent the situation and the plea of humanity for exchange.

3. Vice President Stephens was sent to see President Lincoln by President Davis and urge exchange, in order "to restrict the calamities of war;" but he was denied audience.

4. Twice—in January, 1864, and in January, 1865—President Davis proposed through Commissioner Ould that each side should send surgeons, and allow money, food, clothing, and medicines to be sent to prisoners, but no answer came.

5. Unable to get medicines in the Confederacy, offer was made to buy them from the United States for the sole use of Federal prisoners. No answer was made.

6. Then offer was made to deliver the sick and wounded without any equivalent in exchange. There was no reply for months.

7. Finally, and as soon as the United States would receive them, thousands of both sick and well were delivered without exchange.

The record leaves no doubt as to the responsibility for refusal to exchange. General Grant assumed it, saying in his letter of August 18, 1864: "It is hard on our men in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchanges which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time to release all rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our own safety here."

Alexander H. Stephens declared that the effort to fix odium on President Davis constituted "one of the boldest and baldest attempted outrages upon the truth of history which has ever been essayed."

Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, formerly Assistant Secretary of War, nobly vindicated President Davis while he lived, declared him "altogether acquitted" of the charge, and said of him dead: "A majestic soul has passed."

When General Lee congratulated his army on the victories of Richmond, he said to them: "Your humanity to the wounded and the prisoners was the fit and crowning glory of your valor." And could that army now march by, they would lift those laurels from their bayonets and throw them upon the grave of the Confederate President.

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ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

TESTIMONY OF DR. ISAIAH H. WHITE, LATE SURGEON CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY, AS TO THE TREATMENT OF PRISONERS THERE.

[*Richmond Times*, August 7, 1890,]

Recently several articles have appeared in leading magazines and journals in the country agitating the treatment of prisoners at Andersonville and other Southern prisons during the late war between the States.

In order that the true condition of this subject might be learned, a reporter for *The Times* called upon Dr. Isaiah H. White yesterday, who was chief surgeon of military prisoners east of the Mississippi during those days, and his headquarters were for a time at Andersonville.

As evidence of the efficiency of Dr. Isaiah H. White in the position which he held the "Medical and Surgical History of the War of the Rebellion," in referring to one of his sanitary reports, says: "The following extract shows him neither insensible to the suffering around him nor ignorant of the cause."

DR. WHITE'S POSITION.

"The papers published by the committee of the House of Representatives show that Dr. Isaiah H. White, surgeon in charge of the prison camp, repeatedly called the attention of his superiors to the condition of the prisoners, appealing for medical and hospital supplies, additional medical officers, and adequate supply of cooking utensils, hospital tents, &c. The medical profession owes a debt of gratitude to this gentleman and his colleagues in their labors for the unfortunate men confined at Andersonville."

FACTS FROM KNOWLEDGE.

When asked to give his knowledge of the facts connected with the reports of the inhuman treatment of Federal prisoners by Confederate authorities, Dr. White said: "It is not easy to see what purpose is served by the publication of these articles. Under circumstances like those of the civil war, the remembrance is painful."

SADDEST EPISODE.

It was the saddest of its episodes not to be willingly recalled either

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by the North or South. If its history is to be written, however, it is better for it to be based upon facts than fiction.

"It is a well-known fact," said Dr. White, "that the Confederate authorities used every means in their power to secure the exchange of prisoners, but it was the policy of the United States Government to prevent it, as is well shown by a letter of General Grant to General Butler, dated August the 18th, 1864, in which he said:

'It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole or otherwise, becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught they amount to no more than dead men.

'At this particular time to release all rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat and would compromise our safety here.'

"This policy," continued the Doctor, "not only kept our men out of the field, but threw upon our impoverished commissariat the feeding of a large number of prisoners."

TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

In refutation of the charge that prisoners were starved, let it be noted that the Confederate Congress in May, 1861, passed a bill providing that the rations furnished to prisoners of war should be the same in quantity and quality as those issued to the enlisted men in the army of the Confederacy. And the prisoners at Andersonville received the same rations that were furnished the Confederate guard. That this was sometimes scant, every old rebel in the field can testify. But this was due to our poverty.

MORTALITY.

"According to the report of Secretary of War Stanton, the number of Federal prisoners who died in Confederate prisons is 22,576, and according to the same authority the number of Confederate prisoners who died in Northern prisons is 26,436. According to the report of Surgeon-General Barnes the number of Confederates held in Northern prisons during the war was 220,000, and the number of Federal prisoners held in Confederate prisons was 270,000."

"It is to be observed that in all of the calculations of mortality

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made by the writers of these articles the figures relate to Andersonville, which was acknowledged the most unhealthy of any of our prisons, and yet the mortality rate will compare favorably with that of Alton, Ill., which was 509,4 annually per thousand."

CAMP AT ANDERSONVILLE.

The camp at Andersonville was established on a naturally healthy site in the highlands of Sumpter county, Georgia. The officers sent to locate this prison were instructed to prepare a camp for the reception of ten thousand prisoners. For this purpose twenty-seven acres, consisting of the northern and southern exposures of two rising grounds, between which ran a stream from west to east, was selected. In August, 1864, nearly thirty-three thousand prisoners were crowded together in this area, in consequence of the refusal of the United States Government to exchange prisoners, we having no other prison to which to send them at that time.

CAUSE OF DISEASE.

The sudden aggregation of these men at a camp unprepared for their reception, originally designed for only ten thousand men, developed many unsanitary conditions, which combined with pre-existing causes, evolving sickness and stamping it with a greater virulence. The most prominent of these were : The men came from a higher latitude and unaccustomed to a Southern climate in the most unhealthy season of the year, August. The temporary detective police of the camp, and the insufficient protection in quarters, and the bread ration, consisting of corn-meal used largely in the South, to which they were unaccustomed, contributed to the spread of diarrhœa and dysentery, which was the cause of eighty-six per cent. of the entire number of deaths. But the evil influences exercised by the camp conditions and diet would not have been followed by the same mortality had the same ground and shelters been crowded to the same extent with well-disciplined troops waiting for the opening of a campaign.

BROKEN DOWN PHYSICALLY.

These men on their arrival were broken down physically by previous hardships, hurried marches, want of sleep, deficient rations, and exposures in all kinds of weather, by night and by day that precede and attend the hostile meeting of armies. The prisoners seldom

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carried from the fields a sufficiency of clothing and blankets to protect them from weather changes. The depression of spirit consequent on defeat and capture, the home-sickness of the prisoners, and the despondency caused by the thought that they had been left by their own Government in the hands of the enemy with no prospect of exchange, conspired to render every cause of disease more potent in its action, and were the main factors in the production of disease and death.

"How were you off for medical supplies, Doctor?" asked the reporter.

"We were sadly deficient in medicines, the United States Government having declared medicines contraband of war, and by the blockade prohibiting us from getting them abroad, we were thrown largely on the use of indigenous remedies."

GRANT'S TESTIMONY.

The following testimony of General Grant may be of interest. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, February 11th, 1865, General Grant's answers were as follows:

Question. It has been said that we refused to exchange prisoners because we found ours starved, diseased, unserviceable when we received them, and did not like to exchange sound men for such men.

Answer. There never has been any such reason as that. That has been a reason for making exchanges. I will confess that if our men who are prisoners in the South were really well taken care of, suffering nothing except a little privation of liberty, then, in a military point of view, it would not be good policy for us to exchange, because every man they get back is forced right into the army at once, while that is not the case with our prisoners when we receive them. In fact, the half of our returned prisoners will never go into the army again, and none of them will until after they have had a furlough of thirty or sixty days. Still the fact of their suffering as they do is a reason for making this exchange as rapidly as possible.

Question. And never has been a reason for not making the exchange?

Answer. It never has. Exchanges having been suspended by reason of disagreements on the part of agents of exchange on both sides before I came in command of the armies of the United States, and it being near the opening of the spring campaign I did not deem it advisable or just to the men who had to fight our battles to

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reinforce the enemy with thirty or forty thousand disciplined troops at that time. An immediate resumption of exchanges would have had that effect without giving us corresponding benefits. The suffering said to exist among our prisoners South was a powerful argument against the course pursued, and I so felt it.

HILL TO BLAINE.

During the amnesty debate in the House of Representatives in 1876, Hill, of Georgia, replying to statements of Blaine, discussed the history of the exchange of prisoners, dwelling on the fact that the cartel which was established in 1862 was interrupted in 1863, and that the Federal authorities refused to continue the exchange of prisoners. "The next effort," he said, "in the same direction was made in January, 1864, when Robert Ould, Confederate agent of exchange, wrote to the Federal agent of exchange, proposing, in view of the difficulties attending the release of prisoners, that the surgeons of the army on each side be allowed to attend their own soldiers while prisoners in the hands of the enemy, and should have charge of their nursing and medicine and provisions; which proposition was also rejected."

Continuing, Mr. Hill said: "In August, 1864, there were two more propositions. The cartel of exchange had been broken by the Federals under certain pretences, and the prisoners were accumulating on both sides to such an extent that Mr. Ould made another proposition to waive every objection and to agree to whatever terms the Federal Government would demand, and to renew the exchange of prisoners, man for man, and officer for officer, just as the Federal Government might prescribe. That proposition was also rejected. In the same month, August, 1864, finding that the Federal Government would neither exchange prisoners nor agree to sending surgeons to the prisoners on each side, the Confederate Government officially proposed, in August, 1864, that if the Federal Government would send steamers and transports to Savannah, the Confederate Government would return the sick and wounded prisoners on its hands without an equivalent. That proposition, which was communicated to the Federal authorities in August, 1864, was not answered until December, 1864, when some ships were sent to Savannah. The record will show that the chief suffering, the chief mortality at Andersonville, was between August and December, 1864. We sought to allay that suffering by asking you to take your prisoners off our hands without equivalent, and without asking you to return a man for them, and you refused."

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Mr. Hill quoted a series of resolutions passed by the Federal prisoners at Andersonville in 1864, September 28th, in which all due praise is given the Confederate Government for the attention paid them, and in which it was said that the sufferings which they endured were not caused intentionally by the Confederate Government, but by the force of circumstances. Commenting, Mr. Hill said: "Brave men are always honest, and true soldiers never slander; I would believe the statement of those gallant soldiers at Andersonville, as contained in those resolutions, in preference to the whole tribe of Republican politicians."

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

Twenty Thousand Confederate Dead in Blandford Cemetery.

UNVEILING BY MISS HILL.

The Ceremonies on Monday—The Monument—History of the Ladies' Association—How they Succeeded.

[*Richmond Dispatch*, June 8, 1890.]

PETERSBURG, VA., *June 7, 1890.*

Nearly twenty thousand Confederate soldiers are buried in Blandford Cemetery.

Over twelve thousand of this number were interred by the Ladies' Memorial Association on Memorial Hill after the close of the war; the other thousands were buried in the main by friends during and subsequent to the war within the old cemetery limits.

The dead come from all the States of the Confederacy, and all have been under the tender care of the Ladies' Memorial Association, whose patriotic services in this respect cannot be too highly honored and commended.

The association in this work of love and patriotism have brought the dead from the fields of Fredericksburg, Manassas, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Sharpsburg, and from nearly all the great battle scenes in the State.

THEIR GRAVES KEPT GREEN.

Their graves have been kept green year after year, decorated with the most beautiful of Nature's offerings, and every possible respect

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has been shown to the memory of the Southern heroes, and nearly all this time the association has kept in mind the crowning effort of their labors, the erection of a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead.

This last work has been finished, and on Monday the monument will be formally unveiled in the presence of many thousands of people, and with the most imposing ceremonies.

THE CITY'S DECORATIONS.

To-day the city is being handsomely decorated, and by Monday this feature of the occasion will be complete. The decorations are far more elaborate and beautiful than on any previous anniversary of the day, and differ from the former decorations in this : that whereas many mourning emblems have heretofore been displayed, few of them are to be seen now. State, Confederate, and National colors are gracefully everywhere displayed along the streets to-day, and many of the designs are remarkably handsome and tasteful. All the indications are that the ceremonies will render the 9th of June a memorable event in the annals of our city.

HEADQUARTERS FOR VISITORS.

Reception committees of the Ladies' Memorial Association and the Confederate veterans will be in place on Monday morning to meet the visiting commands from other cities. The Petersburg Club-rooms will be the headquarters for the veterans and the Grays' armory for the military. At 1 o'clock P. M. all these commands will be dined at the Grays' armory as the guests of the Ladies' Memorial Association. They will be formally welcomed there in an address to be delivered by Mayor Charles F. Collier.

At 4 o'clock the visitors will assemble at the club rooms; A. P. Hill Camp at the Tobacco Exchange, and the visiting and local military at the artillery gun-house. The line of march will be formed on Sycamore street with the right resting at the Tobacco Exchange. The civil societies and citizens will follow in the rear. The line of march will embrace a number of the principal streets before the start is made for Blandford cemetery.

AT THE CEMETERY.

At the cemetery his Excellency Governor P. W. McKinney will preside over the ceremonies, which will be opened with prayer by Rev. J. W. Rosebro, acting chaplain of A. P. Hill Camp.

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After prayer a beautiful ode will be sung by the chorus of the Petersburg Musical Association.

The orator of the day, Colonel W. Gordon McCabe, will be introduced by Governor McKinney.

To Miss Lucy Lee Hill, daughter of General A. P. Hill, has been accorded the honor of drawing the veil from the monument, which act will be greeted with a salvo of artillery and volleys of musketry. After this the decoration of the graves.

The chief marshal of the day is Col. E. M. Henry, commander of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of the State. He will be accompanied by the members of his staff, and assisted by Messrs. R. M. Dobie and Joseph E. Rockwell, of A. P. Hill Camp, as special aides.

The Grand Camp will hold its annual meeting here on Monday and elect officers, and will take part in the ceremonies.

WORK OF THE COMMITTEES.

The following are the committees of the Ladies' Memorial Association and A. P. Hill Camp who have acted in conference in the arrangements for the day :

Ladies' Committee on Invitation : Mrs. David Callender, Mrs. W. S. Simpson, and Mrs. S. H. Marks.

Ladies' Committee on Reception : Mrs. W. S. Simpson, Mrs. S. H. Marks, and Mrs. J. M. Wyche.

VETERANS' COMMITTEES.

On Invitation : Dr. W. E. Harwood (chairman), J. F. McIlwaine, R. M. Dobie, J. M. Newcomb and J. F. Jones.

On Reception : J. S. Northington (chairman), W. E. Badge, J. E. Caldwell, E. C. Bass, D. D. Atkins, George W. Hall, G. B. Gill, O. B. Morgan, and J. T. Parham.

THE MONUMENT.

The memorial column is of granite, of very handsome proportions, and stands thirty feet in height upon the apex of Memorial Hill. It was erected by the Petersburg Granite-Quarrying Company, under the immediate supervision of Mr. George Lumsden, of Richmond. Its site is a commanding one and its surroundings beautiful. Near by stands the superb mausoleum of General Mahone.

It has a base and two semi-bases, aggregating five feet in height ;

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a die with projecting cap, six feet; a shaft with bevilled edges, eighteen feet; and a capstone, making a total height of thirty feet.

The figure of a Confederate soldier in white bronze six feet in height, stands upon the capstone. This figure was cast by the Monumental Bronze Company of Bridgeport, Conn.

On the four faces of the die are four polished tablets with inscriptions. The northern face bears the coat-of-arms of Virginia and above this the eloquent legend: "1861–1865."

The southern tablet records the names of the States of the Confederacy, and underneath the words: "Erected by the Petersburg Ladies' Memorial Association."

The east tablet has the inscription: "The Crater. July 30, 1864."

On the western tablet are the names of the city's soldiers who fell in the battles of the 9th and 16th of June, 1864, while attempting to repel the advance of the enemy on the city.

JUNE 9TH.

GEORGE B. JONES,	WILLIAM C. BANISTER,
DR. WM. BELLINGHAM,	GEORGE R. CONWAY,
JOHN E. FRIEND,	W. H. HARDEE,
JOHN CROWDER,	GUY G. JOHNSON,
WAYLES HURT,	WILLIAM DANIEL,
HENRY A. BLANKS,	E. P. BROWN,

GODFREY STANBLEY.

JUNE 16TH.

WM. A. JOHNSTON,	F. T. SCOTT,
NATHAN HOAG,	R. A. SPIERS.

On the capstone appear the words:

"*Gloria Victis.*"

On the second base in bold relief are these words:

CONFEDERATE DEAD.

On the third or upper base is this inscription:

"Plant the fair column on the vacant grave.
A hero's honors let a hero have."

Among the contributors to the fund for building this monument were General Early, General Beaureguard, General Gordon, and Messrs. Allen & Ginter, of Richmond.

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THE 9TH OF JUNE.

The 9th of June, by reason of the memorable battle fought on the very limits of the city, in which Kautz's raiders were defeated and driven back, is justly regarded as a sacred day in the annals of the city, and it is the anniversary which has been selected, and has ever since the war been observed by the Ladies' Memorial Association and by the people at large to commemorate the deeds of Confederate valor. Many of our citizen soldiers were wounded on that eventful day, and many were taken prisoners and carried away to Northern prisons, where they were confined for months. Among these were Honorable Anthony M. Keiley, who, while in prison, wrote most of his book entitled "In Vinculis." Mr. Robert A. Martin was among the wounded, and Doctor W. E. Harwood lost an arm.

HISTORICAL.

Hardly more than a year after the surrender at Appomattox, when the graves of Confederates around Petersburg were scattered in farm-yard and in field, on hill-top and in ravine, while the Federal troops were encamped at the Fair-Grounds and there was no pretence or form of civil government, the Ladies' Memorial Association was organized.

THE FIRST ORGANIZATION.

Some time in May, 1866, a call for a meeting was published in the local press, and there was a hearty response. The Virginia women who then assembled determined to unite in a permanent body, and this was the organization which they agreed upon twenty-four years ago:

President—Mrs. W. T. Joynes.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. S. B. Paul, Mrs. William Mahone, Mrs. W. S. Simpson, Mrs. T. H. Pritchard, Mrs. Charles F. Collier, and Mrs. John Miller.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Stephen Fenn.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. John Wyche.

Treasurer—Mrs. A. M. Keiley.

THE WORK CONTINUED.

Time has brought about some changes. A few of those who composed the original body have died or else have removed from the

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city, among the latter notably Mrs. Keiley, the wife of Hon. Anthony M. Keiley. But as the changes have been brought about the vacant places have been filled, and the work to which the ladies first devoted themselves has never wavered, has never been allowed to diminish, and now, finally their labors have been crowned with the success for what they have toiled so arduously. They have actually gone from "a headstone to a monument—from a wooden slab to a monument in bronze," as one of the original members said to-day to a *Dispatch* reporter.

THE FIRST MANAGERS.

The first Board of Managers appointed was on May 16, 1866, when these ladies, well known and honored throughout the whole of Southside Virginia, agreed to act as such: Mrs. R. G. Pegram, Mrs. J. H. Claiborne, Mrs. David Dugger, Mrs. Louisa McGill, Mrs. W. S. Simpson, Jr., Mrs. —— Mahood, Mrs. Richard Bagby, Mrs. Alphonse Jackson, Mrs. General D. A. Weisiger, Mrs. Colonel —— Williams, and Mrs. P. B. Batte.

THEIR GLORIOUS OBJECT.

The ladies announced as their principal object the gathering together of the remains of the Confederate dead who were buried in this vicinity and their reburial in the precincts of Blandford cemetery; and furthermore, the decoration of these graves every year upon such an anniversary as should be thereafter fixed. How faithfully they have kept to their work, how in the face of poverty and the most trying obstacles they have fulfilled their pledge, the neatly-trimmed graves in Blandford will attest.

BODIES FROM GETTYSBURG.

Not content with gathering together the bones of the dead near this city, they actually brought here the mortal remains of brave Virginians who died at Gettysburg, as well as at Fredericksburg, Seven Pines, and Antietam. Then, when the section devoted to the known and unknown in our cemetery had been beautifully turfed, when neat head-boards had been raised over each grave, when all had been done that could be done, and a memorial arch raised its bow over the braves that slept, then these noble women addressed themselves to the task of rearing a fitting monument to crown their work through the sad years of the past.

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ALL WOMAN'S WORK.

A *Dispatch* reporter saw this afternoon one of the ladies who for years has been striving and working most nobly for the end which has at last been attained—Mrs. William S. Simpson.

"How did you get the money?" she was asked.

"By begging for it," was the reply. "We received it in contributions of every conceivable amount, from $100 to ten cents. We made personal appeals on the streets to our friends; we sent out circulars; we wrote to friends in the North and South—from New York to New Orleans. We never lost heart; and so, in spite of all our set-backs, in spite of the slowness with which our appeals were answered, we finally got a sufficient amount of money in hand to pay for our monument."

Thus spoke a lady who can tell from experience how hard it is to carry a popular subscription to success. For many years she has been the honored secretary of the Ladies' Memorial Association, and her books will show how faithfully she has labored. To all the members, however, belongs praise without stint.

THEIR EARLIEST LABORS.

With what obstacles they were at first confronted only those who have been through such an ordeal can imagine. Their first duty was to enclose the graves of the dead Confederates who had been buried near the poor-house farm, this, too, at a time when a Federal officer was acting as mayor of the city, and when the notes from the bugles of the Federal trumpeters quartered at the Fair Grounds floated through the city. Never faltering, never discouraged, always abounding in good works, they stuck nobly to their self-imposed task, and to-day they are on the eve of reaping the harvest which they sowed in tears, nourished in adversity and brought to a glorious fruition. The Ladies' Association of Petersburg is the pride of all our citizens, and justly so, because they have succeeded where others could see only failure and disappointment.

The Unveiling.

[*Richmond Dispatch*, June 10, 1890.]

PETERSBURG, June 9th, 1890.

At an early hour in the afternoon crowds began to wend their way to the cemetery, all bearing flowers and evergreens with which to decorate the graves of the soldiers.

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The procession was one of the finest ever seen in Petersburg. It was composed of A. P. Hill Camp of veterans, Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Norfolk, R. E. Lee Camp and Sons of Confederate Veterans of Richmond, the Prince George Cavalry, Petersburg Grays, Petersburg Artillery with full battery of guns, the Fire Department with engines beautifully decorated, civil societies, and a long line of citizens. The line was headed by Chief-Marshal Henry and his associates, the ladies of the Memorial Association and the orator of the day, with the Mayor and Miss Hill. It was fully half-past six o'clock before the ceremonies commenced in the cemetery, where fully 10,000 people had assembled around the monument and the stand. The scene was an inspiring one. The first to ascend the stand were thirteen beautiful little girls dressed in white, representing the thirteen Confederate States. On the stand were also seated the ladies of the Memorial Association, Miss Lucy Lee Hill, ministers of the gospel, and Mayor Collier. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. R. Haines, D. D., after which Mayor Collier introduced Captain W. Gordon McCabe as the orator of the day, who spoke as follows:

CAPTAIN M'CABE'S ADDRESS.

My Fellow-Citizens:

If from the happier land the dead look down and are touched in any measure by concerns of earth, surely there is deeper joy in Heaven this day as those dear comrades who have fallen on sleep gaze upon this eager concourse of old companions in arms, of loyal kinsmen, and of steadfast friends who have gathered here at the bidding of the noble women, who in the brave old days cheered these men as they trod the thorny path of duty and who to-day unveil to the broad light of Heaven this beautiful monument, reared by pious hands to perpetuate to all coming time the constancy and valor of those who lived heroic life and died heroic death.

Other and grander monuments, perchance, may rise to tell in storied beauty or impressive majesty a people's gratitude and reverence for those who counted life itself a worthless thing when freedom was at stake, but surely nowhere in all our southern land could be found a spot more instinct with all the mournful glory of that heroic past than this historic "Cemetery Hill," overlooking those

"labour'd rampart lines"

where our matchless leader, girt with a handful of devoted soldiery,

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"greatly stood at bay" and "taught" astonished nations "what long-enduring hearts can do."

Yonder to the left frowns Fort Steadman, made glorious by that daring stroke of desperate valor, where Gordon's "fiery few clashed" and for the moment "won"—here almost at our very feet the long ravine now clothed in summer bravery, which it seems but yesterday we saw one moment shrouded in billowing smoke and then agleam with serried bayonets, as the men of the "Virginia brigade" sprang along its slope with fierce, wild cries, and by the magic touch of veteran steel transformed disaster into "swift winged victory"—and far afield, where yonder fringe of solemn pines sharply cuts the distance sky-line, we mark the spot where this day, twenty-six years ago, the gray-haired men and eager boys of this heroic town with stubborn valor held "the outer works" and freely shed their blood for hearth and home and country.

Surely then, I say, it is most meet that on this spot, above all others in our southern land, should rise some monument in breathing marble or enduring bronze to tell our children and children's children of the courage and devotion of these heroes, who chose death in resistance rather than safety in submission.

And as in those eventful days, when selfish dross was purged away in steady fires of patriotism, these noble women ministered with tenderest touch alike to humblest soldier as to famous captain, and counted none a stranger who wore with honor his country's gray, so now to-day we bid their southern sisters mark that those who closed the dying eyes of these their "unreturning brave" have reared this monument not alone to those who called Virginia mother, but to all "Our Southern Dead."

Crowning this monumental shaft, "the counterfeit presentment" of a simple Confederate soldier, fashioned so true to life by cunning art, that we almost catch the merry quip or wild, defiant yell, looks down upon the serried graves of sleeping comrades from "the Old North State," from the rice-fields of Carolina, from the cotton-lands of Georgia and Alabama, from Arkansas and Mississippi, from the savannahs of Florida and Louisiana, from happy homesteads on the banks of the Cumberland, and from that teeming empire beyond "the Father of Waters," whose "Lone Star" banner has ever blazed in Glory's van—a mighty patriot host, who, at the trumpet call of duty put aside the clinging arms of wives and little ones, or turned from aged sires and weeping mothers to attest upon these distant fields their fidelity to constitutional liberty, and who here

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upon Virginia's soil sealed with their brave young blood their devotion to those principles, which, since the days of Runnymede, have been the common heritage of all English-speaking folk.

Well nigh one hundred years ago at Oberhausen, in Bavaria, fell in the full flush of victory, Latour d' Auvergne, "the first grenadier of France"—and there, upon the very spot, where like a soldier he met a soldier's death, his comrades reared in that foreign land a monument to his memory, which his commanding general, in the "order of the day," declared was "*consecrated to virtue and to courage, and placed under the protection of the brave of every age and country.*"

Not in vain was this soldierly appeal made to German honor.

Faithfully was that monument guarded and cared for by his ancient foes, who had so often yielded to his headlong valor.

So standing here by the once imperial clay of these dear comrades, in full reliance on the soldierly sympathy of our old adversaries of the North, we consecrate to-day this shaft "to virtue and to courage," and feel assured that the gallant men from whom these dead heroes so often wrested victory by skill and daring, will take no shame to stand uncovered here, and yield that tribute of respect and reverence which "the brave of every age and country" ever accord to those who on field of battle lay down their lives for what they count the right.

To all such, indeed, whether the uniform be blue or gray, a generous soldier yields a soldier's homage.

But on one point let us be explicit, lest silence seem to discredit the patriotism of the living and cast dishonor on the memory of the dead.

In the Constitution itself, built as it was upon compromise, lay the germ of inevitable future strife.

As time passed, and the nation grew apace in power and splendor, as the interests of the two sections became divergent, the North insisted upon a wider and looser interpretation of that instrument, while the South as strenuously clung to the "strict construction" of "the fathers of the Republic."

Deeper than the question of slavery lay the essential *cause* of the great civil conflict—but slavery furnished the *occasion*, and as the North became more radical in its demands, and nullified with fiercer passion the *explicit guarantees* of the Constitution, the South met defiance with defiance, and finally claimed the right of secession, which not even Massachusetts had denied previous to 1830—nay, a

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right which that State explicitly affirmed by legislative resolution as late as 1845.

The North was strong and resolute, and how terribly in earnest was the South may be gauged by the simple fact that five millions of people, destitute of arms and arsenals, shut off from the outer world by a rigorous blockade, ringed around by steel and fire, took twenty-two millions by the throat—a people rich in all appliances of war, with ports wide open, and Europe pouring in recruits—took twenty-two millions by the throat and for four long years shook them with such vehement fierceness that twice we came within an ace of wrestling from them an honorable peace.

We fought as ever fights the freemen of Anglo-Saxon strain, and in good faith we have accepted the stern arbitrament of the sword as settling once and forever the *practical* interpretation of the Constitution.

Such acceptance is all that honorable men can yield, and all that brave men should ask.

But when the "cheap patriot" of the press or of the rostrum, insolent by reason of success won by others, goes still further and demands that we shall now confess the "unrighteousness" of our contention, his must, indeed, be a dastard's heart who would thus brand himself a traitor, or offer any craven apology for his fealty to a cause which is forever "strong with the strength of truth and immortal with the immortality of right."

Peace has come—God give His blessing
On the fact and on the name;
The South speaks no invective,
And she writes no word of blame—
But we call all men to witness
That we stand up without shame.

Nay! send it forth to all the world
That we stand up here with pride—
With love for living comrades,
And with praise for those who died—
And in this manly frame of mind
Till death we will abide.

God and our consciences alone
Give measure of right and wrong—
The race may fall unto swift
And the battle to the strong—
But the Truth shall shine in history
And blossom into song.

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That we should be thus firm and outspoken is the simple duty which we owe our own self-respect and manhood—which we owe to our children, who must inherit their fathers' glory or their fathers' shame—which we owe that matchless leader sleeping yonder at Lexington in "the Valley," whose "soul was set in the royalty of discernment and resolve," and who, along with the blood, inherited the spirit and the virtues of the old champions of freedom.

Above all, comrades, it is a solemn duty which we owe these dauntless spirits, who have fought the good fight and passed away—who, at the bidding of Virginia and her Southern sisters, went forth to battle in all the joyous valor of youth or stern resolve of sober manhood, counting their lives a worthless thing—whose memory soars high above the reach of malice, and gains but brighter lustre from the "touch of time."

In such measure as we honor the memory of these men—in such measure as we suffer no breath of obloquy to pass unchallenged touching the righteousness of the cause for which they died—so shall be measured to us the respect of those who hereafter shall read the story of that momentous struggle with eyes unclouded of prejudice and passion.

A brave singer of our English blood has sung:

> They never fail
> Who die in a great cause.

And yet another rings out in trumpet tones:

> Eternal right, though all else fail,
> Can *never* be made wrong."

As to whether these men died in vain, our own lives and the lives of our children can alone give the answer.

If we, their surviving comrades, pondering in our hearts their unshaken resolution in the face of cruel odds, their serene constancy in adversity, rise up from the contemplation of all their stern and gentle virtues, strengthened even to this day for the "homelier fray" of daily life, *then* they have not died in vain.

If, when we tell our children, gathered about happy firesides, how these men braved driving sleet and torrid sun, and uncomplaining bore the pangs of fevered famine, the ceaseless vigil, and hurt of shot and steel, and all for duty's sake—if in the story they shall plainly read, as quicker stirs their pulses play,

> That Life may go, if Honor stay—

then, they have not died in vain.

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I do not fear for the answer.

We have mourned them as only brave men can mourn each other, and now belong to us the unfinished tasks of many a noble life.

To borrow the language of the greatest historian of the ancient world, "whatever we loved, whatever we admired in the lives of these men, survives, and will survive, in the hearts of their comrades, in the succession of the ages, in the fame that waits on noble deeds."

With them all is well.

They are not dead but sleeping! Well we know
The forms that lie to-day beneath the sod
Shall rise when time the golden bugles blow
And pour their music through the courts of God.

And there amid earth's great heroic dead,
The war-worn sons of God, whose work is done!—
Each face shall shine as they with stately tread
In grand review sweep past the Jasper Throne.

The address met with enthusiastic applause throughout its delivery.

At its conclusion Mayor Collier introduced to the assemblage Miss Lucy Lee Hill, daughter of the lamented General A. P. Hill. The young lady was received with great cheers, which she gracefully acknowledged with bows.

UNVEILED.

It was thirteen minutes past 7 o'clock when Miss Hill and Mrs. J. M. Wyche pulled the string and the statue stood unveiled.

Salvos of artillery and volleys of musketry, mingled with the cheers of the vast crowd, greeted the unveiling.

Miss Hill was then presented with a handsome bouquet by Sergeant A. J. Blackburn, of Company C, on behalf of the old Thirteenth Virginia Infantry. Hundreds of people shook hands with the young lady, who was evidently greatly delighted with her reception.

A VETERAN FLAG.

Among the flags displayed in the procession was one well entitled the "Veteran."

It was the silk banner presented by the ladies of Petersburg to the volunteers from "the Cockade City" in the Mexican war in 1847, and which was borne by that gallant body in the land of the Montezumas.

It has been sacredly preserved by Colonel Fletcher H. Archer, who commanded the company in that service, as a precious historic memorial.

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But few of the company are now living, or they would have marched as an organization.

HISTORIC GROUND.

It was a scene not soon to be forgotten. Dear old Blandford, with her tombs and vaults and myriad graves, was a silent witness. Marble shafts reflected the radiance of the June sun as it lowered in the west, and graves that were exquisitely adorned with flowers all added their mute but eloquent tribute; and as for the future historian—why, there was a brilliant panorama of the brave dead, whose virtues were thus fittingly commemorated. To the right and to the left, to the north and to the south of the monument were battle-grounds—all eloquent now, though in their plenitude of grain harvest; not an inch, scarcely, but had been bedewed with blood, not a yard but had marked the life of some gallant soldier. It was hallowed ground, nor could growing wheat and corn and clover hide the blood-spots. In easy sight of the monument is Fort Steadman, on Hare's farm, rendered memorable for the capture by the Confederate troops in the assault made by General John B. Gordon in the last days of the war. This was a fort of immense strength and very near the Confederate lines. The assault was one of the most gallant in the annals of the seige. It was successful in the capture of prisoners and guns, but the masses of the enemy beyond were so great that the feeble though brave Confederate force was compelled to yield the advantages they won.

"HELL" AND "DAMNATION."

To the right on the line of the Jerusalem plank-road and almost within sight of the eye are the sites of the famous Forts "Hell" and "Damnation"—the former a Confederate and the latter a Federal stronghold—made famous by the terrible fire of their guns, the valor of their defenders, the many lives sacrificed in assaults and defence—the Gray and the Blue. All around Petersburg, from the river-banks on the east almost to the river-banks on the west, are the dots of the forts along both lines that played important parts in the events that finally ended in the capture of our brave little city. Just beyond the corporate limits of the town on the west stands old Fort Gregg, whose defence by the small band of gallant Mississippians was one of the bravest, most glorious, and most stubborn in the annals of war. Just beyond is the spot where General A. P. Hill fell. But why speak of special spots of interest when every rod of ground around the city has its incidents of war and is historic?

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To-day the lines are overgrown with grass, and but little remains suggestive of the old-time strife save a musket that may be occasionally ploughed out of the earth, a bullet, a grapeshot, an unexploded shell perchance from some Federal mortar, a rusty bayonet severed from its rifle, and the remains of a life lost here and there, as well as a dismembered veteran. Yet what sad thoughts are connected with these grounds—what a glorious and imperishable record they give of the stern and unflinching bravery of the Confederate privates!

The lines of the great forts are growing more and more indistinct. The plow is levelling the old breastworks; but, notwithstanding all this, there is still to be seen the outline of them all, easily recognizable by those who took part in the fights around Petersburg.

THE CRATER.

But by far the greatest emotion is stirred at the view of the ground and pit where the crater-fight occurred. The site may be easily seen from the monument, and many a Petersburger can tell of the narrow escape which our people had—sleeping upon arms as they were—when the explosion occurred. Nor, according to those who took part in the fight, should any glory for the magnificent result be taken from General Mahone, whose brigade saved the day under the capable direction of their commander. The history of all these battles will be written some day, and General Mahone says, very justly as is thought here, that he is not afraid if its verdict is honestly recorded. A superb description of this engagement, however, has been written by Captain Gordon McCabe, who was the orator to-day, and, as may well be imagined, did entire justice to the occasion—perfect scholar as he is, fine soldier that he was.

OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH.

But, to return to Blandford cemetery. Never were its decorations more beautiful, never in more perfect keeping with the occasion which was so gloriously celebrated to-day. The old church, strengthened by modern bricks and supported by all of the appliances which modern mechanism could supply, looked beautiful in its ivy-embowered seclusion. Far away as it appeared to be from the monument it was nevertheless borne in mind by all who attended the unveiling. In Confederate days, despite its nearness to the lines, nobody can tell of the romances, the marriages, the troths plighted under its shadows, the

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pledges made, only to be broken by a bullet or a grape-shot, a shell dropped into the city, or the missile of some sharp-shooter perched in the limbs of the trees, so plentiful near the Federal lines. Ask some of the veterans of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. Perhaps they can tell a story about these sentimental incidents of a rough and rugged era. More than one of these glorious old war-dogs from Louisiana carried away a bride from Petersburg.

THE MONUMENT.

Surmounting the noble shaft the figure of the Confederate soldier was to be seen when the canvas was drawn aside—uplifted on his pedestal, right in the midst of the graves of the intrepid men of whose valor he was the embodiment. In every quarter, albeit he "stood four-square to all the winds," this Confederate in bronze could not but face some memorable field of carnage, could not but face the grave of some fellow-soldier who had died in battle. Look at the head-boards and call the roll. There was Louisiana, there was Maryland—there were all the States of the Confederacy. Grave after grave they all told their eloquent story—"These died for their State." From the extreme northern boundary of the Confederate States to its uttermost southern limit the muster roll might have been called, and the response would have been, "Dead on the field of battle." Certainly it has been a great day for Petersburg, and a greater day for the dead who died in the cause.

The sound of drum and fife, the gathering together of veterans, the blare of the cavalry buglers, the marshaling of the volunteer military, the crowds on the streets, and the martial music of the bands—all indicated an unusual event for quiet Petersburg. And so it was.

VALUABLE WAR RELIC.

MUSTER ROLL OF A VIRGINIA ARTILLERY COMPANY.

It belonged to Major Boggs' Twelfth Battalion—Composed of North Carolinians and Richmonders—Interesting Date.

[*Richmond Times*, May, 1890.]

About a week ago a letter addressed to "the editor of the most prominent paper in Richmond" was delivered to *The Times*. It

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came from Mr. William J. Cooper, of No. 41½ west King street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

He stated that he had an original muster roll of Company D, Twelfth Battalion Virginia Light Artillery, of which Captain Lewis H. Webb was in command, and wished to place it with the proper custodian. A letter from *The Times* resulted in an immediate reply from Mr. Cooper and the receipt of the document. He wrote that he wished to bestow it where it belonged. That many of his friends had been in the war, and "one of them who paid a long visit to your city at that time brought it with him and presented it to me to show the poor quality of paper" which the people here had to use.

The document is two feet ten inches long, and one foot ten inches wide—is printed and written on both sides. The names only run up as far as the letter M, and the paper was evidently removed from Richmond before it could be countersigned. Those who are familiar with the paper used during the Confederacy will see at a glance that the pay-roll is a genuine article of the real Confederate manufacture and stamp. It is of that texture and color resulting from a combination of straw and very common rags in its manufacture. Though twenty-seven years old, as it ran from August to October, 1863, the writing is quite distinct, and the signatures of the members of the company, some of which used the ⋈ mark style, can easily be deciphered.

Everybody to whom the document was shown agreed that it was genuine. It will be deposited with the State Librarian for preservation.

Reverend Frank J. Boggs is the man who is mentioned as Major of the Twelfth Battalion of Light Artillery. At the time the war broke out he was a member of the Virginia Methodist Conference, and was in charge of Union Station Methodist Episcopal Church on Church Hill, in this city.

The Richmond Grays, of the First Regiment of Virginia, had its full complement of men, and a company of infantry, called the "Second Grays," was organized, and Rev. Mr. Boggs was elected captain of the company. He made a brave and efficient officer, and after the battle of Manassas, resigned his rank in the infantry to accept the command of the Twelfth Battalion of Light Artillery. The battalions of artillery on field duty with army corps were known by the name of their commanders—such as Cutshaw, Brander, Poague, Pegram and others, and heavy artillery was represented by numbers —Battalion Twelve was really infantry supporting heavy artillery.

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They did duty at times in the field, were on duty at Wilmington, North Carolina, and served at Fort Harrison, below Richmond. When the city was evacuated they went out with Custis Lee's troops, and after the surrender Major Boggs unbuckled his sword, donned the uniform of a soldier of the cross, rejoined the Methodist Conference, and is now in charge at Suffolk, Virginia. He was a brave officer, and is greatly beloved as a parson.

Of the particular company, whose muster roll is described, but little can be gathered now of the living members. The command was composed of men from Richmond county, Richmond city, and eastern North Carolina.

THE ROLL OF THE COMPANY.

The following is a complete roll of Company D, Twelfth Battalion Light Artillery, Major Frank J. Boggs, commanding, alluded to in the above letter :

Captain, Lewis H. Webb.
First Lieutenant, Malcolm D. McNeal.
Junior First Lieutenant, Henry R. Horne.
Third Lieutenant, Archibald McNeal.
Sergeant Major, Malcolm McMillan, Richmond county, North Carolina.
Quartermaster-Sergeant, John A. McAlpine, Richmond, Virginia.

SERGEANTS.

First, Alexander Stuart, Richmond, N. C.
Second, William Long, Richmond, N. C.
Third, John T. Gibson, Wilmington, N. C.
Fourth, James W. Horne, Richmond, Virginia.

CORPORALS.

First, John W. Snead, Richmond county, N. C.
Second, W. W. Dankins, Wilmington, N. C.
Third, Alexander McIntyre, Wilmington, N. C.
Fourth, A. G. McKithan, Wilmington, N. C.
Fifth, D. M. McNeil, Jr., Richmond county, N. C.
Sixth, Maltia Hoge, Richmond county, N. C.
Artificer, H. W. Gibson, Wilmington, N. C.
Artificer, B. F. Carter, Richmond county, N. C.
Bugler, James H. Brant, Richmond county, N. C.

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PRIVATES.

Edward Aylward, Richmond, Va.
James W. Allbright, Greensboro, N. C.
Wiley Balton, Wilmington, N. C.
John W. H. Butler, Wilmington, N. C.
Thomas Bass, Richmond county, N. C.
Murdock Barber, Richmond county, N. C.
Charles A. Baratine, Richmond county, N. C.
Lee Burdison, Stanly county, N. C.
Stephen T. Barentine, Richmond county, N. C.
William Bolling, Iredell county, N. C.
John Bowen, Richmond county, N. C.
Daniel B. Brown, Richmond county, N. C.
Thomas N. Bagby, Hartford, N. C.
Nathan Bagby, Hartford, N. C.
Anderson Barber, Hartford, N. C.
Joseph Baker, Hartford, N. C.
Benjamin F. Burnham, Hartford, N. C.
Richmond Cole, Richmond county, N. C.
Elias Cables, Richmond county, N. C.
William Chatham, Allamance county, N. C.
William L. Cook, Mecklenburg county, N. C.
John M. Cole, Richmond county, N. C.
George Chavers, Wilmington county, N. C.
George Cook, Marshall county, N. C.
John Chandler, Marshall county, N. C.
Ezekiel Chandler, Marshall county, N. C.
David Combs, Hertford county, N. C.
Walter Dawkins, Richmond county, N. C.
Richard Dawkins, Richmond county, N. C.
Chambers Donahoe, Richmond county, N. C.
John Donahoe, Richmond county, N. C.
James T. Deans, Hertford county, N. C.
John R. Dwiggins, Guilford county, N. C.
Umphrey Elliott, Hertford county, N. C.
James L. Freeman, Rockingham county, N. C.
Peter Franklin, Madison county, N. C.
John W. Goodwin, Hertford county, N. C.
John Gosnal, Madison county, N. C.

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Ambrose Hoke, Iredell county, N. C.
James C. Hodge, Richmond county, N. C.
Henderson Harrellon, Hertford county, N. C.
Alleson Henderson, Guilford, N. C.
William H. Johnson, Wilmington, N. C.
Duncan P. Johnson, Wilmington, N. C.
Charles W. Jacoks, Hertford, N. C.
William H. Jones, Hertford, N. C.
John W. Kellough, Mecklenburg county, N. C.
Commodore P. Long, Richmond county, N. C.
Isaac L. Lezigia, Richmond, Va.
John W. Long, Sr., Rockingham county, N. C.
John W. Long, Jr., Rockingham county, N. C.
Daniel Lassiter, Wilmington, N. C.
Richmond T. Long, Richmond county, N. C.
Barney Landers, Marshall county, N. C.
John A. McCaskill, Wilmington, N. C.
James McNeall, Richmond county, N. C.
Neill McKennon, Wilmington, N. C.
Peter McMillan, Richmond, Va.
Duncan B. McDonald, Wilmington, N. C.
Neill McLauchlin, New Hanover county, N. C.

This makes in all seventy-six men rank and file.

Casualties in the Old First at Gettysburg.

Two out of every three men who were carried into the charge shot down.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Will you kindly publish the following in justice to the old First regiment of Virginia infantry?

I presume the fact that the official report of Pickett's division at the battle of Gettysburg was suppressed at the request of General Lee is well known. In the absence of such report many statements, more or less unjust to the division, have been made, all which have come to my knowledge, I have deemed it unnecessary to notice until I read the following report in the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Serial No. 44, pages 330, published under the auspices of the Government:

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"*Record of Killed and Wounded at Gettysburg.*—First Virginia regiment: Killed, 2; wounded, 62."

Whether or not there was intentional misrepresentation in this report I deem it but just to give the true record, giving the names of the killed, which can be verified by their surviving comrades.

First Virginia Regiment at Gettysburg.—Killed—Officers: Col. L. B. Williams, Captain James Holloran, Company C; Lieutenant W. A. Caho, Company I—total 3. Sergeant C. P. Hansford and Corporal Richard Chaddick, Company H; Corporal I. O. Ellett, Company I—total, 3. Privates: Fendall Franklin, Company B; Willie Mitchell, D. S. Edwards, M. J. Wingfield, and J. W. Freeman, Company D; William F. Miller, Company G; W. J. Vaughan, Flowers, Nuckols, St. Clair, J. W. Paine, M. Brestrahan, and W. S. Waddell, Company H; E. J. Griffin, Edwin Taliaferro, and H. McLaughlan, Company I—total, 16. Commissioned officers, 3; non-commissioned officers, 3; privates 16—total, 22. Total killed, 22; wounded, 71; casualty, 93.

Suppose the six companies then composing the regiment carried into the fight 150 men, which I believe to be an over-estimate, it will be seen that more than one-seventh of the entire number were killed. Of the remainder nearly two-thirds were wounded. In other words, about two out of every three men carried into the charge were either killed or wounded. When we reached the enemy's lines they surrendered and passed to the rear without a guard. An order was brought from General Kemper by Captain Fry, his adjutant, for the First regiment to move by the right flank. He called for the commander, and finding myself in that position I responded and gave the order for them to fall in preparatory to making the movement. All in sight, about a dozen, took position promptly; but so terrible was the fire to which we were exposed they were shot almost as fast as they took their places. I turned to Captain Fry and told him it was too late, and there was no First regiment left to execute the order. He turned and rode from the field. A few moments later, as I moved forward with the troops, I was wounded. The remnant of the division continued to advance till the color-bearer in the lead paused, turning to see what following he had, and finding the force entirely inadequate turned his face to the rear, and still displaying his colors marched from the field, thus ending this memorable charge, in which our losses were as described. I have no reason to suppose that other commands suffered less than we did, as we passed through the ordeal together; and I rectify the

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mistakes in reference to my own regiment simply because I know the facts.

For these figures I am indebted to a little volume published by my friend and comrade, C. T. Loehr, entitled, "War History of the Old First Regiment, Virginia Infantry."

Very respectfully,

E. P. REEVE.

WILLIAMSBURG.

A GRAPHIC STORY OF THE BATTLE OF MAY 5, 1862,

Related by Salem Dutcher and Endorsed by General Longstreet—The Truth of History.

MAY 20, 1890.

[From the Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle.*]

Editors Chronicle: The truth of history can only be made manifest by participants in its events giving in their experience before time removes them from the scene of action. The enclosed sketch (which it is hoped you will kindly publish) has been written to correct some misapprehensions about the battle of Williamsburg, Virginia, which was fought on May 5, 1862, and opened the stirring campaign of that year. To insure accuracy, it has been submitted to General Longstreet, the Confederate commander, and the response of that distinguished officer, by his permission, accompanies the sketch. Accompanying, also, is the statement of Colonel Mitchell, who was in the action as Captain Company A, Eleventh Virginia infantry, A. P. Hill's brigade, Longstreet's division. Colonel Mitchell has a contemporaneous history of the operations of his regiment in this and other actions, and on recovery of the document, now mislaid, it is understood will give some further account of this particular engagement. As no Georgia troops were engaged—though the Tenth Georgia (Colonel Phinizy's regiment) was in the stiff skirmish of the evening before, and on the 5th the Fifth North Carolina, our gallant friend, Captain Edge Eve's original command before he "jined the cavalry," suffered severely—it is particularly desirable the real facts should be known in this State. S. D.

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GAINESVILLE, GA., May 10, 1890.

Mr. SALEM DUTCHER, *Augusta:*

My Dear Sir,—Your favor of the 8th instant, enclosing account of Williamsburg, is received, and both have been carefully read and considered.

Your account is a graphic illustration of the affair on our right, where the battle was really made; is as clear as any account of details of that battle that I have read, and, I am pleased to say, is perfectly fair.

Early's attack against Hancock was counter to my advice, and was made after the battle was over. At best it was only the repulse of a single brigade, in which the successful party failed to pursue or venture out of his stronghold, while on our right we not only drove back the attacking parties, but took a portion of their artillery and pursued the retiring troops as far as was consistent with our orders as rear guard. With high respect,

Your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET.

Col. SALEM DUTCHER, *Augusta, Ga.:*

Dear Sir,—My recollection of the battle of Williamsburg agrees substantially with your statement. It was certainly not a drawn battle, as we took the enemy's position and his guns and remained on the field, not leaving Williamsburg until the next morning.

The loss in A. P. Hill's brigade was great, particularly in killed—the fatal casualties being in unusually large proportion. About half of Company A, Eleventh Virginia Regiment, were killed and wounded, and the regiment took two of the enemy's cannon to the right of the felled timber.

Yours truly,

R. M. MITCHELL.

THE BATTLE OF MAY 5TH.

Editors Chronicle: In commenting in a recent issue of your paper on some inaccuracies in Barnes' History of the United States, Professor Derry instances his statement that Williamsburg was a Union victory. The Professor says this is erroneous, it being, in reality, a drawn battle.

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Permit me to say that the exact truth of the matter is that the battle of Williamsburg was a Confederate success.

The occasion of the battle was this : The Confederate army was on its march from Yorktown to its chosen field of battle near Richmond. McClellan, at the head of a powerful army, was in hot pursuit. He had one hundred and fifteen regiments of infantry, a strong force of cavalry, and some two hundred and fifty guns. Between the two at Williamsburg, the ancient colonial capital of Virginia, lay Longstreet's division, stretched across the road, with orders to keep back the Federal advance until the Confederate army had made good a day's march. This duty the division fully performed. Hooker's division, Kearney's division, and parts of Smith's, Couch's, and Casey's divisions were in turn hurled against that line of fire, but all alike in vain. Not one single Federal soldier in arms ever crossed that line until after daylight next morning, when Longstreet's division, having performed the duty assigned it, was well on its way to rejoin the main body.

GLORIOUS RESULTS.

We took eight stands of colors, and every gun except one that the Federal artillery succeeded in bringing into action. So far from being able to advance, the Union troops were steadily driven back, until at the close of the day we were about one mile in the rear of their original line of formation. The next morning after the action Hooker's division was reported as unfit for service, and Kearney's as in need of reinforcements before it could move. From the staggering blows dealt his best troops, McClellan was under the impression that Joseph E. Johnston's whole army was in his immediate front, and did not move from Williamsburg until the 8th. Nor did he make any further attempt to harrass or impede our march. From these facts the reader can determine for himself which side achieved the object for which the battle was fought.

On our left there was no fighting until late in the afternoon, when a brief but bloody struggle occurred between Hancock's brigade and a part of Early's brigade. Early failed to drive Hancock from his position, but, on the other hand, the Federal commander did not venture to advance. From this encounter, which lasted less than half an hour, though in that time some five hundred men fell, the impression may have originated that Williamsburg was a drawn battle ; but it was upon our right that the main and real action was

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fought. Here division grappled with division, and the fight raged furiously from about 10 A. M. till dusk. When it ended we had the flags, and the cannon, and the field.

In saying that Longstreet's division not only repelled the Federal advance, but drove them back a mile from their original position, I know whereof I affirm, having been in this action from the beginning to the end thereof as a soldier in Ambrose P. Hill's brigade (First, Seventh, Eleventh, and Seventeenth Virginia infantry), which took seven out of eight flags captured, and was mentioned by the general commanding as long and hotly engaged in the thickest of the fight.

JUST BEFORE GOING IN.

The battle opened, to me at least, most unexpectedly. I had slipped out of camp and was breakfasting with a young lady, when suddenly the ring of a field-piece clanged close by upon the air. Seizing musket and equipments I bolted out of doors *sans ceremonie* and made for the main street, visions of a court-martial floating before me. The sidewalks were full of infantry at double-quick, and artillery, staff officers, and couriers were coming down the roadway at a gallop. Some one told me Hill was on ahead, and, throwing away my blanket, I ran to the head of the column. The commanding officer could not tell me where my brigade was, and I kept on till I cleared the town. Here a group of staff officers were directing the troops, and in response to my query one of them pointed out a regiment just disappearing behind some pines on the further side of the main road. This road the Federals were shelling, and I began to realize that my little escapade had gotten me into a pretty serious predicament. If I crossed the road I ran the risk of being hit, and if I went back into town so as to work my way around, it was not likely I would find the regiment again, and it would be hard work to satisfactorily explain my absence. A little observation, however, showed that the enemy were firing slowly and would not move more than one or two guns in position, and I determined to try the short cut. Throwing off haversack and jacket, I slipped down the bank into the road and waited for the next discharge. As soon as the shell screamed by I started. There was a shout or cry of warning behind me, but I flew across like a deer, dashed full tilt against the opposite bank, climbed up and soon rejoined the regiment. The men gave me a cheer as I came up, and I felt as fine as a fiddle. We were young then, Horatio, and life was a frolic.

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THE OPENING OF THE FIGHT.

The brigade was soon formed in column of regiments, the Seventh, my own, in front. Behind were the ambulance, litter-carriers, and surgeons—a grisly crew. In front the skirmishers were working their way towards a dense woods. In this they disappeared, and for awhile all was silent. Then a shot rang out, then another, then a sharp rattle, and we were ordered forward by the flank. On reaching the woods we were again put in line of battle and ordered in. Scarcely had we entered before some of our troops came running out. It was a new regiment, which being suddenly fired on had given way. They soon rallied, came up behind us, moved off to the right, and, as I heard, did well the rest of the day. As soon as the fugitives had passed we opened fire. I saw nothing, but banged away, might and main, in the direction in which the balls seemed to come. After about half an hour of pretty sharp firing we were ordered to advance, and plunged into a dense tangle of brush, undergrowth, vines, etc. As we tore through this the enemy seemed to get our range and poured in a heavy fire. The thud ! thud ! with which the balls bored their way into the trees was venomous. As soon as we reached better ground, we advanced firing. This was most exciting. Everybody was yelling, firing, and advancing. In this advance, I don't know that I did the enemy any harm, but, then, on the other hand, I nearly deprived the Confederacy of a soldier. While in the very act of firing, a big fellow, running up rapidly from behind, got almost in front of the muzzle of my musket, which went off within a few inches of his ear. He bent a most reproachful look upon me, but it was no time for explanation, and on he went and I after him, biting another cartridge and ramming it as I went along. The enemy must have made off before we got within sight of them, for the firing ceased and we were halted along a fence.

AT IT IN DEAD EARNEST.

By this time we were all pretty well warmed up and ready for business. In coming through the brush I had received a very severe gash from a jagged limb, not to speak of being knocked down and trod on, and was by no means in an angelic humor. I looked around, with all my eyes, for something to shoot at, but to the right and in front beheld nothing. To the left oblique I thought I saw men moving about among the trees, and on closer inspection could dis-

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cern some dark blue uniforms. Presently the presence of the enemy became unmistakable. I could distinctly see company after company march briskly down a sort of woods road, halt, and face towards us. Half a dozen fellows by me saw the same and raised their guns. I took a rest on a tree, and a long aim, and we fired together. Without stopping to reload I peered forward through the smoke to discern the effect of the shot. There seemed some slight commotion, but it may only have been the officers moving about, as in a moment, as if at the word of command, the whole line brought up their muskets. The long stretch of glittering steel, with a head bent down at the end of each gun-barrel, was a thrilling sight. A huge cloud of smoke hid them from our view, and a tremendous report rang through the forest. Our whole line instantly replied, and the ball opened in dead earnest. As I half-faced to the left to reload I saw our junior second-lieutenant flat upon his back, his jaw convulsively working in the agonies of death. He had never been with us in action before, and his presentiment was realized that he would fall in his first battle. I had known him before we joined the army, and the sight of his death filled me with rage. Half mad with pain and anger I rammed the loads home with all my strength, but aimed carefully each time on the range of my first shot. Other troops were apparently brought up, right and left, on both sides, for the uproar swelled until it became deafening. The ground being impracticable for either cavalry or artillery, it was a fair and square stand-up infantry fight at close range, and most stubbornly contested. The enemy hung staunchly to their work, and our own men fought like demons.

For fully an hour the din kept up without cessation. Then the enemy's fire slackened, and we held up a little in turn. Then they reopened with fresh fury, and at it again we went, hammer and tongs. Those were the days, it will be remembered, of muzzle-loaders and the old-fashioned ball cartridge, the end of which you were obliged to tear off with your teeth. After heavy firing the guns would clog, and presently every piece began to foul. I had to stop, tear up my handkerchief and wipe her out. After awhile it clogged again, and finally the ramrod stuck fast. It would neither come up nor go down, and, in despair, I jammed it, full force, into a tree. That drove that charge home, but, on coming to reload, the rammer was so bent as to be almost useless. A few more loads were worried down, and then the gun became wholly unmangeable, and I threw it down and looked around for another. Behind me was one with a prostrate soldier by it. As I stooped to pick it up, the sup-

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posed dead man came to life, stretched out his hand, and shook his head as if to say, don't take it. I gestured back it was no use to him, but he still demurred, and to cut short the pantomine, I snatched the gun away and set her to talking.

A TYPICAL BATTLE SCENE.

For a second time the fire slackened and then reopened fiercely, and a third prolonged and stubborn combat ensued. It was evident they were putting in fresh men; our ammunition was running low, and General Hill ordered a charge. We started with a yell and the firing ceased. It did not take us long to reach the enemy's position. The line of their formation did not need the double row of knapsacks neatly piled behind it to mark where it had been. It was bloodily signified by prostrate forms, many dead, others gasping. They lay in every direction, like a rail fence thrown down. In several instances body lay upon body. It was a wretched sight. We tried to give the wounded some water, the only aid in our power. The first man I bent over was past all human help; the next was unable to swallow, and as I sought to raise him the bones of his head cracked in the palm of my hand.

During our brief rest at this spot the men busied themselves in various ways. Most of them replenished their cartridge-boxes from those who had fallen; others tore open the knapsacks and kicked the contents about the ground; others explored the haversacks plentifully strewn around. I refilled my box, wiped out my gun, threw away my old canteen and got me a new one, and then fell-to on some biscuit. While there engaged we were ordered forward, and, dropping everything, reformed and went on. After marching a while the woods grew clearer, and presently we emerged at the end.

To use the favorite *simile* of Sancho Panza, all that had gone before was but tarts and cheese-cakes to what now ensued. At the edge of the woods was a belt of felled timber, beyond that a clearing, and woods beyond that again. At the far side of the timber a brannew regiment of Federal infantry, the fifth, as I make it, we had encountered that day, was drawn up to bar the way. Later in the day we learned it was the Seventieth New York. And I desire here to do justice to the soldierly steadiness of this command. For two hours or more it held us at bay, at one time forcing us back a short distance by the sheer weight of its fire, and never gave way till two-thirds of its officers and nearly one-half of its men had been shot down; till its brave and skilful colonel had been twice wounded

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and knocked senseless, and clambering over the timber we had got fairly in among them.

But, not to anticipate; on emerging from the woods the scene was one of stern and imposing grandeur. The smoke of the previous combats was slowly drifting out of the forest and rising like a thin veil between us and the enemy. Through the haze could be seen the long line of infantry, splendidly equipped and motionless as so many statues, the sombre blue of their uniforms relieved by a shining crest of steel, the gold blazonry of the regimental colors, and the gay hues of the national flag.

PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE.

No time, however, was lost in admiration. Our men at once settled down behind the logs, rested their muskets on the tree-trunks, and fired. I was fain to content myself with a small pine (all the time wishing it was as big as the red woods) and blazed away over their heads. The enemy at once opened vigorously. Other regiments formed upon their flanks. The Eleventh came up on our right and the Seventeenth on our left. A Federal battery opened down the line; then one began to bellow upon the right. Stuart's horse artillery came up and unlimbered, and the guns at Fort Magruder began to play. Hooker put in his last man and so did Longstreet. Kearney's division came up and Hooker put that in. Longstreet received two regiments from D. H. Hill's division, and put them in. It was pandemonium broke loose. It seemed to me as if the brass pieces fairly howled, while the roll of the small arms was something indescribable. Ordinarily heavy musketry rises and falls like the sound of the sea, but here it was one deep, incessant, prolonged, deafening roar.

Our men began to fall. Ensconced as they were behind logs, when hit they would ordinarily be struck in the head or throat and killed. They dropped in all sorts of positions, some falling suddenly forward; others sliding gently backwards or sideways; one fell all in a heap, as if he had collapsed. One death was most tragic and yet with a touch of the absurd. Among the recruits joining us at Yorktown were a backwoods father and son, whose rustic demeanor was the jest of the regiment. The old man clung to the old-fashioned, tall silk hat; the son followed at "pappy's" heels wherever he went.

Both fell in this battle, fighting like lions. The old man was close by me and I could not but notice him and his high hat as I fired over him. A man fell by him—possibly his son—but the old hero never stopped. Presently he fell over gently to the ground, shuddered,

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and was still, his venerable head-gear surmounting his gray locks to the last.

So far from losing, the Federal fire appeared to gain intensity. The balls seemed to whiz closer and more viciously than at first, and we subsequently learned the Union Colonel was successfully operating a stratagem upon us. He had made some of his best shots crawl under the timber, and they were picking us off. Our color-bearer had special attention. Time and again as I turned to reload I could see the colors almost jerked out of his hands as a ball tore through the cloth. He hung on manfully, and though the flag had twenty-seven bullet-holes through it, and was twice shot out of his hands, brought her out safe at last. The Virginia Legislature gave him a sword of honor, and he wore it until he fell.

A TEMPORARY PANIC.

We had now been about seven hours in action, some two at this particular point, and the strain was intense. Off on the right one fellow sprang up, dropped his gun to a trail, and made off back into the woods like a quarter-horse. The panic instantly spread, and up and down the line men took to their heels. To tell the honest truth, I gave leg-bail myself, but at the second or third bound a revered and gentle voice, now long silent, whispered reproach, and I wheeled about and caught at the nearest fugitive. He tore loose and half knocked me over. A young officer ran up to the rescue, and as he nailed one man I seized another. They, too, broke away. The officer presented his sword to the next man's breast, and throwing my musket arms-a-port I halted two. For one instant there was a rally; the next they surged over us, and made off as if the devil was behind them. What became of the young officer I know not. I thought I might as well be shot front as rear, and walked back to my tree. Two or three of our men were blazing away. The smoke was lifting a little, and the enemy were preparing to advance. Half a dozen heads had already popped up out of the timber. Back of them their main line was reforming. It was not more than half its original size—had no colors, and otherwise showed marks of the pounding it had received. It seemed very reluctant to advance, and in a few minutes this hesitancy was explained. There was a rousing shout behind; our men had reformed as suddenly as they had run away, and here they came back at a double-quick, yelling vociferously. Down they went again behind the logs, and reopened most vigorously, as if rather refreshed than otherwise by the scare. It

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makes me laugh now to think of the whoop I gave as they came up. It would have done honor to a Comanche. Hope was almost gone, and the sight once more of these brave men's faces and the cheery ring of their guns was like the breath of life.

A PICTURE OF A. P. HILL.

In the midst of the renewed uproar General Hill came down the line. He stood bolt upright between the contending fires, looked around awhile, then went off to the left, returned, looked once more intently into the timber as if to say this nest must be cleaned out, and finally went off up the line. Years afterwards I stood by the grave of this valiant soldier in the cemetery at Richmond. Naught marked the spot but a slab with "A. P. Hill," and nothing but the twitter of little birds broke the solemn stillness; but as I stood there I saw him as he stood that day—erect, magnificent, the god of war himself, amid the smoke and the thunder.

The order came to charge. Of how we got up and went into and through that felled timber no man can tell. It was confusion worse confounded; now leaping from one tree trunk to another; now running along this, and then crawling under the other. But if it was hard for us to get in it was equally hard for the enemy to get out. Some rough work was done in there. The edge of the timber looked as if a cyclone had struck it. In every angle bodies were huddled. In the smoke and confusion I lost the regiment, and kept on ahead instead of right-obliquing. A terrific roar and jar and a hot breath as of a furnace warned me of the uncomfortable proximity of a cannon. It was an enfilading battery which our colonel had avoided by a right oblique.

CLOSE OF THE DAY.

One artilleryman was springing to the mouth of his piece, and another tightening on the lanyard of his. Down I went as flat as possible, and I wished I was a mole. The dirt, leaves and sticks flew all about, but I was so close the position was more terrifying than really dangerous. I could see the fire leap out of the muzzle, and a very unsatisfactory sight it was. A gray wave swept up over guns and cannoneers, and the battery was taken. I got up extremely shaky, and set out to find the regiment. After wandering about a while I met the Adjutant, who directed me and exultantly showed me a magnificent dapple-gray he had got at the battery. I told him

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I believed I would go up there and get a horse myself, but on the way met the regiment.

After cleaning out the timber we had no more fighting. The Federals brought up some fresh troops, and Colston's brigade was put in to meet them. We lay down behind Colston, ready to rise and reopen if needed, but no further close quarters ensued. The enemy contended himself with peppering away till dusk. The battle was over, and about dark we marched back into Williamsburg and slept there that night, resuming our march shortly before day.

That Williamsburg was a very stubbornly-contested action is unquestionable, and it is also true that the loss on both sides was heavy, the proportion of fatal casualties being unusually great; but there can be no question but that the Confederate troops fully accomplished the object for which the battle was fought. That object was to hold back McClellan's advance, and, despite the most strenuous and persevering efforts of his division commanders, this was done. The Federal forces were not only prevented from advancing, but were steadily driven back throughout the day.

SALEM DUTCHER.

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS.

NAMES OF SURVIVING GENERALS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY—A VALUABLE ROSTER.

Personal Notes About a Number of the Leading Military Men on Our Side.

[*Richmond Dispatch*, May 29, 1890.]

One of the saddest things connected with the war was the large number of our ablest and best generals who were killed in battle or died from the effects of wounds.

The days of the heroes of classic times or the chivalry of modern Europe never produced braver knights, more self-sacrificing patriots, than that galaxy of soldiers which adorn the pages of Confederate history.

And then, as a rule, we fought against "overwhelming numbers and resources," and it seemed especially necessary that our generals should *lead* their men into the very thickest of the fight. Besides, there was a sentiment among our ragged, barefooted heroes of the

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rank and file that their leaders should be at the front, and woe betide the general of whom they could say, "He loves to send us to the front, but he keeps well in the rear himself," or the officers about whom they could pass the grim joke: "There were not trees enough there for the officers to hide behind, and we privates had to take it without cover."

GENERALS AT THE FOREFRONT.

It was no uncommon thing, therefore, to find our highest generals in the very forefront of the battle.

At First Manassas Generals Beauregard and Johnston, at the crisis of the battle, both led their men, battle-flag in hand. Albert Sydney Johnston, whom President Davis always regarded as the ablest soldier of the war, fell leading a victorious charge at Shiloh, and in the execution of that brilliant strategy that had so far succeeded, and which, had he been spared an hour longer, would have resulted in the capture or annihilation of Grant's whole army.

Stonewall Jackson was often seen on the advance skirmish line of the army, was ever found in the very thickest of the fight, and when shot down by his own men (who would have died rather than injure a button on his old gray coat) was returning from a bold *reconnoisance* beyond his advanced pickets. "Jeb" Stuart fell when leading a heroic charge against immense odds, which prevented Sheridan from riding into Richmond that day, and crowned a brilliant career with a glorious death. A. P. Hill, the chilvaric hero of many a glorious field, fell on the last sad day at Petersburg (when he had risen from a sick bed to command his corps of heroes) in a brave attempt to join that part of his corps which had been cut off from the main army.

FELL SWORD IN HAND.

Glorious old Pat Cleburne fell at Franklin leading one of the most superb charges that the world ever saw.

But we must restrain our pen, for columns would not suffice even to mention the names of the Confederate Generals who were noted for conspicuous gallantry and an even reckless exposure of their lives. But we must not fail to say that our grand old chief, R. E. Lee, was "the bravest of the brave," and that the world's history affords no grander battle pictures than Lee at the Wilderness offering to lead Hood's Texas brigade, and at Spotsylvania Courthouse offering to lead Gordon's division, and afterwards Harris's Mississippi

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brigade, when, upon all three occasions, the ragged heroes shouted, "General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear!! We will drive them back if General Lee will go to the rear!"

Indeed, the pleasant incident which President Davis told of how he met General Lee at the front during the Seven Days' battles, and while they were gently chiding each other for being out of place, "gallant little A. P. Hill" dashed up and ordered them both to the rear, but illustrates the point that all of our Confederate leaders, from our chivalric, heroic President, down to the subordinates, were accustomed to say to their men not "Go on!" but "Come on!"

Thus it came to pass that the list of our dead Generals were fearfully large, and that of those who survive, the large majority of them carry "badges of honor" in wounds received during the war.

IN PEACE.

And since the war numbers of them have "crossed the river"—Lee, Cooper, Bragg, D. H. Hill, Forrest, Cheatham, Pendleton, Chilton, Hood, Wise, William Smith—and scores of others went before, and but a few months ago our grand old Chief and only President followed after.

Thank God! many of them yet survive, and scores of them come to-day to pay tribute to their loved and honored old Chief, while many others though "absent in body are present in spirit."

We have been at some pains to compile an accurate list of surviving Confederate generals with their present residence, and we give it below. There may be a few omissions or inaccuracies (and we would esteem it a favor to have any needed corrections), but we believe it will be found in the main accurate and complete.

LIST OF SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS AND THEIR PRESENT RESIDENCE.

Joseph E. Johnston, Washington, D. C.
Gustave P. T. Beauregard, New Orleans.

GENERAL WITH TEMPORARY RANK.

Edmund Kirby Smith, Sewanee, Tenn.

LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.

Stephen D. Lee, Starkeville, Miss.

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James Longstreet, Gainesville, Ga.
Jubal A. Early, Lynchburg, Va.
Simon B. Buckner, Frankfort, Ky.
Joseph Wheeler, Wheeler, Ala.
Alexander P. Stewart, Oxford, Miss.
Wade Hampton, United States Senate, Washington.
John B. Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.

MAJOR-GENERALS.

Gustavus W. Smith, New York.
LaFayette McLaws, Savannah, Ga.
C. W. Field, Washington, D. C.
S. G. French, Holly Springs, Miss.
C. L. Stevenson, Washington, D. C.
John H. Forney, Alabama.
Dabney H. Maury, Richmond, Va.
Henry Heth, United States Coast Survey.
Robert Ransom, Jr., Weldon, N. C.
Cadmus M. Wilcox, Montgomery, Ala.
J. L. Kemper, Orange Courthouse, Va.
Fitzhugh Lee, Glasgow, Va.
W. B. Bate, United States Senate, Washington.
Robert F. Hoke, Raleigh, N. C.
W. H. F. Lee, Burke's Station, Va.
J. B. Kershaw, Camden, S. C.
M. C. Butler, United States Senate, Washington.
E. C. Walthall, United States Senate.
L. L. Lomax, Blacksburg, Va.
P. M. P. Loung, Atlanta, Ga.
T. L. Rosser, Charlottesville, Va.
W. W. Allen, Montgomery, Ala.
S. B. Maxey, Paris, Texas.
William Mahone, Petersburg, Va.
G. W. Custis Lee, Lexington, Va.
William B. Taliaferro, Gloucester, Va.
John G. Walker, Missouri.
William T. Martin, Natchez, Miss.
Bushrod R. Johnson, Nashville, Tenn.
C. J. Polignac, Paris, France.
E. M. Law, Yorkville, S. C.

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BRIGADIER-GENERALS.

George B. Anderson, North Carolina.
George T. Anderson, Anniston, Ala.
Samuel R. Anderson, Tennessee.
Joseph R. Anderson, Richmond, Va.
Frank C. Armstrong, Texas.
E. S. Alexander, Savannah, Ga.
Arthur S. Bagby, Texas.
Alpheus Baker, Louisville, Ky.
W. S. Barry, Mississippi.
M. L. Bonham, Columbia, S. C.
Pinckney D. Bowles, Alabama.
William L. Brandon, Mississippi.
William F. Brantly, Mississippi.
John Bratton, South Carolina.
J. L. Brent, Baltimore, Md.
James W. Barnes, Texas.
Seth M. Barton, Fredericksburg, Va.
C. A. Battle, Eufaula, Ala.
R. L. T. Beale, The Hague, Va.
John R. Baylor, Texas.
Hamilton P. Bee, El Paso, Texas.
W. R. Boggs, Winston, N. C.
Tyree H. Bell, Tennessee.
A. G. Blanchard, New Orleans.
William L. Cabell, Dallas, Texas.
E. Capers, Columbia, S. C.
James R. Chalmers, Vicksburg, Miss.
Thomas L. Clingman, Charlotte, N. C.
George B. Cosby, Kentucky.
Francis M. Cockrell, St. Louis, Mo.
A. H. Colquitt, United States Senate.
R. E. Colston, Washington, D. C.
Phil. Cook, Atlanta, Ga.
John R. Cooke, Richmond, Va.
M. D. Corse, Alexandria, Va.
D. H. Cooper, Indian Territory.
Alexander W. Campbell, Tennessee.
James Canty, Alabama.

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William H. Carroll, Tennessee.
John C. Carter, Tennessee.
Charles Clark, Mississippi.
Alfred Cumming, Augusta, Ga.
Joseph R. Davis, Biloxi, Miss.
X. B. De Bray, Austin, Texas.
William R. Cox, North Carolina.
George D. Dibbrell, Tennessee.
H. B. Davidson, Tennessee.
T. P. Dockery, Arkansas.
Thomas F. Drayton, Charlotte, N. C.
Basil W. Duke, Louisville, Ky.
John Echols, Louisville, Ky.
C. A. Evans, Atlanta, Ga.
Samuel W. Ferguson, Pass Christian, Miss.
B. D. Fry, Richmond, Va.
W. S. Featherston, Mississippi.
J. J. Finley, Florida.
D. M. Frost, Missouri.
Richard M. Gano, Dallas, Texas.
L. J. Gartrell, Atlanta.
R. L. Gibson, United States Senate.
William M. Gardner, Memphis.
James M. Goggin, Austin, Texas.
G. W. Gordon, Nashville, Tenn.
E. C. Govan, Arkansas.
Richard Griffith, Mississippi.
J. Warren Grigsby, Kentucky.
Johnson Haygood, Barnswell, S. C.
George P. Harrison, Jr., Auburn, Ala.
Robert J. Henderson, Atlanta, Ga.
James E. Harrison, Waco, Texas.
A. T. Hawthorne, Atlanta, Ga.
J. F. Holtzclaw, Montgomery, Ala.
Eppa Hunton, Warrenton, Va.
William B. Hardeman, Texas.
N. H. Harris, Mississippi.
Richard Harrison, Waco, Tex.
Thomas Harrison, Waco, Tex.
J. M. Hawes, Kentucky.
Edward Higgins, Norfolk, Va.

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George B. Hodge, Kentucky.
William J. Hoke, North Carolina.
Alfred Iverson, Florida.
J. D. Imboden, Southwest Virginia.
Alfred E. Jackson, Nashville, Tenn.
Henry R. Jackson, Savannah, Ga.
William H. Jackson, Nashville, Tenn.
Bradley T. Johnson, Baltimore, Md.
George D. Johnston, Charleston, S. C.
Robert D. Johnston, Birmingham, Ala.
Thomas Jordan, New York.
A. R. Johnson, Texas.
J. D. Kennedy, Camden, S. C.
William H. King, Austin, Tex.
William W. Kirkland, New York.
James H. Lane, Auburn, Ala.
A. R. Lawton, Savannah, Ga.
T. M. Logan, Richmond, Va.
A. L. Long, Charlottesville, Va.
Robert Lowry, Jackson, Miss.
Walter B. Lane, Texas.
Joseph H. Lewis, Kentucky.
W. G. Lewis, North Carolina.
William McComb, Gordonsville, Va.
Samuel McGowan, Abbeville, S. C.
John T. Morgan, United States Senate.
T. T. Munford, Lynchburg, Va.
H. B. Mabry, Texas.
W. W. Mackall, Warrenton, Va.
George Maney, Nashville, Tenn.
James G. Martin, North Carolina.
John McCausland, West Virginia.
Henry E. McCulloch, Texas.
W. R. Miles, Mississippi.
William Miller, Florida.
John C. Moore, Texas.
Francis T. Nichols, New Orleans.
E. A. O'Neal, Montgomery, Ala.
R. L. Page, Norfolk, Va.
W. H. Payne, Warrenton, Va.
W. F. Perry, Glendale, Ky.

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Roger A. Pryor, New York.
Lucius E. Polk, Tennessee.
J. B. Palmer, Tennessee.
W. H. Parsons, Texas.
N. B. Pearce, Arkansas.
E. W. Pettus, Selma, Ala.
Albert Pike, Washington, D. C.
W. A. Quarles, Clarksville, Tenn.
B. H. Robertson, Washington, D. C.
F. H. Robertson, Austin, Tex.
J. B. Robertson, Waco, Tex.
Daniel Ruggles, Fredericksburg, Va.
George W. Rains, Augusta, Ga.
A. E. Reynolds, Mississippi.
D. H. Reynolds, Arkansas.
R. V. Richardson, Tennessee.
William P. Roberts, Raleigh, N. C.
L. S. Ross, Austin, Tex.
Thomas M. Scott, Louisiana.
C. W. Sears, Mississippi.
Charles M. Shelly, Alabama.
F. A. Shoup, Sewanee, Tenn.
A. M. Scales, Greensboro', N. C.
G. M. Sorrell, Savannah, Ga.
George H. Steuart, Baltimore, Md.
Marcellus A. Stovall, Augusta, Ga.
Edward L. Thomas, Washington, D. C.
W. R. Terry, Richmond, Va.
J. C. Tappan, Ozark, Ark.
John C. Vaughan, Tennessee.
Robert B. Vance, Asheville, N. C.
A. J. Vaughan, Memphis, Tenn.
James A. Walker, Wytheville, Va.
R. Lindsay Walker, Columbia, Va.
D. A. Weisiger, Petersburg, Va.
G. C. Wharton, New River, Va.
Marcus J. Wright, Washington, D. C.
G. J. Wright, Griffin, Ga.
H. H. Walker, New York.
W. S. Walker, Florida.
W. H. Wallace, Columbia, S. C.

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R. Waterhouse, Texas.
T. N. Waul, Galveston, Texas.
John S. Williams, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
S. A. M. Wood, Alabama.

POST-BELLUM CAREER.

The post-bellum career of many of these men is well known, and yet a few brief notes on some of them will be of interest.

General Joseph E. Johnston was for years actively engaged in the insurance business—was for one term a representative of the Richmond district in Congress, and was Railroad Commissioner under Cleveland. Though over eighty years old he is remarkably vigorous, is one of the finest conversationalists we have ever known, and is a very fine writer.

General Beauregard has lived in New Orleans ever since the war, and was for some time Adjutant-General of the State. He is very popular among his people, and has occupied various civic positions.

General Kirby Smith has been engaged ever since the war in educational pursuits, and is at present a professor in the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn.

General James Longstreet was for years a resident of New Orleans, was once minister to Turkey, and has been for some years a resident of Gainesville, Ga.

General Stephen D. Lee has lived since the war at Columbus, Miss., where he was very prominent and for some years represented his district in the State senate, and for some years past has been president of the Mississippi Normal and Agricultural College, which he has made one of the most successful in the whole country.

General J. A. Early, of Lynchburg, is too well known as the able lawyer, the "walking encyclopædia" about Confederate affairs, the able and pains-taking writer who has done so much to vindicate the name and fame of the Confederacy and its leaders, and the stern old patriot who has never yet "asked pardon" for his heroic service for the land and cause he loves so well, to need any comment from us.

General Alexander P. Stewart has been the able president of the University of Mississippi.

General Wade Hampton has had a career in civil life which has been scarcely surpassed by his brilliant military career. His people hailed him as their "saviour" when he was elected governor of the gallant Palmetto State and threw off the yoke of "carpet-bag" and

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negro rule, and have ever since been proud of him as one of their representatives in the United States Senate.

General John B. Gordon has been the idol of his people ever since he carried back to Georgia his brilliant record in the Army of Northern Virginia. At the first opportunity they elected him governor by an overwhelming majority, and though the military authorities refused to allow him to take his seat, they afterwards sent him to the United States Senate, where he remained until he voluntarily resigned. They have twice again, by unprecedented majorities, elevated him to the gubernatorial chair, and it is as certain as anything can be in the future that the next legislature will elect him to the United States Senate again.

General John H. Forney, General Joseph Wheeler, General W. H. F. Lee, General P. M. B. Young, General R. L. T. Beale, General James R. Chalmers, General William R. Cox, General L. J. Gartrell, Generals Eppa Hunton, A. M. Scales, and Robert B. Vance, have served in the House of Representatives, while Generals Wade Hampton, John B. Gordon, W. B. Bate, E. C. Walthall, J. T. Morgan, M. C. Butler, A. H. Colquitt, R. L. Gibson, and M. W. Ransom, have graced the United States Senate, and Generals Gordon, Hampton, Buckner, Fitzhugh Lee, Bate, Kemper, Bonham, Colquitt, Haygood, Lowry, Marmaduke, McGowan, Nicholas, O'Neale, and Scales, have been Governors of their respective States.

Time and space forbid further particulars, but we do not hesitate to say that after that sad day at Appomattox our Confederate soldiers—generals, colonels, captains, and privates alike—as a rule, instead of sitting down to weep over the ashes of ruined fortunes and blighted hopes, took off their coats and went to work—that they have filled places of honor, profit, emolument and trust, and have proven themselves the best citizens the country ever had, and that this "New South" of ours has owed its great prosperity under God more to the brain and brawn of "the men who wore the gray" than to any other cause.

Richmond greets the survivors of that heroic band to-day [May 29th]—the capital of the Confederacy opens wide her gates to bid them welcome—their old comrades extend to them the hand of fellowship, and our people generally stand before them with uncovered heads and say, "All hail to the chivalry of our Southland—the grandest heroes the world ever saw—as they come to honor the grandest man that ever walked this continent."

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Development of the Free Soil Idea in the United States.

An Address Delivered Before the Members of the Nebraska State Historical Society on the Evening of January 14, 1890.

By Hon. W. H. Eller.

The causes leading to the organization of Nebraska territory, date back of the adoption of the American constitution, and forms a part of the history of that freedom which now distinguishes the people of the United States from all other governments. The Federal Union is, within itself, a compact of free and independent States, formed from those physical parts, and bounded by those natural and artificial lines which peculiarly fit each separate dominion to become a part of the whole, all within the belt of the temperate zone of the western hemisphere.

The development of the free soil doctrine, which made it Nebraska, really began before it had a settler and before the American Revolution had accomplished its great results, to understand which it is necessary to state a few facts in the history of African slavery. The African slave trade first introduced slavery in the province of Virginia in the year 1619, and by the year 1670 it is estimated that there were at least 2,000 slaves in that dominion. The first English slave ship fitted out in the colonies, sailed from Boston in 1646. The French admitted slavery to be established in their colonies in 1624. The whole "civilized" world engaged in the traffic for profit for more than a century afterward, and it became common in all the American colonies.

About the year 1775, with the development of the doctrines of popular liberty, the evil began gradually to contract in the Dominion of Canada and the Northern American colonies, owing to the unprofitable conditions of slave labor upon the one hand, and the development and the assertion of equal and universal rights upon the other, so that in 1784, Rhode Island had led the way in the interdiction of importing slaves into her territory, and in the year following enacted a law for their gradual emancipation. When the census of 1840 was taken, she had but five slaves left within her borders. Massachusetts, by her bill of rights, abolished slavery in 1780, and the act went into full effect by the decision of her courts in 1783, and no slaves are shown by the census of 1790. In the same year Pennsylvania barred the further introduction of slaves, and also enacted a

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law for their gradual emancipation, and the census taken in 1840 found but sixty-four in servitude within her boundaries. In 1784 Connecticut followed her example, and in 1840 she had only seventeen persons in voluntary servitude. Virginia prohibited the introduction of slaves from abroad in 1776, and North Carolina in 1786, Maryland in 1783, New Hampshire abolished slavery in 1793, and but few remained in the year 1800. In 1799 New York adopted gradual emancipation, and had but few slaves left in the year 1840. New Jersey followed in the year 1820, but did not fairly rid herself of the evil prior to the first election of Abraham Lincoln. She had twenty slaves in the summer of 1860.

Our country was therefore called upon to wrestle with popular slavery as a domestic institution during those years, and under those limitations and obstructions in her way when asserting her own independence, and legislating for the establishment of her own popular liberty. The importation of slaves into her borders was not, therefore, forbidden by the general government until the year 1808.

The census of 1790 kindly gives us 59,456 free colored persons in the United States, the great majority of whom were of pure African descent. The second census gives us 108,395, the third makes the figures 186,466, the fourth raises the figures to 233,524, the fifth increases them to 319,599. In 1840 the whole number was 386,303, and in 1850 the census brought in 434,495, which was increased to about 500,000 in the year 1860. The slave population in 1790 was about 700,000, which increased to nearly 4,000,000 by the year 1860. The States were at this time half slave and half free, and slavery had so far receded, that the territories north of 36° 30′ were free soil, and but five slave States remained north of that line, which were afterwards designated border States. The growth and development of the free soil doctrine, therefore, had for its counterpart the history of that legislation, those common debates and discussions which had restricted and confined the American system of African slavery to the southern part and parts of our common country. The history of this legislation begins with the year 1783.

In 1790 two distinct and separate doctrines of civil government prevailed among the statesmen of our country, the one the Federal idea, which comprised the doctrines of a strong and centralized system, dominant over all local colonies, and into which the original thirteen States with ceded territory in their separate capacities should become merged in one common whole, constituting one strong and centralized power; and the other, the democratic theory,

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following strictly in its construction the preamble to that great charter known as the Constitution of the States, and which gave all power of the governed to the people themselves. All discussions of importance on the bill of rights, the purchase of lands, their division into territories and their organization and government as such, their internal improvement, consequent development, and final admission into the union as States, have arisen from the public consideration of these political dogmas, as enunciated and applied by successive administrations. Each Territory and State has partaken of these doctrines as successively brought forth and constituted, with the single exception of Kentucky, which was ceded by Virginia and directly admitted upon her acceptance of the Constitution, without becoming a ward of the general government under that political tutelage known as a territory, taking effect June 1st, 1792.

The Federal idea had for its home the New England colonies, bound together by the ties of religion, kindred community of interests in Indian wars, and early confederation in opposition to the mandates of the mother country. It also extended gradually westward with emigration. The remaining colonies were embraced in separate and distinct grants from the British Government to the original proprietors and patentees, and were subdivided at the first patentees' day into great and broad baronies, vestiges of which still remained. The immunity shared by them from invasions, insurrections, and the general pacific relations with Indian tribes, had rendered a compact unnecessary.

Other reasons for the view may be had by considering the religion and character of the settlers of the southern colonies. Maryland was peculiarly Catholic, Virginia Episcopal, South Carolina Huguenot, and North Carolina was a refuge for all the distressed classes of Britain. Nothing had occurred up to the year 1775 to create a community interest in these southern colonies.

At this time the colonies were possessed in their original grants by the general treaty with Great Britain, and owned vast tracts of territory over which they held jurisdiction and control. The boundaries were not always well defined, but the titles were unquestioned. In adjusting the indebtedness of the several States and of the general government these vast tracts were ceded to the latter and control assumed by the United States. These grants included all the unsettled country north of Florida and west of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas. The organization of the territory northwest of the Ohio immediately followed, and a restriction imposed that there

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"should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the parties shall be first duly convicted." The substance of this condition had been proposed the Continental Congress in the year 1784, and did not finally pass until about July 11, 1787.

Vermont was disputed territory and domestic slavery never found a foothold. She was always free soil. Kentucky inherited the institution from Virginia, and never had a voice either for or against its introduction. No one of the colonies had a voice, and the colonies were none of them responsible for its existence within their borders; so that negro slavery is to be wholly referred to the policy of another government, and the same that maintained control of our colonial affairs.

North Carolina made a contribution of her Tennessee country on the 22d day of December, 1789, and conditioned her grant so that "no regulation made or to be made by Congress shall tend to emancipate slaves." The financial condition of the general government was very poor at that time, and standing in urgent need of the gift she accepted it with the condition.

Georgia at first resented the introduction of slavery, but its encroachments were so urgent that she first yielded, and afterwards repealed her anti-slavery statute. Her grants of Alabama and Mississippi were made to the general government, with all the restrictions, conditions, and privileges made in favor of the northwest territory, save and except that article which forbids slavery. This gift was likewise accepted with the condition.

About the year 1800 an attempt was made to extend the limitation of the act as to Ohio Territory, but Ohio was admitted a free State in the year 1802.

Indiana Territory also wrestled with the same question, then under the leadership of its governor, afterward President W. H. Harrison, and a petition from its legislature was presented in Congress for the suspension of the sixth article for the period of ten years, so that slaves born within the United States, or from any one of the States, might be admitted. This necessarily resulted in the appointment of committees, the discussion of the subject-matter and reports to the houses involving these discussions. The extension was not considered expedient, and was hence the subject of refusal. Following slowly afterward came into the Union the free States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The latter was formed from the cession made by Great Britain to our government in 1796, and with like restriction.

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On the 20th of December, 1803, the government of the United States took possession of that extensive country lying north of Florida, and from the mouth of the Mississippi river to the British possessions, and from thence across the Rocky mountains. This purchase had been at a venture of 60,000,000 francs from the First Consul Napoleon Bonaparte, of France, without reference to the extension of human slavery, and that portion constituting the present State of Louisiana was admitted into the Union in 1812 under its pro-slavery State Constitution.

Upon the treaty of 1767, whereby France had ceded the northwest territory to the British government, the French trappers and traders who resided in the Illinois country crossed over into Missouri, taking their slaves with them, and human slavery existed there at the time of purchase in 1833.

In December, 1817, a delegate from Missouri appeared in Congress and was admitted to a seat. It was proposed during the following February that Missouri be admitted into the Union, but a clause was desired by Northern congressmen prohibiting the extension of slavery. This was the great entering wedge, and resulted finally in the Missouri compromise of 1820. It was in this discussion that Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, declared that if the North persisted the Union would be dissolved, and remarked with warmth, addressing a congressman from New York, "You have kindled a fire which all the water of the ocean cannot put out, which seas of blood only can extinguish." This first struggle resulted in the organization of the territory south of 36° 30′ and north of Louisiana into the Territory of Arkansas, with slavery unrestricted; but the admission of Missouri into the Union of States on either basis—slave or free—was defeated.

The second Missouri struggle commenced in December of the next session, and much new blood having been infused into the House by reason of previous elections, the debates were long and the question was again fully discussed. Memorials were presented from the legislatures of several States, including New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, favoring the restriction of slavery. An elaborate memorial, prepared by Daniel Webster and signed by himself, George Blake, Josiah Quincy, and many others, desiring that measures be taken "to restrain the increase of slavery in new States to be admitted into the Union," was presented December 3d, 1819. This sentiment prevailed strongly in Boston and throughout the New England States. The Legislature of Kentucky passed a memorial

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by a unanimous vote against the desired restriction, and it was also presented to Congress in January following. Upon the final vote the restriction was lost, and Missouri was admitted into the Union with slavery on February 28th, 1821. Maine was received as a free State on the next day. This was according to an agreement, and all the territory north and west of the line of 36° 30′, which was the south line of the State of Missouri, was declared by act of Congress at the same time to be free territory, and that slavery should be forever excluded. It was at that time occupied only by Indians and a few trappers.

The Missouri State line on the west ran due north and south, crossing the river at Kansas City, at the mouth of the Kaw river. The territory comprising the six counties in the northwest part of the State was then an Indian reservation, and contains its most fertile soil. Senators Benton and Linn succeeded in securing an extension of this State line to the river, and this extension included these fine lands, the bill being approved by President Jackson on the 7th day of June, 1836. This extension of slave territory was so quietly done, notwithstanding the anti-slavery agitation of the times, and the great debate pending in Congress on the right of petition, led by John Quincy Adams, that it hardly attracted attention, and was the first encroachment upon the terms of the Missouri compromise by any direct measure. This section of the State furnished the most aggressive emigration into the western territory in later years.

In the year 1819 negotiations were opened with Spain for the purchase of Florida, and the treaty was ratified by both governments in July, 1821, and that sovereignty was formally transferred to the United States. The north boundary line of Florida followed the St. Mary's river from its mouth to its source, thence west to the Chattahoochee, thence along that stream to the 31st parallel, thence west to the Mississippi river, including the present State of Florida, parts of Alabama and Mississippi, and some parts of the present Louisiana. It also included all that territory west of the Rockies and north of the 42d parallel to the British possessions, and from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific, including Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and part of Wyoming, thereby extinguishing the Spanish claims to this vast area. Florida proper was acquired with the institution of slavery existing, and was not subject to the restriction of the Missouri compromise, as claimed by one school of politicians and subject to the restriction as claimed by the other. Slavery was neither prohibited nor sanctioned by the terms of this grant. About the

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same time this government ceded to Spain that country between Louisiana and the Rio Grande, and in less than twenty-five years afterward was very desirous of getting it back again.

Prior to December 27th, 1845, Texas had twice sought to be annexed to the United States, and was finally received by Congress on that day, and ratified by that people on the 19th of February, 1846. Prior to that time it had proclaimed its independence, and had obtained some recognition. It was not subject to the restrictions contained in the compromise of 36° 30′. At this time General Taylor was at Corpus Christi, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, with a large part of the United States army for the protection of the Texas frontier, and annexation was immediately followed by the Mexican war, at the termination of which, and by the terms of the treaty of Guadalupe Hildalgo, 1848, a vast area of territory both north and south of the line of 36° 30′ was acquired.

The annexation of Texas, and the beginning of hostilities between the United States and Mexico, was followed by a message from President Polk to Congress, asking that a sum of money be placed at his disposal for immediate use in effecting a treaty with the Mexican government, and a bill was soon introduced for that purpose, appropriating $30,000 for immediate use, and placing $2,000,000 more at his disposal for the purchase of peace and the settlement of boundary lines. David Wilmot proposed a proviso to that section of the bill referring to the acquisition of territory, against slavery and involuntary servitude in any of its parts, "except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted." This proviso was substantially guarded in the terms of the ordinance of 1797 in the erection of the Northwest Territory, and is known in history as the Wilmot proviso. This proviso provoked an extended discussion both North and South, its advocates being called free-soilers and the opponents pro-slavery men. It was proposed by a Democrat and was supported by Democrats in the North. The bill and proviso both passed the House, and was sent to the Senate on the day provided by law for its adjournment, August 10th, 1846. The question was again raised in the bills introduced in 1848, providing for the organization of territorial governments for Oregon, California, and New Mexico, in which the principles of the Wilmot proviso figured largely. The bill for the organization of Oregon passed, and was approved by the President. The battle ground was transferred to the remaining bills, and finally to New Mexico. All public men took part in these discussions, *pro* and *con*, both within Congress and out of it, and the people became

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well versed in the issues involved. Many also committed themselves by informal expressions in ordinary conversation, and by neatly written political letters, as the records of the times now appear. Among the number who are said to have approved the Wilmot proviso in ordinary conversation was General Lewis Cass, at that time in public life, and journeying in a railroad car from Washington to his Michigan home. He was among the number, however, who wrote upon that subject, and in his letter dated December 24th, 1847, and addresssed to General A. O. P. Nicholson, took that middle ground afterwards espoused by Senator Douglas, and known in history as the doctrine of "popular sovereignty." In the course of this letter he says:

"The theory of our government presupposes that its various members have reserved to themselves the regulation of all subjects relating to what may be termed their internal police. They are sovereign within their boundaries, except in those cases where they have surrendered to the general government a portion of their rights in order to give effect to the objects of the Union, whether these concern foreign nations, if I may so speak, whether they have reference to slavery or to any other relations, domestic or public, are left to local authority, either original or derivative. Congress has no right to say that there shall be slavery in New York, or there shall be no slavery in Georgia; nor is there any other human power but the people of those States, respectively, which can change the relations existing therein, and they can say, if they will, 'we will have slavery in the former and we will abolish it in the latter.'

"In various respects the Territories differ from the States. Some of their rights are inchoate, and they do not possess the attributes of sovereignty. Their relation to the general government is very imperfectly defined by the Constitution, and it will be found upon examination that that instrument, the only grant of power concerning them, is conveyed in the phrase, 'Congress shall have the power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations, respecting the territory and other property belonging to the United States.'

* * * * * * * * *

"The question as will, therefore, be seen on examination, does not regard the exclusion of slavery free from a region where it now exists, but a prohibition against its introduction where it does not exist, and where, from the feelings of the inhabitants and the laws of nature it is morally impossible, * * * that it can ever re-establish itself."

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The third step in the restriction of slavery was, therefore, fully taken in the political campaign of 1848. The first had been the restriction of the slave trade, the second restriction of slave territory, and now the third was the doctrine of free soil in all the territories. The advocates of the Wilmot proviso were, therefore, called free soilers and nominated a candidate for president, thus taking a prominent place in the public gaze. It happened in this wise. The State of New York were represented in the Democratic national convention at Baltimore, May 22d of that year, by two delegations, that of the free soilers or barn burners, composed of Wilmot proviso men and the Hunkers under the leadership of General Daniel S. Dickinson. The convention undertook to conciliate both delegations by admitting both to a seat and a half vote, upon which the free soilers withdrew and nominated Martin Van Buren for president, and Charles Francis Adams for vice-president. The Democrats nominated General Cass for president and William O. Butler, of Kentucky, for vice-president. At that election Van Buren received a popular vote of nearly 300,000, which defeated General Cass.

Public feeling had been greatly intensified at the effort of the Wilmot proviso men to secure the restriction of slavery in the organic acts of the new territories, to allay which the Whig party, under the leadership of General Taylor, undertook to establish a more pacific course. This doctrine is comprised in the message sent the house in response to a resolution of inquiry on the 21st day of January, 1850, and in which he recognizes the right of California and New Mexico to perfect, form and adopt such constitutions as their people may choose, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

On the 13th of February afterward, he communicated to Congress the free constitution of California. There then remained only Utah, New Mexico, the District of Columbia and the unorganized territories. Propositions for their adjustment were submited by Henry Clay and John Bell, provoking extended discussion in both houses.

These propositions were referred to a committee of thirteen, of which Mr. Clay was chairman, on the 28th of February, and their terms were held under consideration to May the 8th, when an extended report covering the many branches of the subject was made by Mr. Clay, the chairman. This report contained the celebrated Omnibus bill, which was afterwards rejected, and the compromise was finally effected on the original proposition of the great Kentuckian. These included the admission of California on her constitution, an adjustment of the boundary of Texas, the organization of

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the territories of Utah and New Mexico. The organization of New Mexico had been the battle field, and among other things it was finally provided "that when admitted as a State, the said territory or any portion of the same, shall be received into the union, with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission." This is known as the compromise of 1850, and was generally understood by one school of politicians to repeal the compromise of 1820. This compromise had long been construed as impairing the rights of the slave-holder.

The consideration of the restriction of slavery from newly acquired territories was raised on different occasions after the introduction of the Wilmot proviso, but the fear that the prosecution of the Mexican war might be impeded, restrained many from voting in its favor until after the treaty of peace had made secure the coveted areas of New Mexico and California and other lands which were included in its terms. Slavery was at this time considered by many to be upon an equal footing with freedom, and the questions between the two were considered to be at rest. The free democratic vote of John P. Hale, in 1852, was consequently about 100,000 less than that of Van Buren four years before. The general disposition was more pacific and quiet, and by the year 1854 it was supposed to have subsided altogether.

In the formation of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, the people were left free to choose for themselves upon this question, and the free soil doctrine prevailed.

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INDEX.

African Slavery in the South, 217.
Agriculture in the South, 10.
Alabama troops at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 268.
Alexander's Battalion of Artillery, 282.
Allen, Major J. V. H., 26.
Anderson, Colonel Archer. His address "Robert Edward Lee," 312.
Anderson, General Edward C., 65.
Anderson, Major Geo. W., 66.
Andersonville Prison, 383.
Anglo-Saxon spirit, 97; unities of the race, 134.
Appomattox C. H., surrender at, 243.
Armor used by Mexican troops, 48.
Army Maladies and Diseases, 18.
Army of N. W. Va. in 1861, 167.
Artillery Batt. 2d, Colonel J. T. Brown, guns of, in 1862, 168.
Associations of the Army of N. Va., Annual Reunion of, 85; Officers of, 111.
Atkins, Colonel, 74.

Baker, General, 75.
Barrett, Colonel T. G., 76.
Batteries defending Savannah, Ga, 70, 71, 74, 76, 78.
Bayard, Hon. Thos. F., 350.
Blair, General F. P., 73.
Blandford Cemetery, 401, 402.
Blues Association, R. L. I., 275.
Boggs' 12th Battalion of Artillery, Muster-Roll of, 403.
Boyce, Hon. W. W, Death of, 62.
Brander, Major Thos. A., 251.
Brown, General John C., Death of, 61.
Brown Raid, John, 289.
Burke, Edmund, 6.
"Bury me on the field, boys," 56.

Cabell, Hon. D. S. G., 357.
Campbell, Governor James E., 349.
Cardwell, Hon. R. H., Address of, 114.
Carswell, General, 75.
Chancellorsville, Report of Colonel E. Willis, 12th Georgia regiment, in battle of, with casualties, 177; mentioned, 327.
Chaplains, Confederate, 298.
Cheat Mountain, Operations in, 165, 367.
Chloroform, Use of, 8.
Clark, Colonel J J., 68.
Clark, Captain John W., 76.
Clayton, General H. D., Death of, 61.
Climate, Effects of, 7.
Cold Harbor, Battle of, 331.
Confederate Revolution, Address of General E. M. Law, 85.
Confederate States, Medical and Surgical Journal, 17; Spirit of the soldiers of the, 18, 107; Officers—prisoners under fire on Morris' Island, S. C., 34; Scant resources of, 98, 240, 336; Disparity of its armies, 99, 155, 325, 326, 329; Patriotism and sacrifices of the women of, 104; humanity of to Federal prisoners, 119; Cabinet of the, 156; Generals of the, 156; Surviving generals of the, 419; Merits of the cause of the, 216.
Crawford, Colonel William, 31.
Crater, The, 402.
Cromwell, O., engaged passage for America, 126.
Cuba, Expedition against, 49.

Dabney, Prof. R. H., On the Treatment of Prisoners, 378.
Dana, Hon. C. A., 350.
Daniel, Hon J. W., Oration on "Life, Services and Character of Jefferson Davis," 113; mentioned, 351; Address of at the Meeting to Erect Monument to Gen. R. E. Lee, 191.
Davis, Jefferson, 62, 106; Daniel's Oration on, 113; a lover of the Union, 151; On Treatment of Prisoners, 381; his estimate of the Life and Character of Gen. R. E. Lee, 362.
Davis, Gen Jeff. C., 73.
Distinguished Guests at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 292.
Dudley, Bishop Thos U., 355.
Dutcher, Salem, Narrative of Battle of Williamsburg, 409.

Early, Gen. J. A., Address of, proposing monument to Gen. R. E. Lee, 188; Remarks on laying the corner-stone of the Monument, 207; On presenting Col. Anderson, 302.
Edgington, Major T. B., Address of, "The Race Problem," 21.
Eller, Hon. W. H., On the Growth of the Free-Soil Idea, 429.

"F" Company Association, 285, 289.
Farmers' Alliance, 286.
Fergusson, General, 76.
Field, Rev. Dr. H. M., On General Lee, 342.
Fifteenth Amendment, Inadequacy of the, 21.
First Va. Regiment, Casualties in the, at the Battle of Gettysburg, 407.
Flags, Historic, 288, 400.
Floral Decoration of Graves, 22.
Florida, Acquisition of, 434.
Ford, Surgeon DeSaussure, 76.
Forts, in defence of Savannah, 71, 74, 76, 78, 79; "Hell" and "Damnation."
Foster, General, 79.
Fredericksburg, Campaigns about, in 1862 and 1864, 236, 329.
Free Soil Idea in the United States, Development of the, 429.
Frobel, Col. B. W., 70, 79.

"G" Company, 3d Va. Battalion, 284.
Gaines' Mill, Battle of, 55.
Garibaldi, 53.
Georgia Infantry, 12th. Papers relating to the, 160; organization of, 161; in battle of Chancellorsville, with casualties, 177; at Gettysburg, with casualties, 184.
Georgia Veterans, Deaths of, 62.
Gettysburg, Battle of, 177, 184, 407.
Gibbons, Cardinal James, 349.
Girty, Simon, 31.
Grant, General U. S, Generosity of, 105; Death of, 121; Magnanimity of, 121; his tribute to General R. E. Lee, 243; on treatment of prisoners, 387.

Hampden, John, engaged passage for America, 126.
Hampton, General Wade, tribute to General R. E. Lee, 245.
Hardee, General W. J., 68, 73.
Hardeman, Major Isaac, 183.
Hazen, General, 78.
Helpers' "Impending Crisis," 140.

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Hill, Hon. B. H., on Treatment of Prisoners, 387.
Hill, General D. H , death of, 61.
Hoge, D. D., Rev. M. D. Prayer of at Laying the Corner-stone of the Lee Monument, 204; his tribute to General R. E Lee, 353.
Hollywood Association, Aid of, for the Lee Monument, 194.
Honey Hill, Battle of, 74.
Hope, James Barron. His poem "Memoriæ Sacrum," 209.
Hornets' Nest Riflemen of N. C., 295.
Houston, Hon. Samuel, 144.
Howard, Gen. O. O., 73.
Howitzer Veteran Association, Roster of the, 281; action on receiving mementoes from the Washington Artillery, with remarks of Captain F. D. Hill, 310.
Huguenots, The, 5.
Huntersville, W Va. Loss of Stores at, in 1862; Union sentiment at, 169.

Iverson, General, 80.

Jackson, Major George T, 76.
Jackson, General Henry R., 75; Order of, 167.
Jackson, Colonel Wm. L., Letter of in 1862, 169.
Johnson, General Edward, 166.
Johnston, General Joseph E., Estimate of General R. E. Lee, 318.
Jones, Jr., LL.D., Colonel C. C., 60.
Jurists, 6.

"K" Company, 34th Virginia, 284.
Kansas-Nebraska Act, 438.
Kautz's Raid on Petersburg, 392.
Kilpatrick, General, 73.

Law, General E. M., 85.
Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, in Charge in Moving the Lee Statue, 249; Roster of, 275.
Lee, General Fitzhugh, Efforts of, for the Lee Monument, 198; Remarks of, 206.
Lee, General R. E., Perfect Manhood of, 105; Jefferson Davis' Tribute to, 121, 125, 131, 171, 362; Letters from, to Colonel Edward Willis, 187; Opinion of Secession, 222; Heroic Nature of, 240; Humanity of, 242; Dignity and Grandeur of, 242; Grant's Tribute to, 243; A Grand Sentiment of, 245; History of Movement for the Monument to, 187; Laying of the Corner-Stone of, 203; Incidents of Parade Incident, 246; Removal of the Statue of, 248; Marshals of the Occasion, 251; Some Who Pulled, 253; Touching Sights, 255; Dedication of the Statue, 262; Marshals on the occasion, 266; Distinguished Guests, 266; Picturesque Incidents of Parade, 288; Address of Colonel Archer Anderson, 312: Compared with Washington, 314, 343; Campaign of Northwest Virginia, 321; Letters of—solicitude for his Soldiers, 335; Tribute to, by Rev. H. M. Field, D. D , 342; Tender Heart of, 345; Tributes to, on his Birthday, 348; As an Educator, 357; Manners of, 361; Unselfishness of, 361; "Life and Character of," by Jefferson Davis, 362; In Mexican War, 362; Estimate of, by T. E. Moberley, 273; Last Order of, 373.
Lee's Lieutenants, List of the Surviving Generals of the C. S. Army, 419.
Leventhorpe, General Collett, death of, 61.
Lewis, General, 75.
Lincoln, Abraham, his Character contrasted with that of Jeff. Davis, 125, 131; His Course created the Confederacy, 219; Effect of his call for Troops from the South, 227.
Lopez's Cuban Expedition, 49.
Loring, General W. W., Order of, 167.
Louisiana, Acquisition of, 91, 433.
Louisiana Tiger Battalion, 47, 54.

McCabe, Captain W. Gordon, his Tribute to James Barron Hope, 208; Address of, at Petersburg, Va., June 9, 1890, 395.
McClellan's Advance on Richmond, 323.
McClure, A. K., 354.
McCrady, Major John, 68, 74.
McKinney, Governor P. W., Remarks of, 299.
McLaws, General Lafayette, 68, 73, 74, 75.
Manassas, First Battle of, 54.
Marshall, Col. Charles, his Oration at the laying of the Corner-stone of the Lee Monument, 215.
Maryland Troops at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 270; Veterans, 285
Masonic Ceremonies at the laying of the Corner-stone of the Lee Monument, 205.
Maury, Col. Richard L., 291.
Meade, Bishop Wm., 368.
"Medicine in the South, Progress of," Address by Hunter McGuire, M. D., LL.D., 3.
Memphis, Tenn., *Daily Advocate*, 32.
Mercer, General Hugh W., 72, 75.
Mercie, Antonin, Notice of, 199.
Mexican War, 47; Veterans of the, 283.
Milburn, D. D , Rev. W. H., 354.
Minnigerode, D. D., Rev. Charles, Prayer by, 301.
Minor, Prof. John B., 356
Mississippi Troops at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 268.
Missouri Compromise, The, 433.
Moberley, T. E., 373.
Moore, S. P., Surgeon-General, 15; death of, 61.
Morris Island, S. C., C. S. Prisoners under fire on, 34.
Mower, Gen. 74.
Myers, Col. A. C., death of, 61.

Negro, The, 24; as an Element of Discord, 93.
Newton, Rev. John B., 356.
Nisbet, Colonel R. B , 76.
North Carolina Troops at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 269.
Nullification, 93.

Old Dominion Guard from La., 54.
Osterhaus, General, 73.
Otey Battery Association, Roster of, 280.

Palmer, D. D., Rev. B. M. 355.
Parker's Battery, Roster of, 282.
Pedregal, Battle of, 318, 363.
Pegram's Battalion Association, Roster of, 278.
Perry, General E. A., Death of, 61.
Petersburg, Va., 14; Seige of, 331; Soldiers' Monument at, Unveiling of, etc., 388.
Pickett's Division at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 280.
Population of the United States—relative increase of the white and black races, 25.
Porcher, A. B., M. D., F. Peyre, 12.
Porter, Admiral D. D., 349.
"Prisoner's Guard Reversed, The," 172.
Prisoners of War, Humanity of the Confederate Government to, 119, 378.

"Race Problems, The," 21.
Rains, General Geo. W., 72.
Randolph, Bishop A. M., 352.
Reagan, Hon. J. H., 349.
Rebellions, 6.
Revolution, The High Spirit of the, 6.
Rhett, Colonel Alfred, Death of, 61.
Richmond College, Students of, 286.
Richmond, Evacuation of, 331; importance of, in the War, 238.

Digitized by Google

Savannah, Ga., The Siege and Evacuation of, December, 1864, by Colonel C. C. Jones, Jr., LL.D., 60
Schofield, General J. M., 348.
Scotch-Irish, The, 5.
Scott's, General W., Estimate of Lee, 319.
Secession, Massachusetts the Mother of, 91; Right of 145; Opposition of the South to, 223; Of the South, 219.
Seven Pines, The Battle of, 322.
Sharpsburg, The Battle of, 325.
Skinker, Major Charles R, 285.
Slavery, The Effect of, 7; Unity of the Southern Colonies Against, 135; in Massachusetts, 136; Sentiments of Lincoln Regarding, 137; Decay of, in the North and Growth of, in the South, 138; Discussed, 217; Questions Connected with, 226.
Smith, General G. W., 74.
Smith, Colonel L. Jacquelin, 68.
Smith, Hon. W. E., Death of, 62.
Smith, Hon. W. N. H., Death of, 62.
Sons of Veterans, The, 254, 279.
South Carolina Troops at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 267.
South, The, Directing Men from, 5, 12; Stands for Race Integrity, 140; Humane Elements of the Settlers of, 5, 23; Scant Medical Resources of, in the war, 7; Leads in Acquiring the National Domain, 143; Its Battles for the Union, 142.
Sparrow, The English, 24.
Stiles, Major Robert, 297.
Stone, D. M., 355.
Stringfellow, Rev. Frank, 357.
Surgeons, Skill, Acumen and Devotion of, 7, 12.

Tariff, The, 93.
Tattnall, Commodore Josiah, 83.
Taylor, General Zachary, 126.
Testimonials from Visitors at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 306.
Texas, Annexation of, 435; Troops at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 269.
Torpedoes, 83.

Valley Campaign of Stonewall Jackson, 55.
Venable, Col. Charles S., 160.
Veteran Camps, 279.
Virginia Cavalry, Itinerary of the 4th, 377.
Virginia, Characteristics of the State and People of, 320.
Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798-'99, 90.
Virginia Infantry, The 1st, Casualties in, at the Battle of Gettysburg, 407.
Virginia Military Institute, Cadets of the, 271.
Virginia Troops at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 271, 272, 291.
Von Zinken, Col., 96.

Waddy, Col. J. R., 68.
War, The Army of the, 132.
Warner, Charles Dudley, 350.
Warriors, 6; of the South, 7.
Washington Artillery of Louisiana, 268, 306.
Washington and Lee University, Students of, at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 286, 358.
Washington's proposed Final Stand in the Mountains of West Augusta, Va., 323.
Washington Shooters, The, 271.
Washington Statue, The, 249.
Watterson, Henry, 351.
West Virginia Troops at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 271.
Wheat, General C. R., Memoir of, 47; "The Last Words of," lines by "H.", 59; the death of, 56.
Wheat, Captain John Thomas, 57.
Wheat, Leo, 47.
Wheeler, General Joseph, 77.
White, Dr. Isaiah H., Surgeon C. S. A., on the Treatment of Prisoners, 383.
White, D. D., Rev. J. J., 353
William and Mary College, Students of, at the Dedication of the Lee Monument, 286.
Williams, General, 73.
Williamsburg, Account of the battle of, May 5, 1862, by Salem Dutcher, 409.
Wilmot Proviso, The, 436.
Willis, General Edward, Notice of, 160; reports of battles of Chancellorsville, 177; of Gettysburg, 184; characteristic letter of—"The Prisoner's Guard Reversed," 172; letter to, from General R. E. Lee, 186.
Willis, Dr. Francis T., 160.
Wilson, Hon. W. L., 353.
Winder Cavalry. Its historical flag, 247.
Withers, General Jones M. Death of, 62.
Wolseley's, Lord, Tribute to General R. E. Lee, 318.
Wooldridge, General Wm. Beverley, Notice of, 376.
Wright, General A. R., 73, 75.

Young, General P. M. B., 77.

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